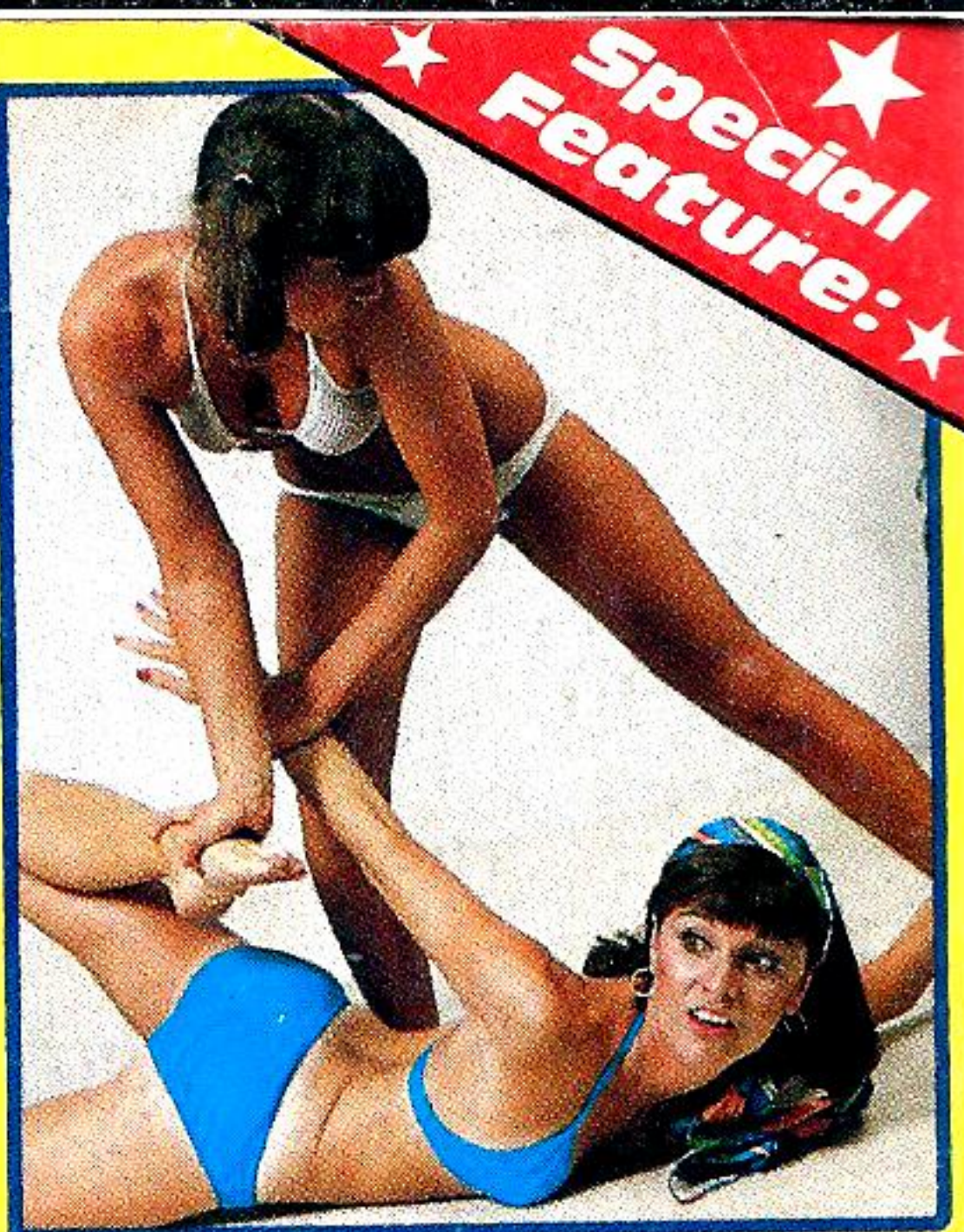


SPORTS REVIEW

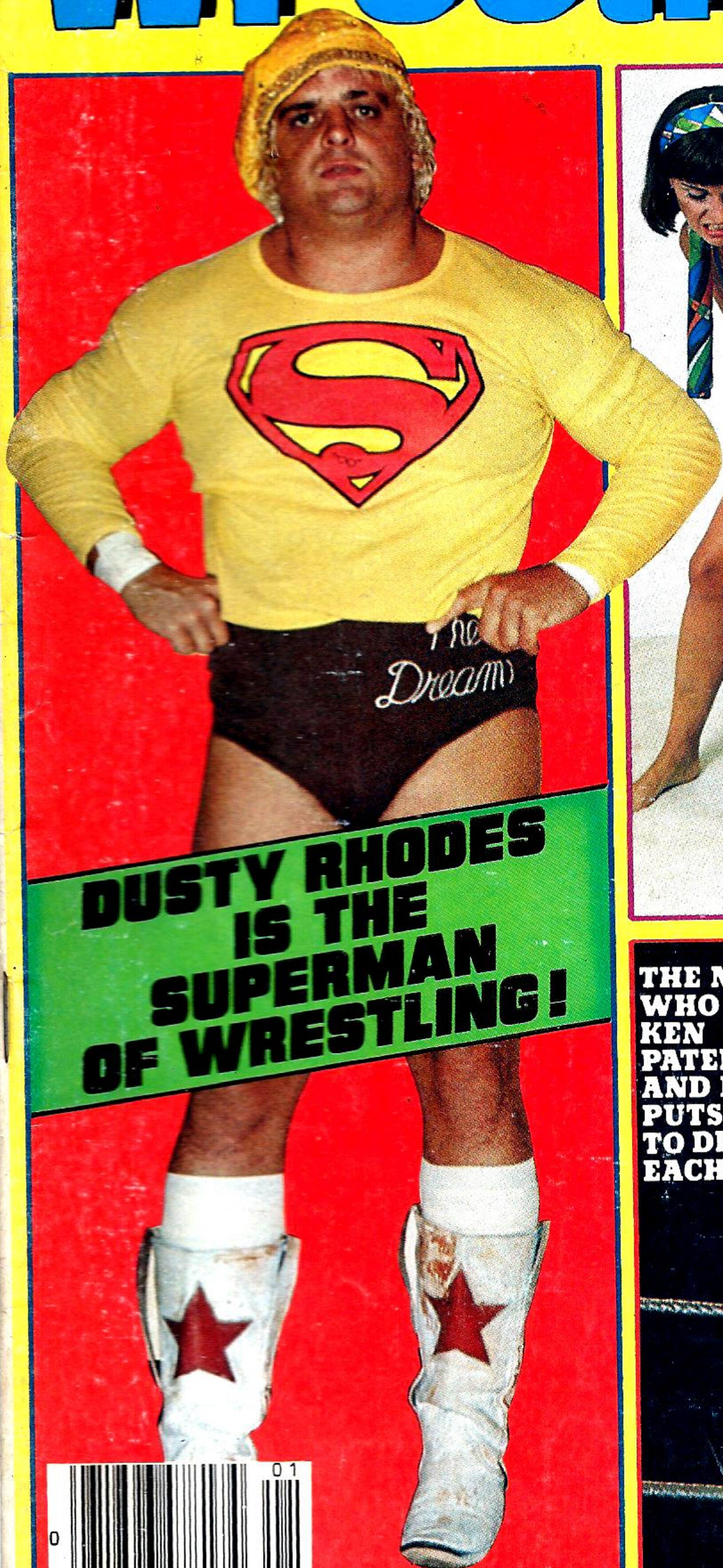
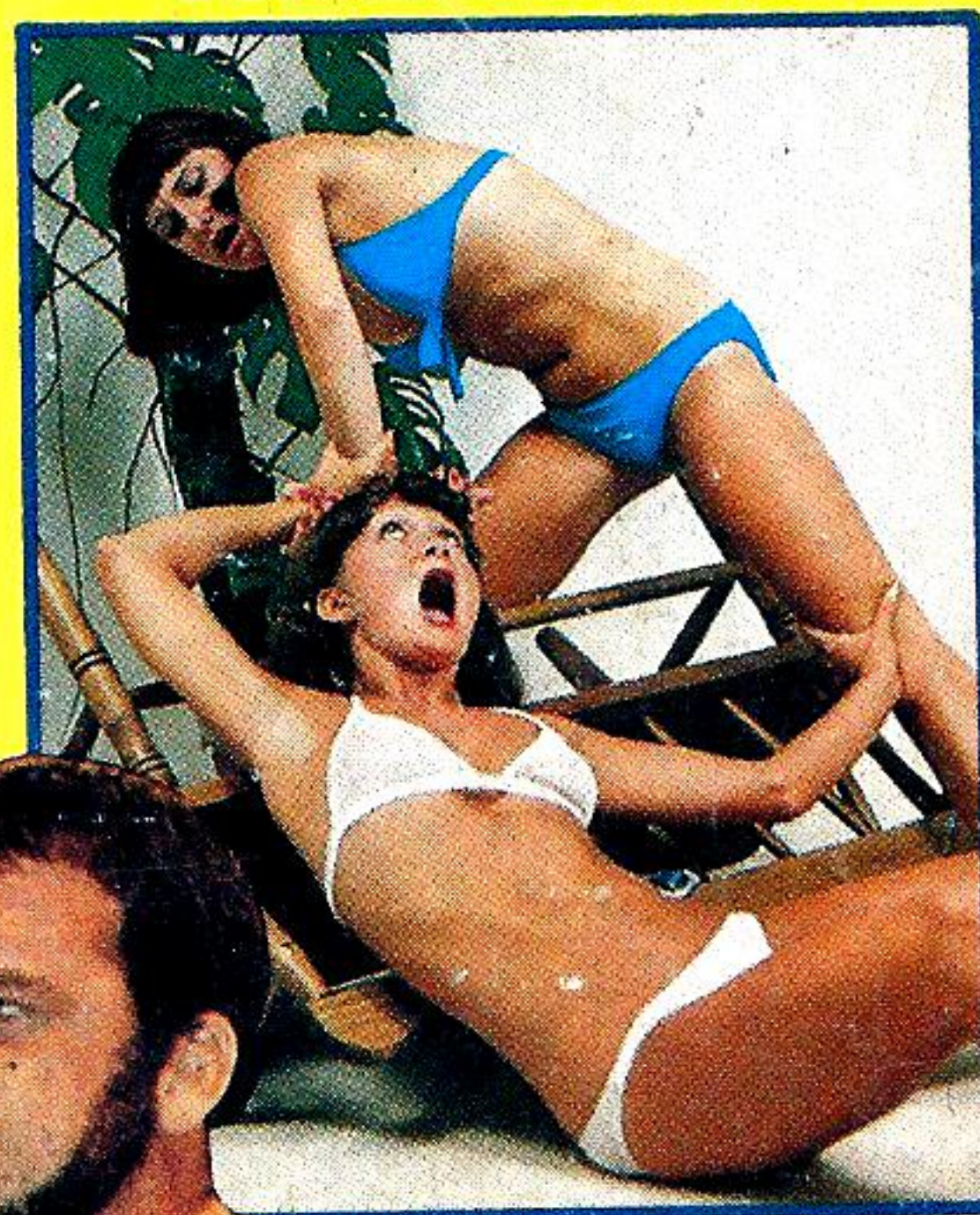
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Wrestling



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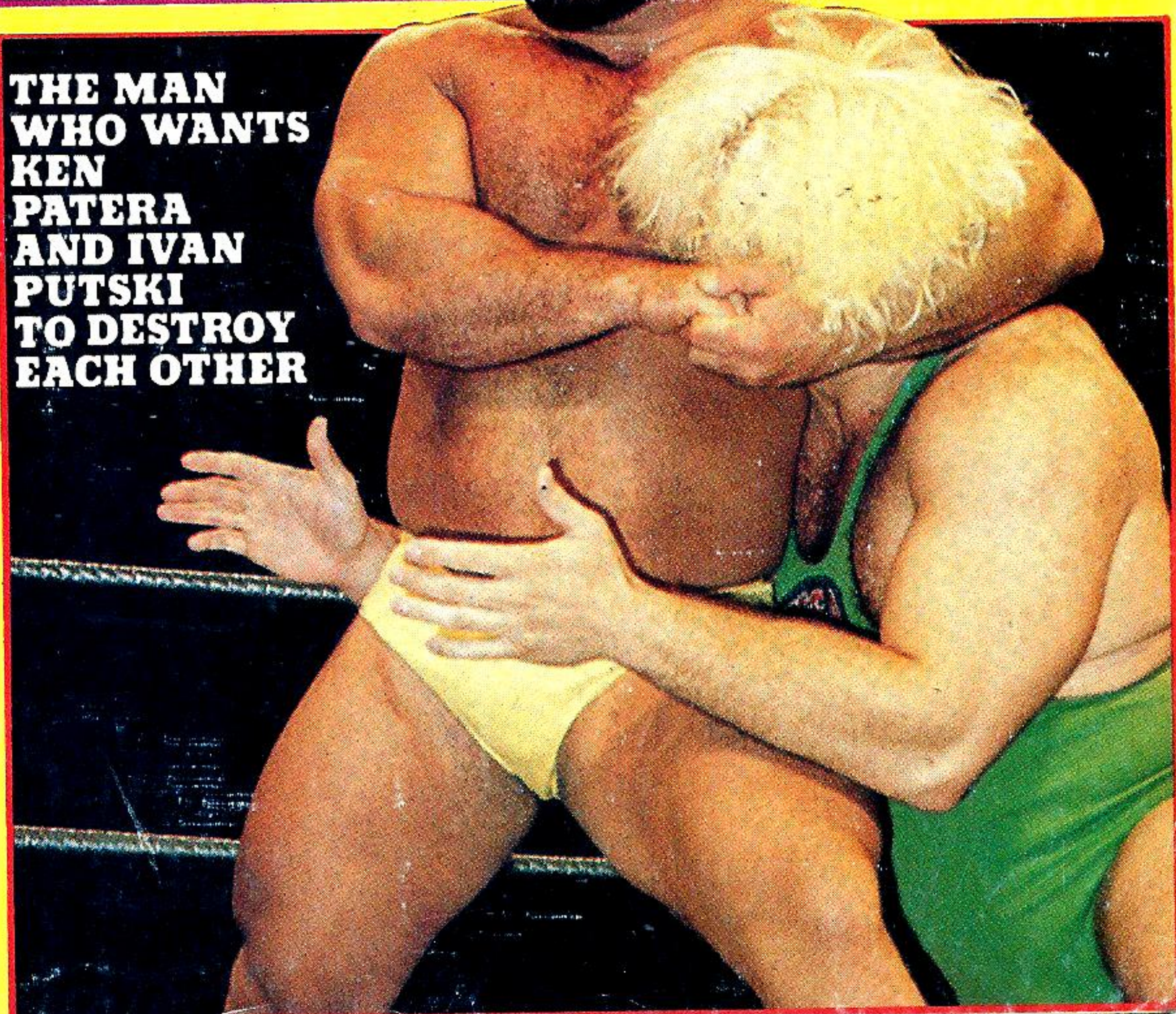
**THE DESPERATE
BEAUTY
WHO RISKED
IT ALL...
AND LOST!**



**DUSTY RHODES
IS THE
SUPERMAN
OF WRESTLING!**



**THE MAN
WHO WANTS
KEN
PATERA
AND IVAN
PUTSKI
TO DESTROY
EACH OTHER**



SPORTS REVIEW

WRESTLING

CONTENTS/JANUARY 1978

- 6 **OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS**
See how your favorites rate
- 8 **WE ACCUSE!**
The editors take on wrestlers who don't sign autographs
- 10 **X-RAY**
Ray Stevens gives his views of our rating system
- 12 **WRESTLER OF THE MONTH**
Ric Flair wins the top honors!
- 14 **POINT-COUNTERPOINT**
An important facet of wrestling is discussed
- 18 **MAILBAG**
Here's your chance to sound off
- 20 **JACK BRISCO CROWNS THE KING OF THE SOUTH**
Dick Slater learns a painful lesson
- 22 **THE MAN WHO WANTS KEN PATERA AND IVAN PUTSKI TO DESTROY EACH OTHER**
Can you guess who it is?
- 25 **THE ROOKIE WITH TOO MUCH HEART FOR OX BAKER**
Skip Young has accomplished the impossible
- 26 **THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MATCH IN 25 YEARS**
Bob Backlund and Greg Gagne have a classic battle
- 29 **GEORGE STEELE: ONE MAN WRECKING CREW**
The Boston Garden will never be the same
- 32 **APARTMENT NEWSLETTER**
The latest news in the world's most erotic sport
- 34 **THE DESPERATE BEAUTY WHO RISKED IT ALL . . . AND LOST!**
This young lady was left with no reason to smile . . . again!
- 38 **BRUNO SAMMARTINO'S LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS!**
Only the fans can save him now
- 40 **DUSTY RHODES IS THE SUPERMAN OF WRESTLING!**
To know him is to love him
- 42 **EXCLUSIVE: THE SECRET TATTOO RITUAL OF PETER MAIVIA**
At last, the truth can be told

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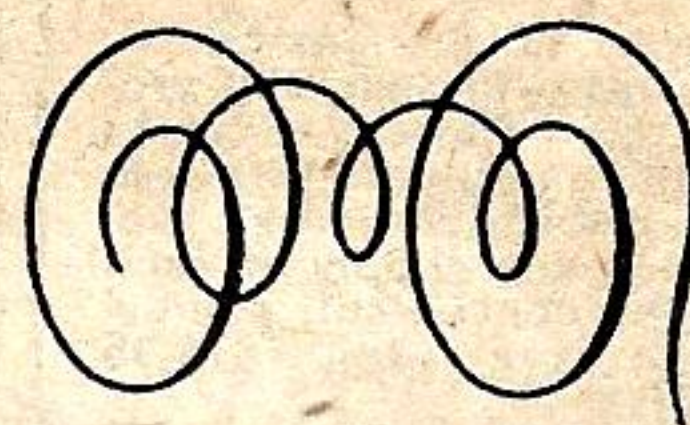
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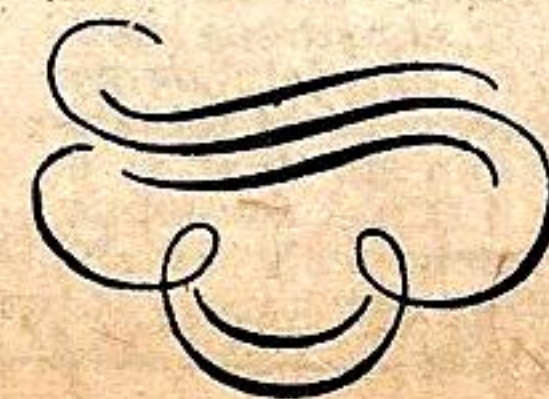
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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—BOB BACKLUND
- 3—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—PETER MAIVIA
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—KEN PATERA
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—GEORGE STEELE
- 9—TONY GAREA
- 10—LARRY ZBYSZKO

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—RAY STEVENS
- 2—BILLY ROBINSON
- 3—VERNE GAGNE
- 4—LARRY HENNIG
- 5—GREG GAGNE
- 6—BOBBY DUNCUM
- 7—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 8—JIM BRUNZELL
- 9—SUPER DESTROYER
- 10—ANGELO MOSCA

MOST POPULAR WRESTLERS

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—BOB BACKLUND
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—PAUL JONES
- 7—DINO BRAVO
- 8—JACK BRISCO
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—TONY GAREA

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: HARLEY RACE

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 4—TERRY FUNK
- 5—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 6—DORY FUNK JR.
- 7—PAUL JONES
- 8—DICK SLATER
- 9—PAT PATTERSON
- 10—JIMMY SNUKA

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 2—MR. FUJI & PROFESSOR TANAKA
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—PAUL JONES & RICK STEAMBOAT
- 5—PAT PATTERSON & IVAN KOLOFF
- 6—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 7—RIC FLAIR & GREG VALENTINE
- 8—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 9—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 10—BRUISER & CRUSHER

MOST HATED WRESTLERS

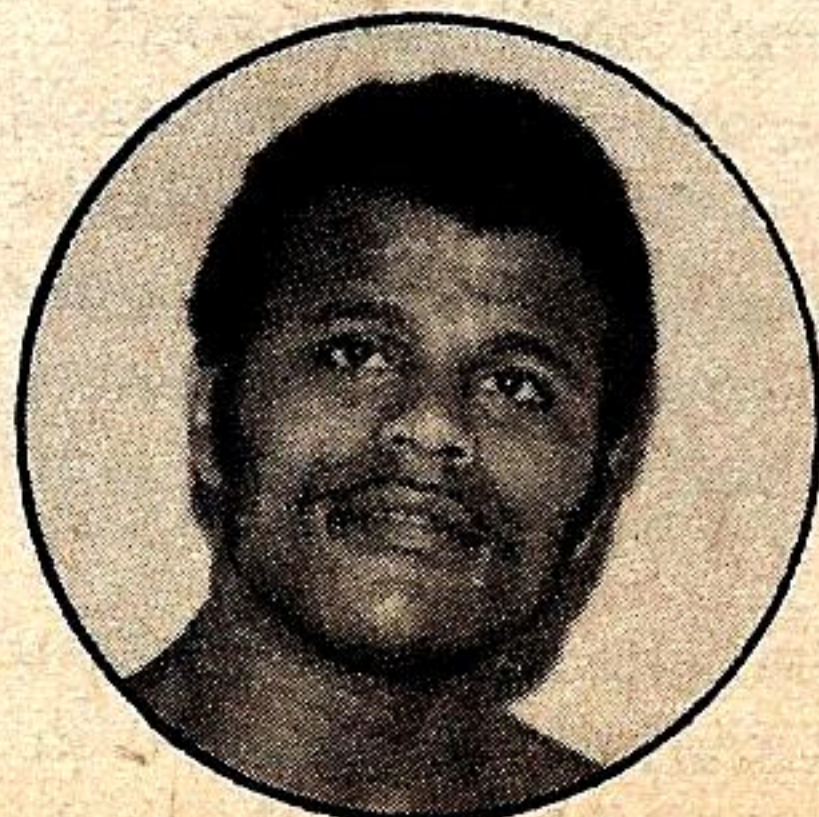
- 1—IVAN KOLOFF
- 2—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 3—ERNIE LADD
- 4—RIC FLAIR
- 5—THE SHEIK
- 6—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 7—DICK SLATER
- 8—GEORGE STEELE
- 9—KEN PATERA
- 10—STAN HANSEN



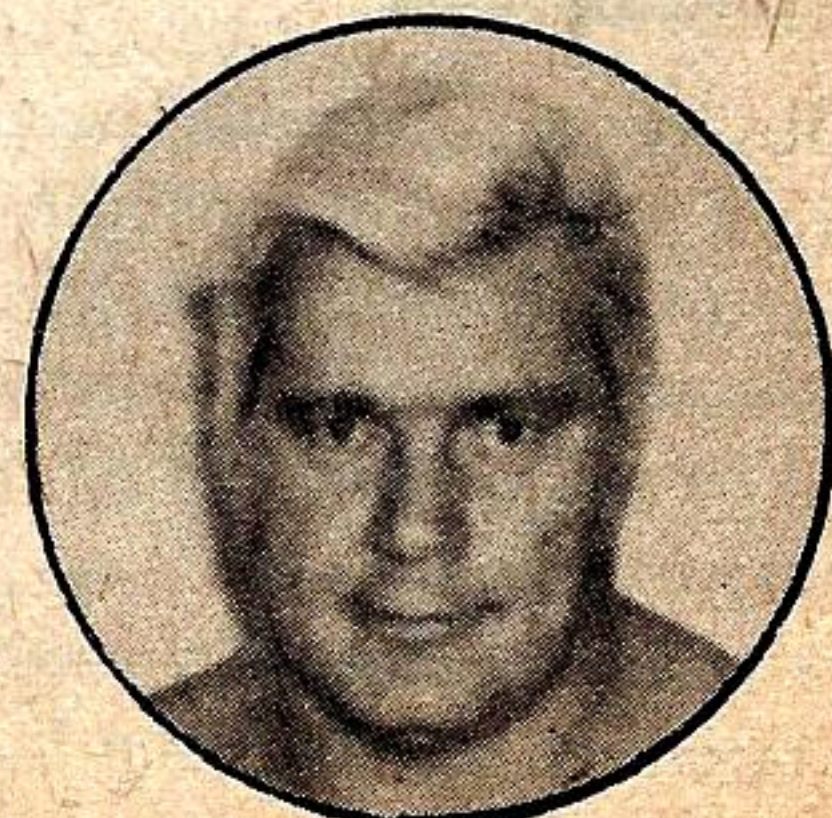
BOB BACKLUND



BILLY ROBINSON



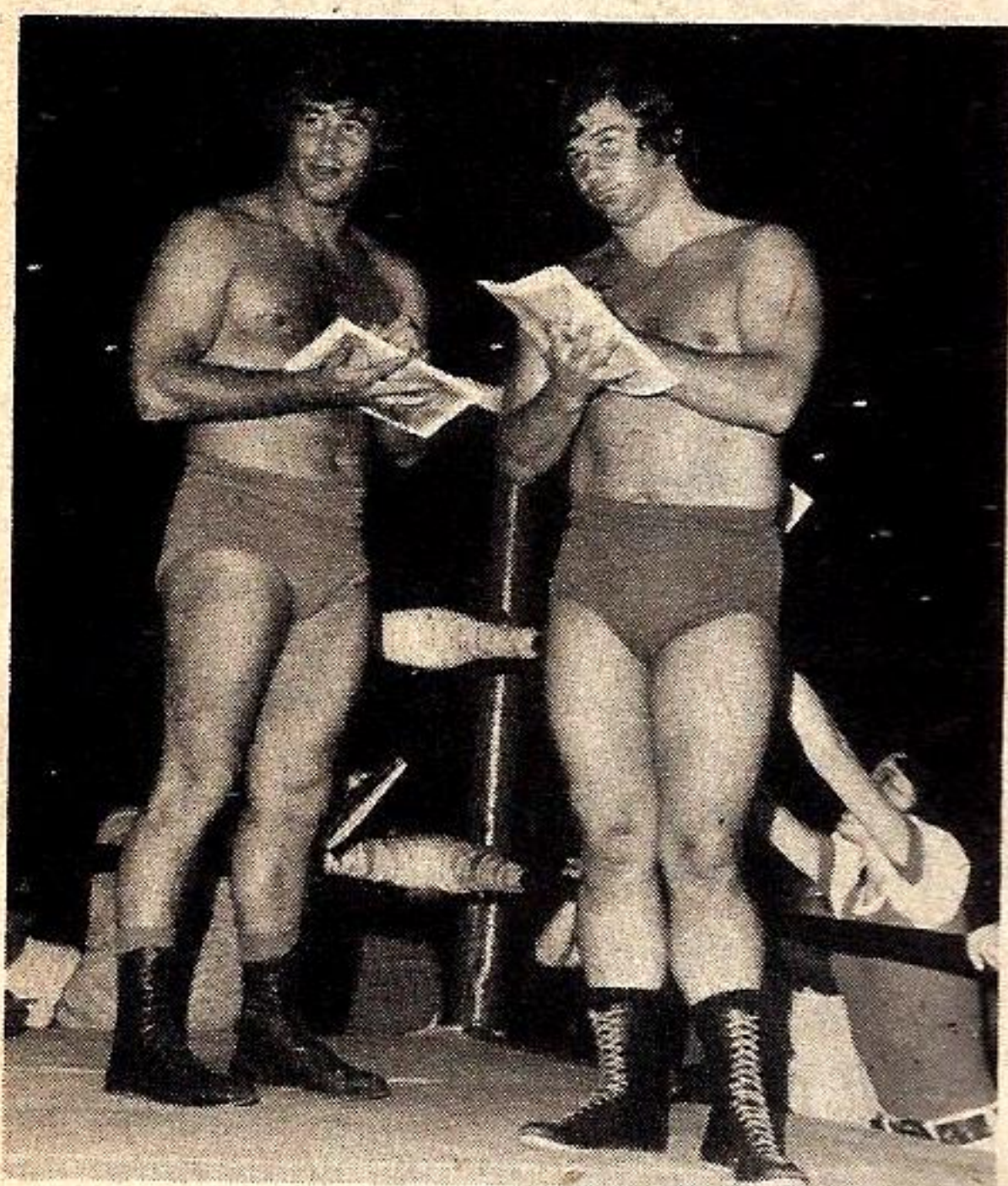
ROCKY JOHNSON



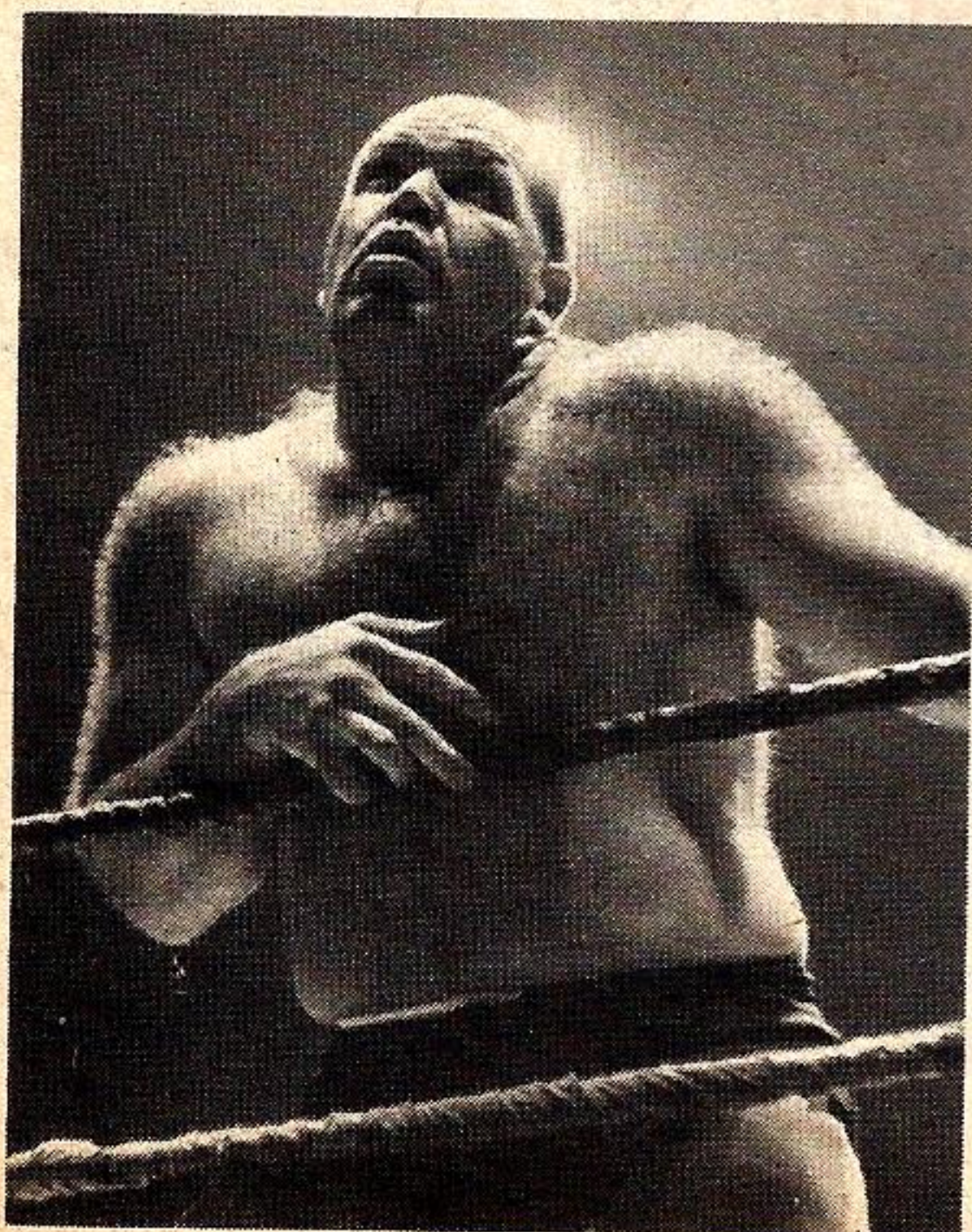
PAT PATTERSON



The sport of wrestling, like any other sport, has its share of problems. Some of these problems are so outrageous they need to be pointed out and corrected as quickly as possible. When "We Accuse" points the finger at a target, fireworks are sure to follow!



Above right: Victor Rivera and Edouard Carpentier sign autographs. Above: Jack and Jerry Brisco autograph programs. Below: No one dares ask for George Steele's autograph. He's crazy!



WE HAVE REMAINED silent on this matter because we thought this was not the appropriate forum to bring it up. But as time goes by, we have seen the need to discuss the problem here, and hopefully bring about a solution. This column is directed towards those wrestlers who choose not to sign autographs for fans. We think they are heartless, selfish men who do not fully appreciate the people who are paying their salaries.

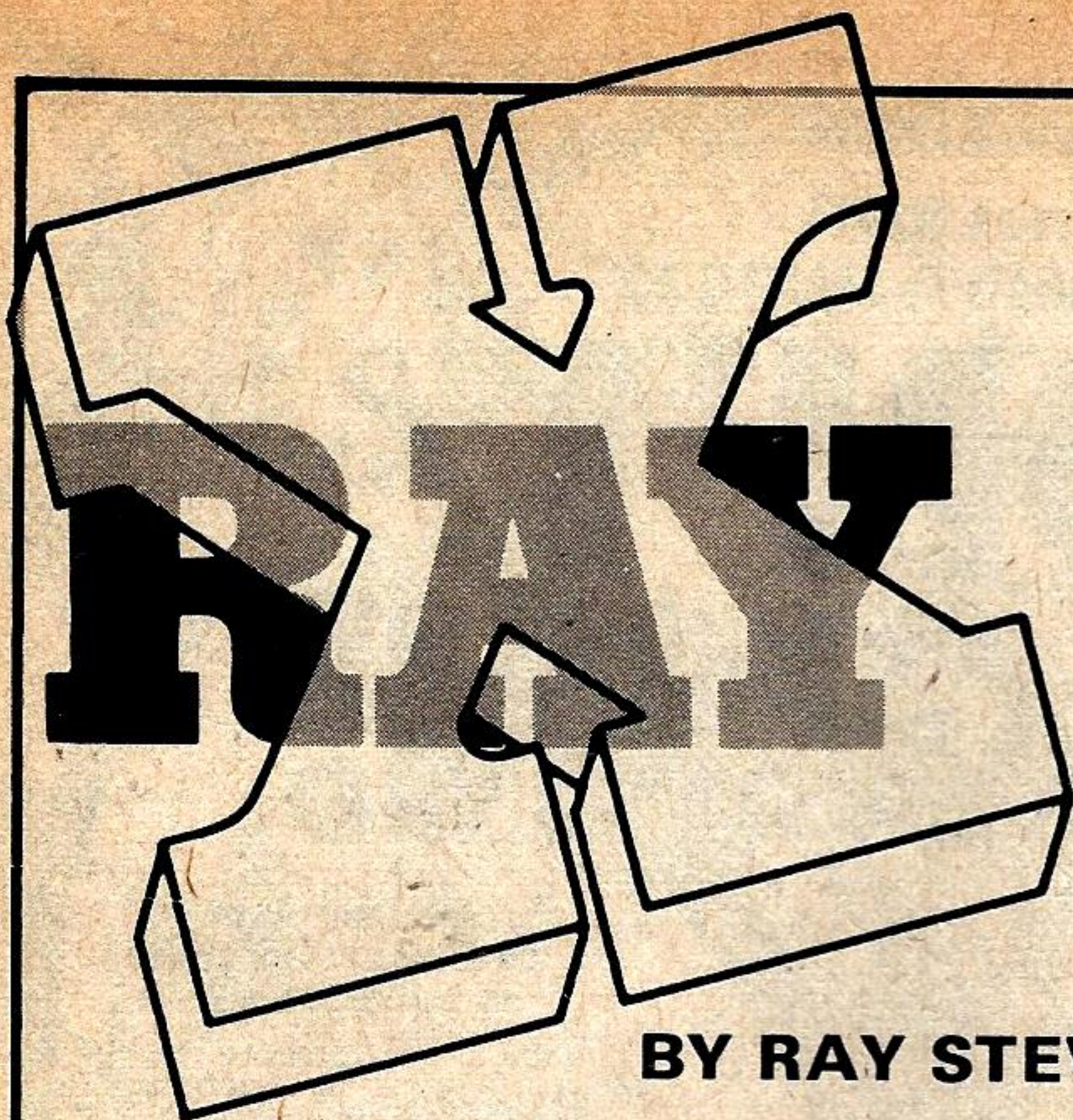
There is no need to mention the names of the many wrestlers who do not sign autographs for their fans. We have files of letters about each of them from their disappointed enthusiasts. Each

piece of correspondence begs us to see if we can obtain the autograph of this wrestler or that because the man would not sign his name in person.

We think that is outrageous.

One letter in particular bothers us. It is from a young lady from a New England state. She had traveled 100 miles to see her favorite wrestler in action. Soon after the match, the girl went up to her idol, a well-known fan favorite, and asked for his signature on her program. He refused to give it to her. She was heartbroken. But she still kept her adoration for the wrestler (though we don't know why after that incident). She asked

(Continued on page 44)



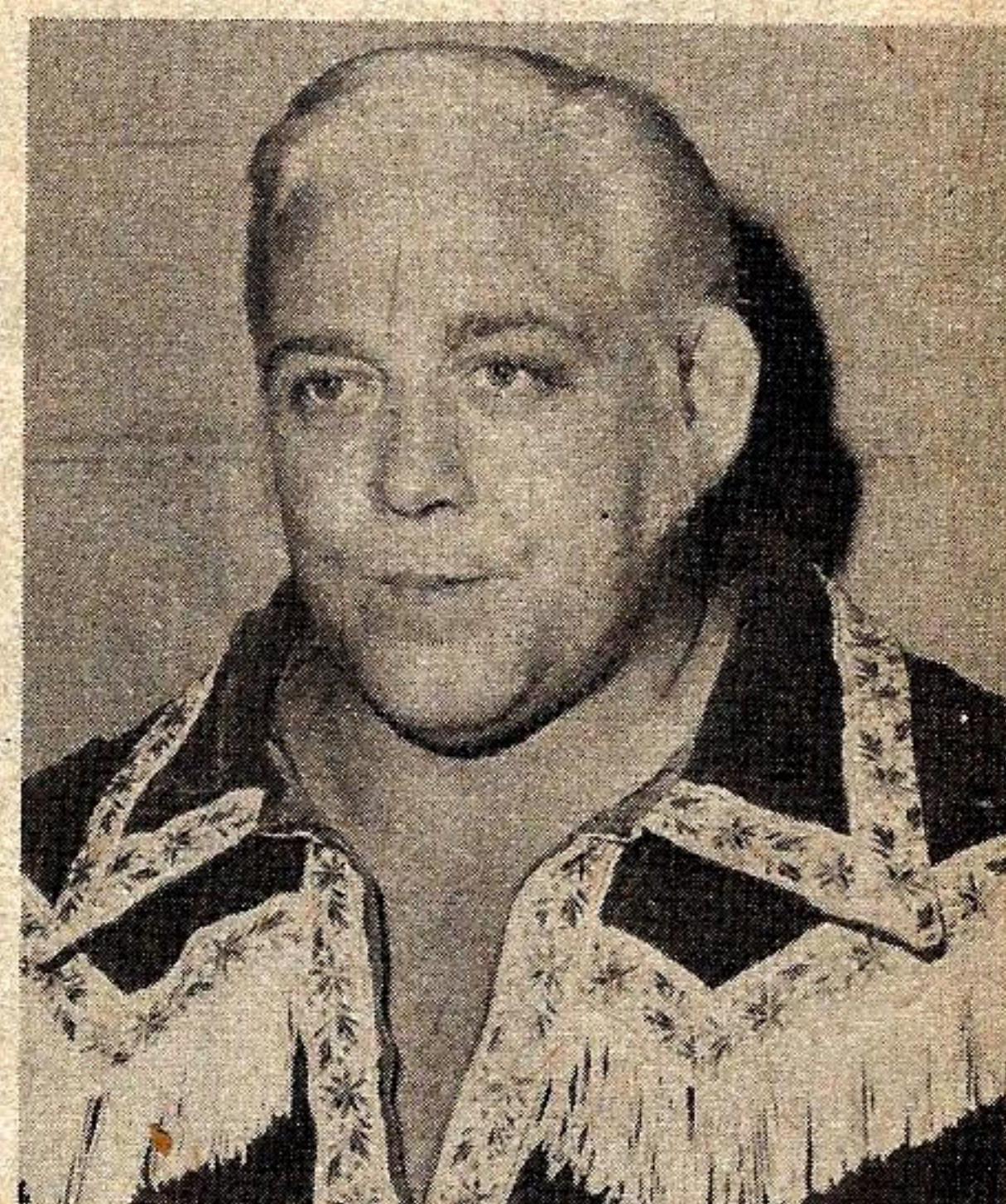
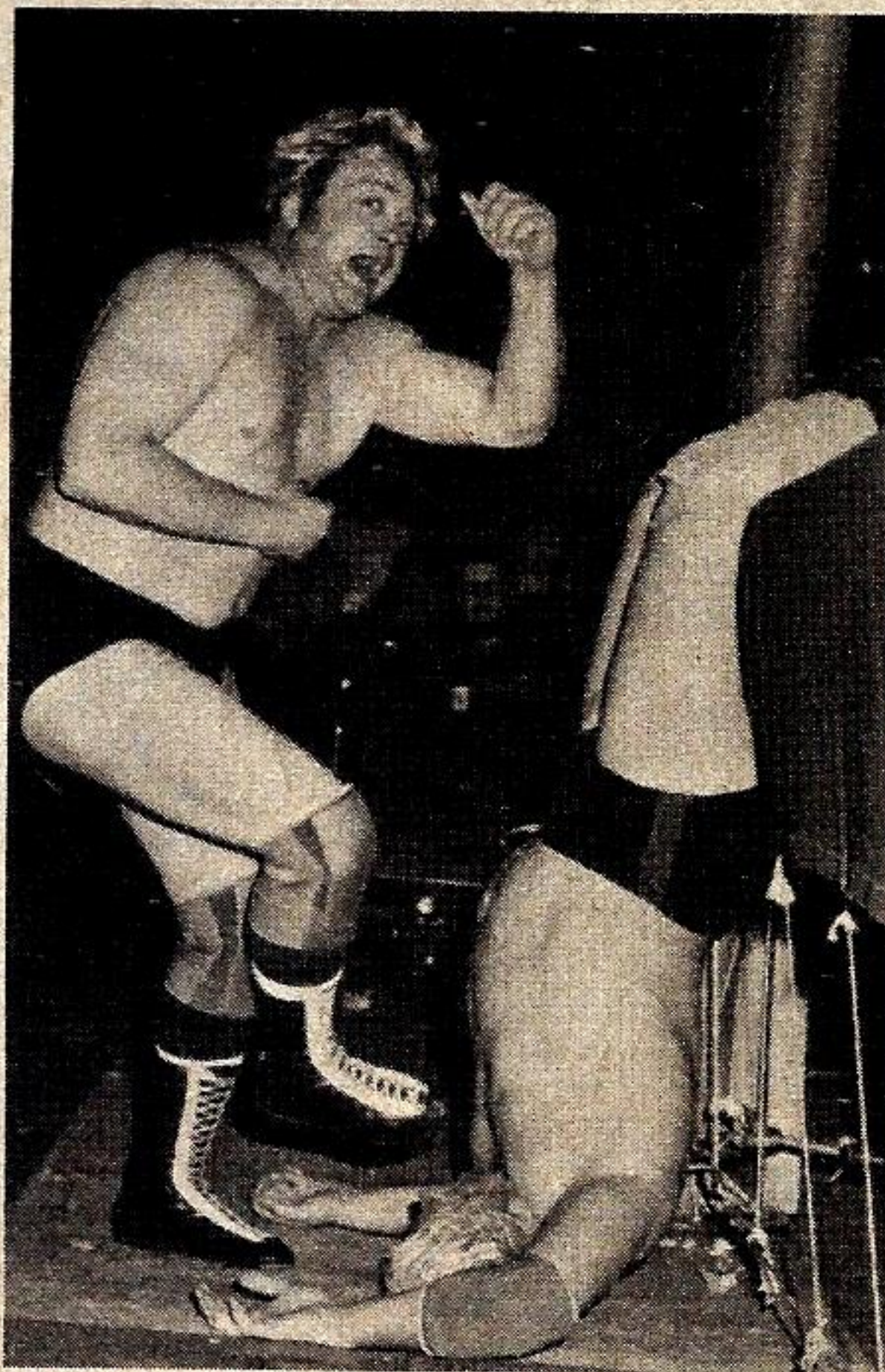
RAY STEVENS	
Strength & Power	8.5
Speed	8.5
Repertoire	9.5
Finishing Maneuvers	10.0
Ability to Absorb Punishment	9.0
Stamina	9.0
Courage	8.5
Intelligence	8.5
Poise	8.5
Experience	10.0
RATING	90.0

BY RAY STEVENS

I ONCE KNEW a wrestling expert. He was fat, balding, and stupid. That is who had the unmitigated nerve to criticize me. Well, I'm not going to defend myself against these morons. I'm using my space to tell the world what I think of wrestling reporters.

First of all, any group who puts out something called a "Stat-O-Chart" should be placed in a home for fruit-loops. The idea that an athlete can be picked apart by numbers is stupider than I figure most wrestling reporters are. Well, I guess I was wrong. They're probably stupider than a retarded cabbage.

Secondly, I've never seen a "Stat-o-Chart" that I agreed with. The guys always favor the wrestlers who bribe them. It's the same way with stories. It's always the fan favorites who get the glory, while the real wrestlers wind up insulted. If I had a nickel for every lie written about me, I'd buy and burn every wrestling magazine in creation. And I'd have enough left over to send every wrestling reporter to Pago Pago. Well, they can stuff their opinions where the sun don't

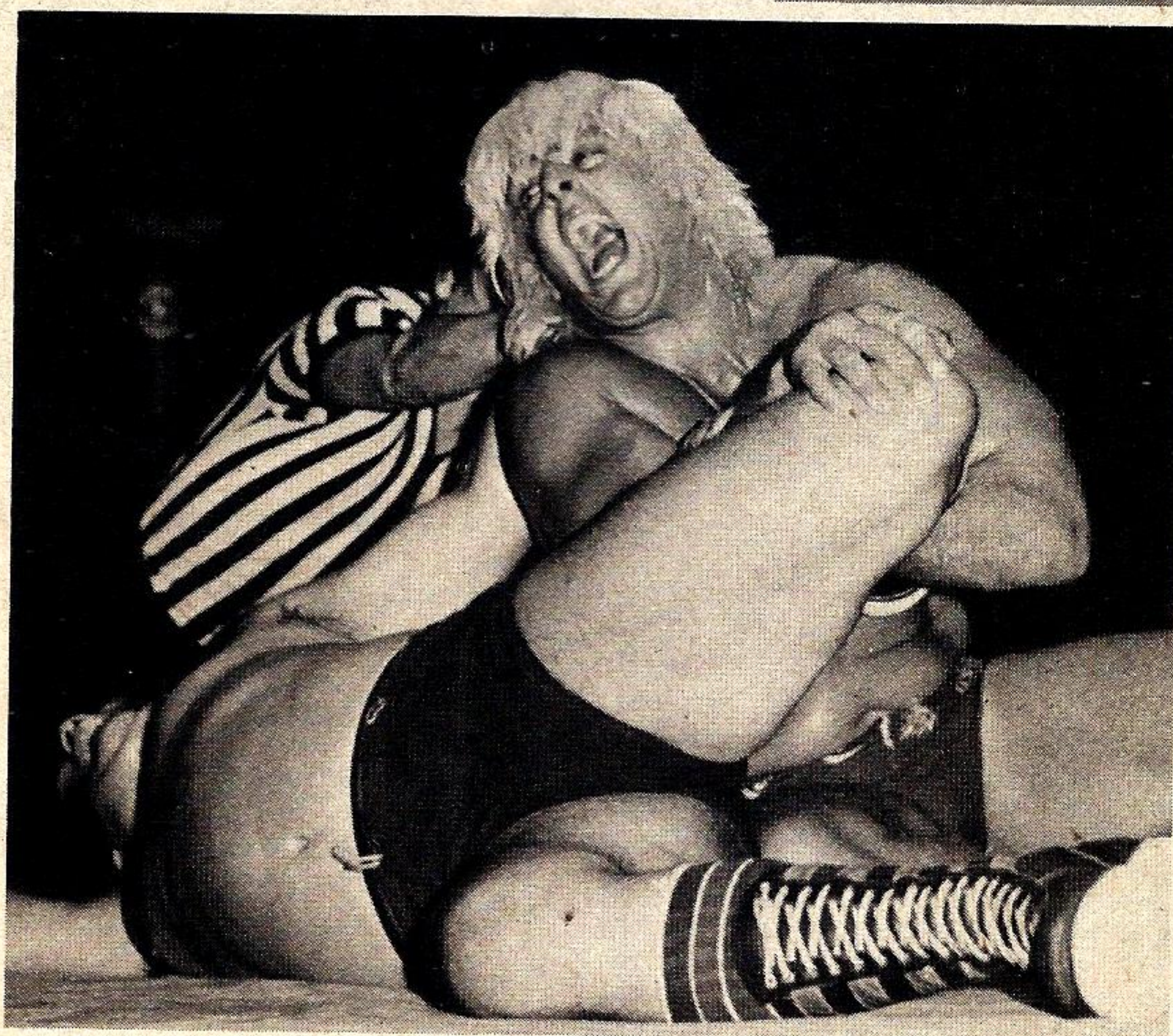
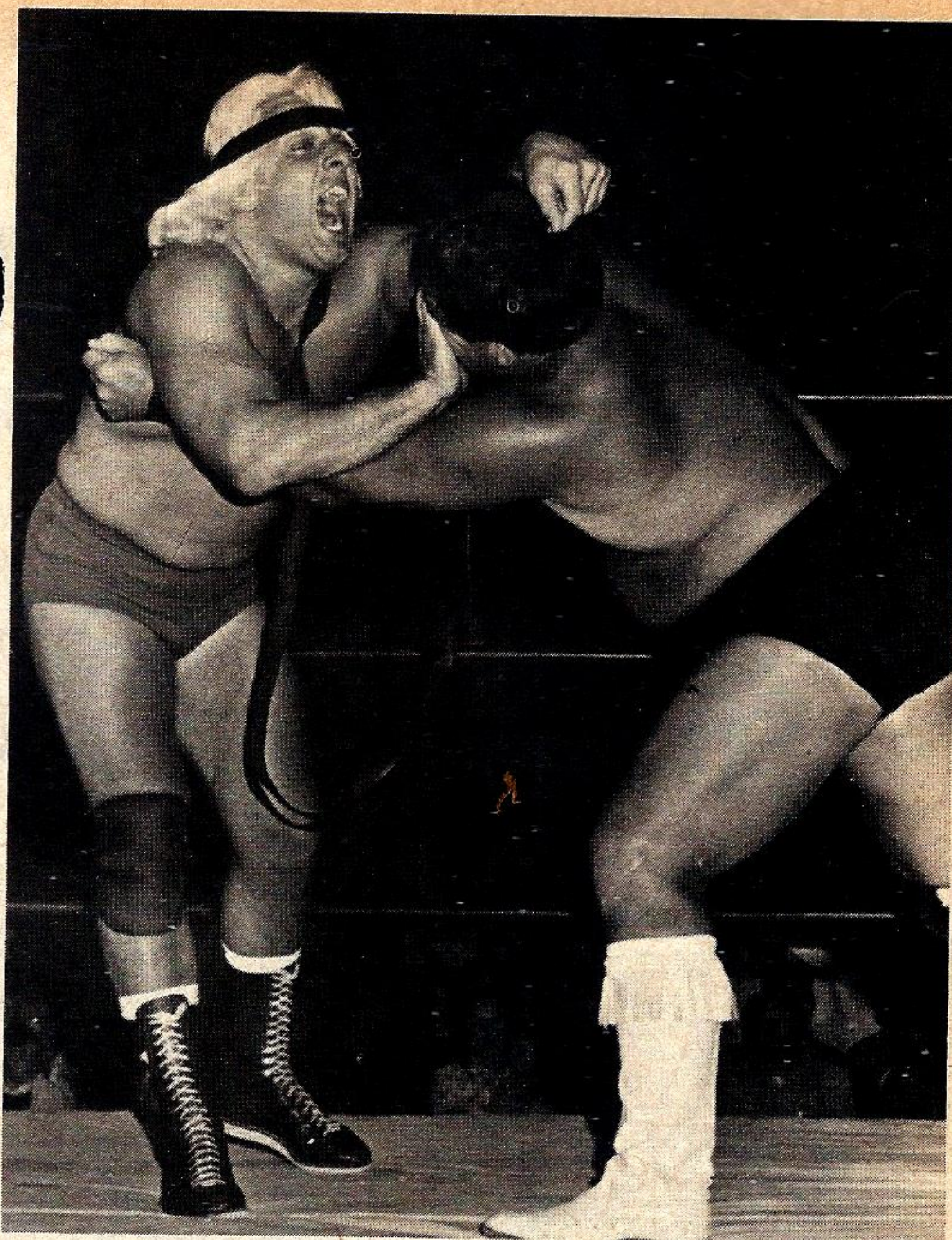
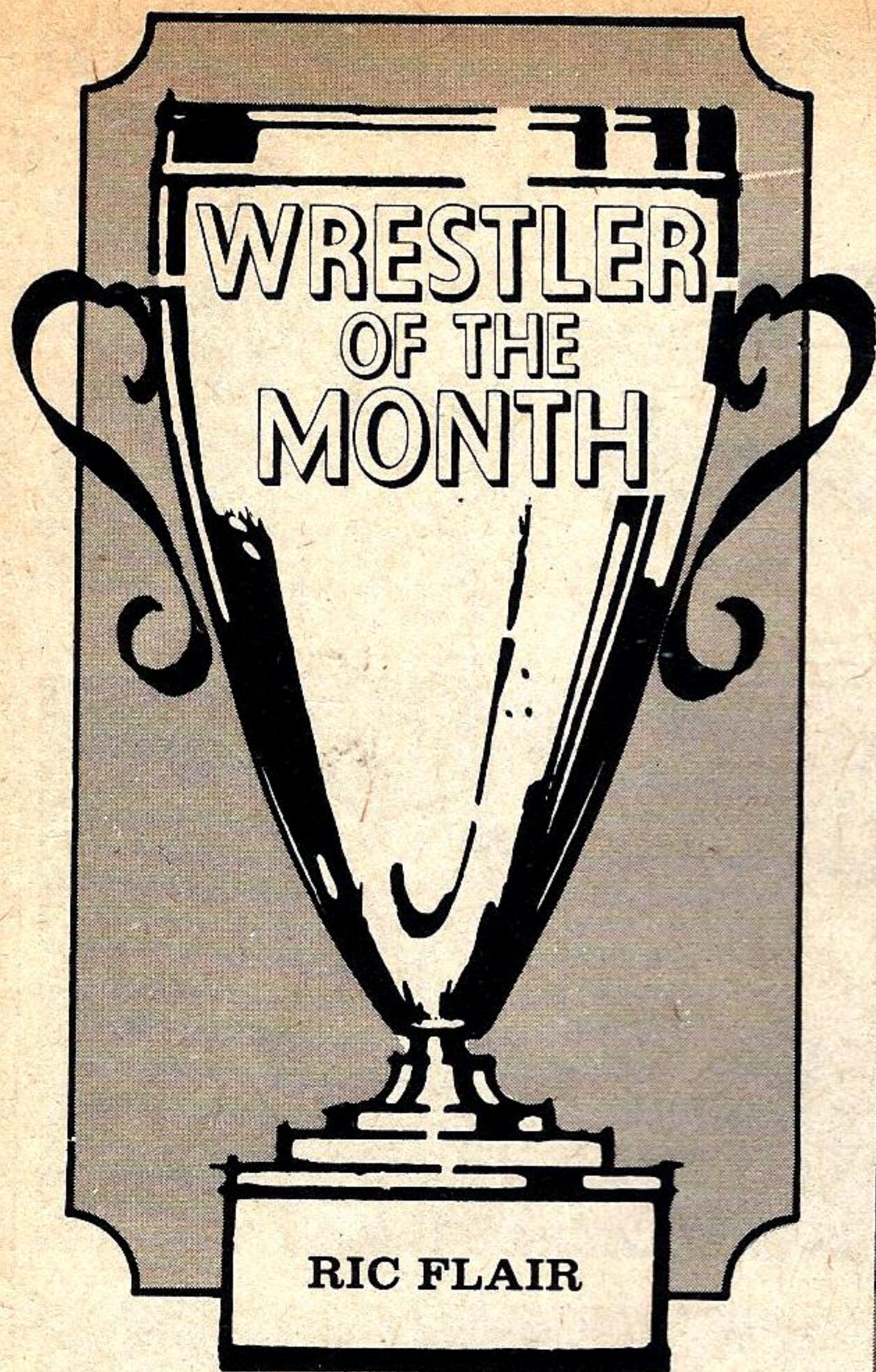


Ray Stevens (above) has made it clear that he does not approve of our way of rating wrestlers. He says it does not take into account what he does during his matches (left).

shine. I'm the best damn wrestler around, and I have been for 20 years. No one can rate me lower than Bruno Sammartino and Mil Mascaras. Of course, if I paid these magazines as much as those two idiots do, then I'd be

(Continued on page 46)

Our exclusive "Stat-O-Chart" system for rating wrestlers has caused great controversy ever since its introduction. Though many wrestling experts have praised the system for its thoroughness, some wrestlers feel they should be given a chance to criticize their ratings. "X-Ray" is each man's chance to respond to his own "Stat-O-Chart"

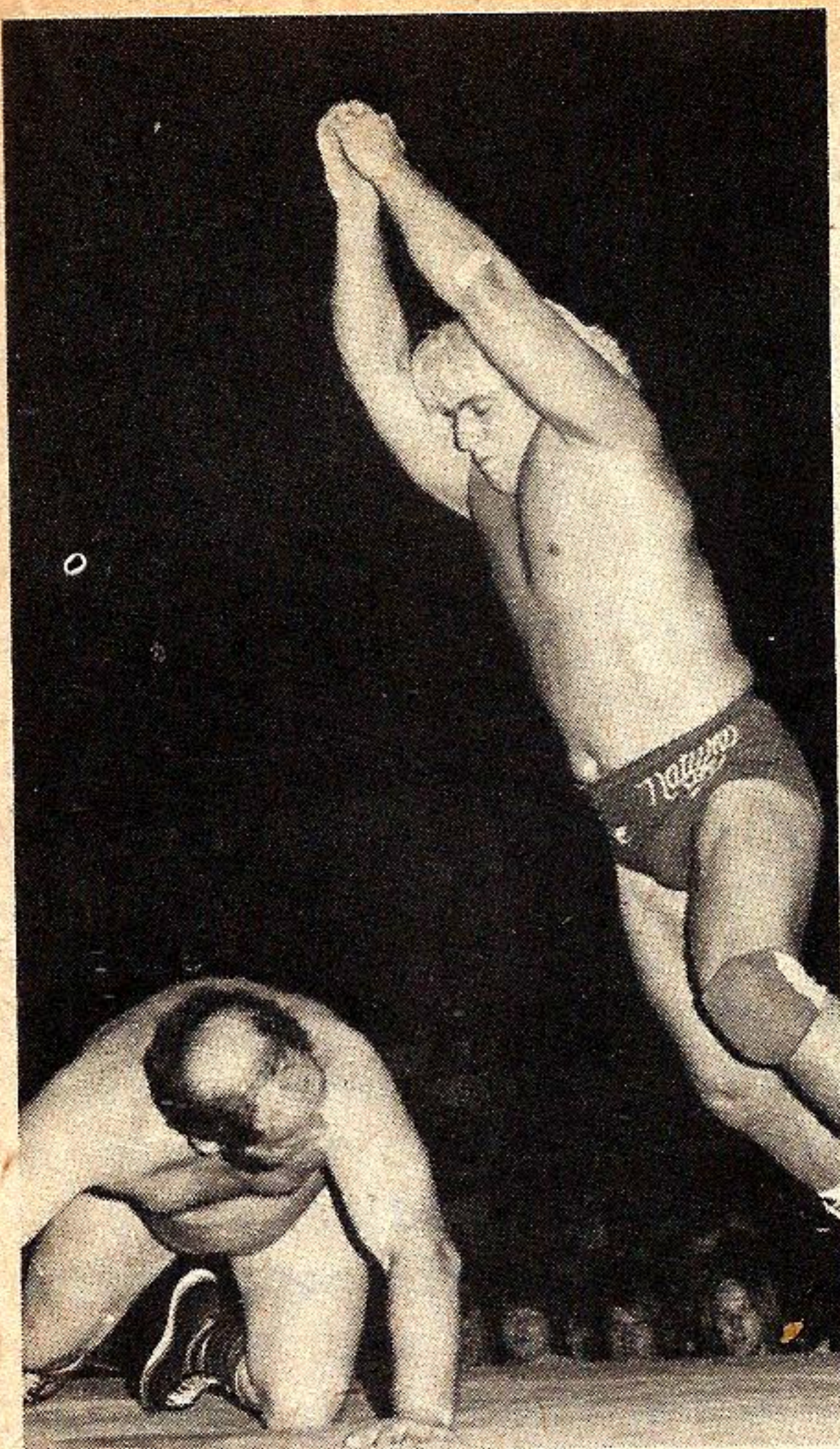


Above: Ric Flair tries to cut Wahoo McDaniel during a brutal strap match. Left: Even the notorious Anderson brothers are confounded by Flair's savagery during an ugly brawl.

IT IS WITH the greatest reluctance that we give this award to Ric Flair, the man who unfortunately deserves it more than anyone else this month. It is indeed a dark time when Flair wins the "Wrestler of the Month" honors.

After careful consideration, it was clear all we could do was to vote Flair the award, and then hope to forget that this month ever existed. There was certainly a distinct pall in the air as the voting was taking place. No one liked what was happening, but everyone knew it had to happen. Ric Flair is the "Wrestler of the Month," and there is nothing anyone can do about it.

Every month, the editors of **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING** search the globe to find the one man whose achievements have surpassed those of all other wrestlers. Sometimes the selection may shock you. Other times you will be very pleased by the selection. But you will always agree our choice deserves to be "Wrestler of the Month!"



Gene Anderson tries to crawl away from Flair's hammer blow (above). Men have been hospitalized after Ric's fists have crashed down upon their unprotected backs.

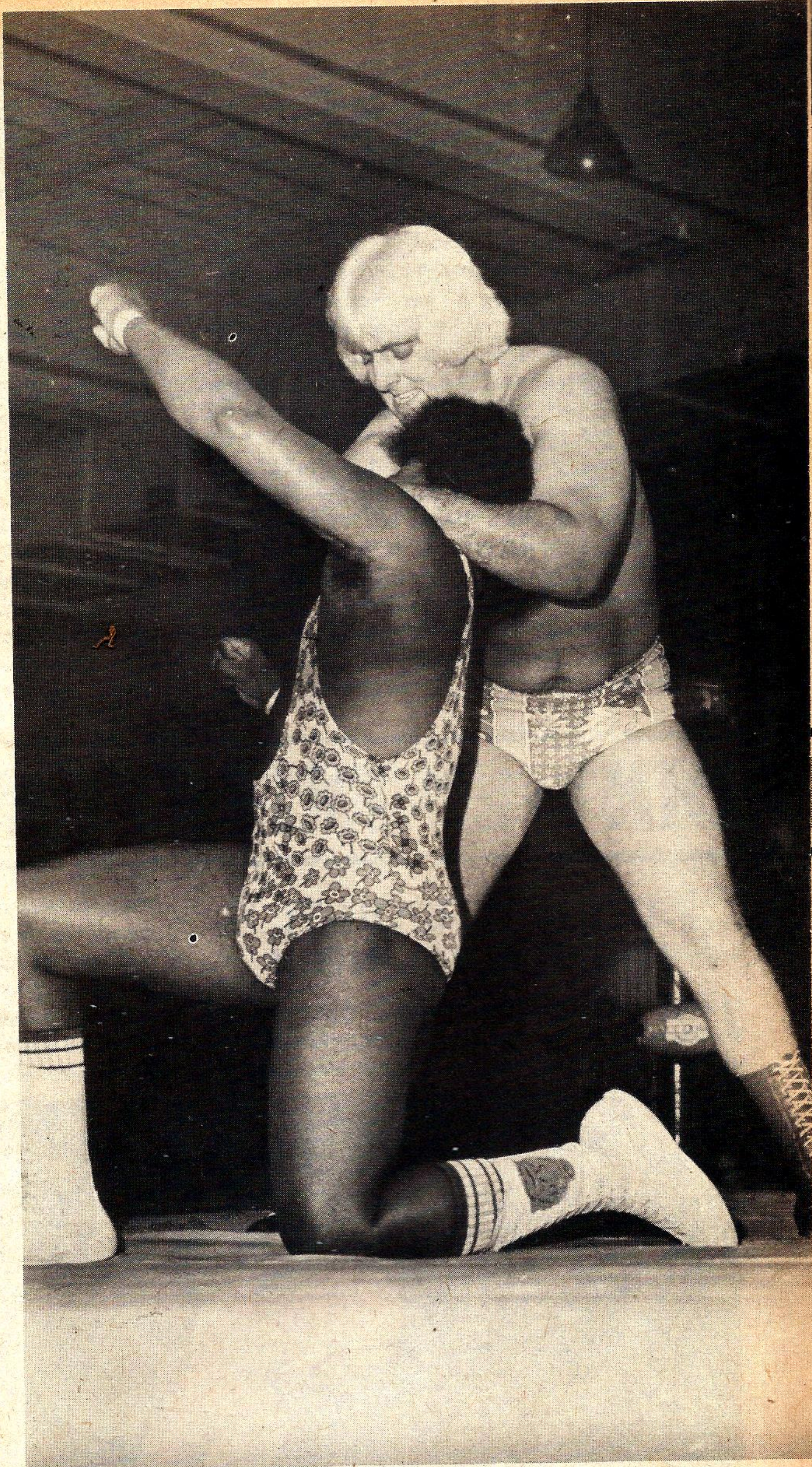
For the past month, Ric Flair has been on a hot streak, winning every match in which he wrestled, including a battle for Wahoo McDaniel's U.S. title. It is certainly an amazing record to have. To maintain so excellent a record over four weeks time is truly remarkable, no matter what methods were used to achieve this end. Even the most highly skilled rulebreakers are caught and disqualified. The greatest scientific wrestlers do occasionally draw or lose a match. This record we speak of is truly remarkable. Ric Flair deserves the honor.

But how he achieved this end sickens us. Many of those who voted for Flair called it the most distasteful vote they ever cast. Some asked if they could be excused from the polling altogether. Unfortunately, this was impossible; otherwise everyone would have abstained!

No award has ever been given so sadly.

When we called Flair to inform him he had won, his reaction was quite typical: "I knew this would happen," he said. "It was only a matter of time before you turkeys got smart and

(Continued on page 48)



The powerful cruelty of Flair is no better demonstrated than when he tried to choke the life out of Tiger Conway Jr. See the look of delight on Flair's face as his opponent gasps desperately for air.

POINT: JACK BRISCO

THERE'S NO REASON for a wrestler to wear a mask. Fact.

There's plenty of reasons why masks should be banned. Fact Two.

Masks should be banned. Conclusion, of the inescapable variety.

For years, I've said masks have no place in wrestling. Many people I respect, and many I don't, have put on masks. None of them have wrestled any better with their faces covered. A few, because it limited vision, did poorly. Some, the rulebreakers, benefited from the masks by concealing foreign objects in them. For that reason alone, the things should be forbidden.

There's something untrustworthy about a man hiding behind a mask. What's he hiding from? A man's face is a reflection of his personality. What can you say about a man who's afraid to reveal himself? Any answer to that question has to be followed by a demand for the masks to be banned.

In no other sport are athletes allowed to wear

equipment that doesn't have a functional purpose. I can see why hockey players wear masks and why football players wear helmets. If someone can show me a similar reason for wrestles to wear masks, I'll eat this magazine!

Often, masks are a way for a wrestler to avoid punishment. By covering his face, a man expelled from the sport can return to repeat his past crimes. No one can be sure who lurks behind the cloth covering. The mystery does the sport no service.

The mystery is an unfair advantage for the masked wrestler, however. Wrestlers spend months studying opponents, discovering weaknesses and strengths. It's a slow, arduous process. My files take up an entire room. I'm not complaining, it's my job. But when a wrestler dons a mask, an opponent has no idea who he is wrestling. That gives the masked man a very big head start. Why should a man be penalized for not hiding his face?

I realize some fine wrestlers, men I respect, would be inconvenienced by having to unmask. There's a possibility that athletes such as Mr. Wrestling II and Mil Mascaras will choose to

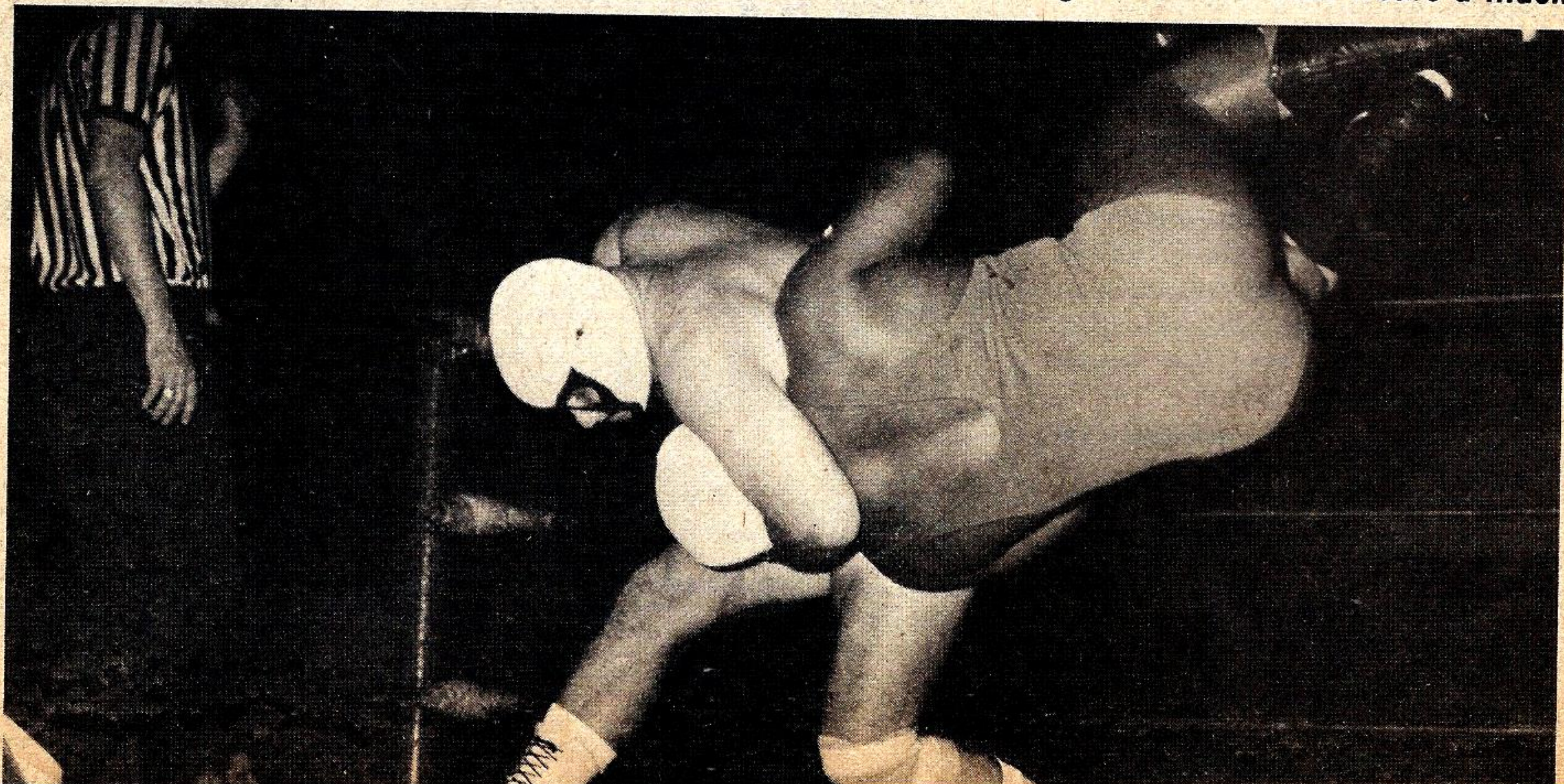
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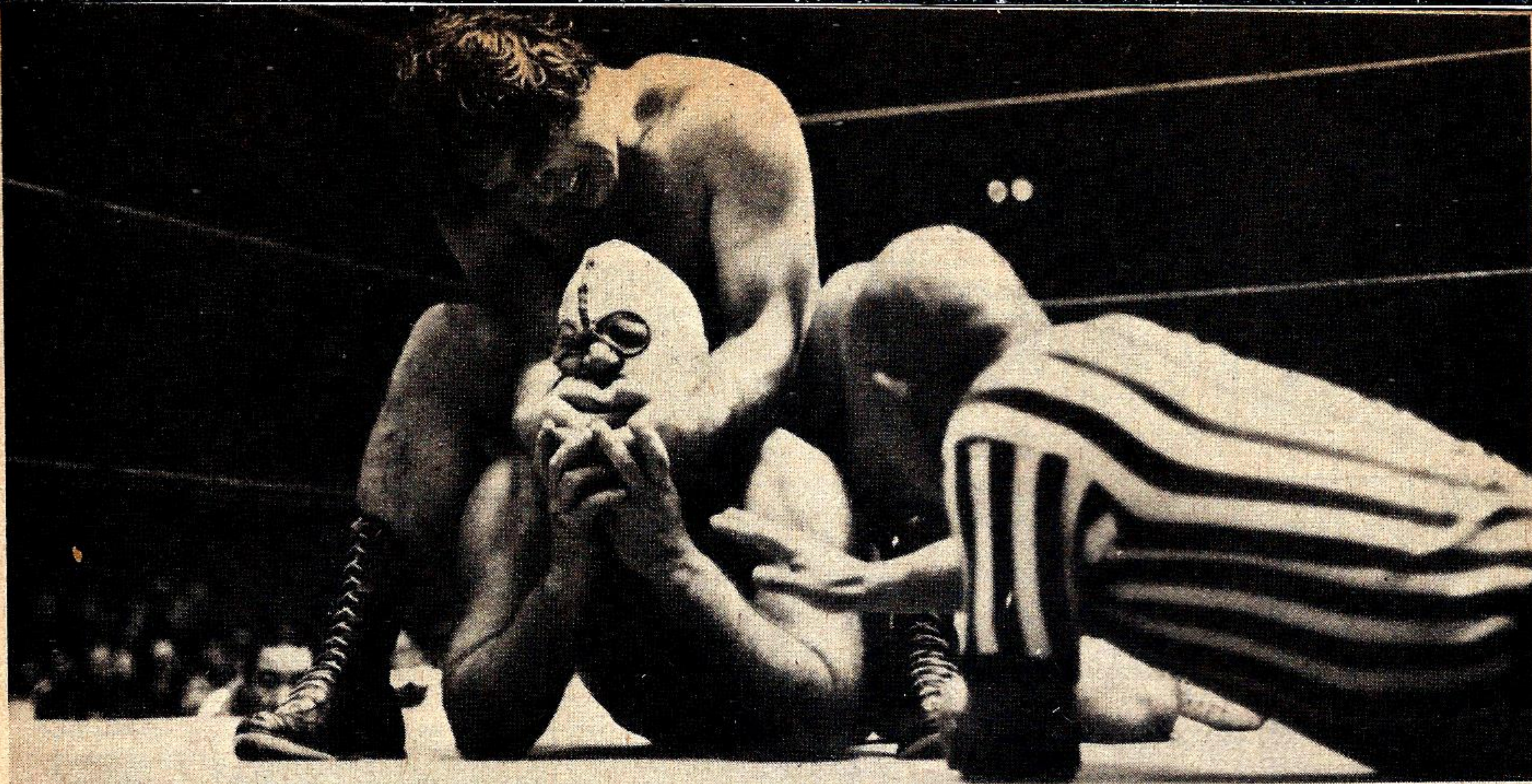
COUNTERPOINT: MR. WRESTLING II

I CAN UNDERSTAND how Jack Brisco feels. Many of his points are correct. There are even a few more reasons for banning masks

that come to mind. All are true. Jack may be too gentlemanly to mention them.

There is only one reason I can give for allowing wrestlers to wear masks. Those of us who wear them need them. We need them as badly as we need comfortable trunks and well-fitted wrestling boots. No man wears a mask





retire rather than reveal their identities. That would be their decision. I would regret their retirement, but there have to be sacrifices in any action. I hope both men would choose to unmask and continue to wrestle. Their skill isn't due to a mask's magic properties.

Professional wrestling isn't a game where people wear masks and play around. This is a serious business, one to which I've devoted my life. That's why I care so much about wrestling. And that's why it's important to me to ban masks. They interfere with my profession. □

COUNTERPOINT • POINT • COUNTERPOINT

just for the hell of it. Try wrestling in one and see what I mean.

A mask is uncomfortable. It limits peripheral vision. At times, it can twist around the neck and choke. It sops up sweat, becoming heavy with water as the match goes on. A mask is the worst encumbrance a wrestler can endure.

Still, I need one. Covering my face makes me a better wrestler. There's no logical explanation. A long time ago, I stopped trying to understand. I've accepted it. I need a mask.

Before covering my face, the rhythms of wrestling escaped me. Nothing seemed to fall into place. Months of practice proved useless. I was ashamed of myself. So I put on a mask to hide my identity from the world. At least masked, no one would know who I was.

But a strange thing happened. Once I enjoyed the anonymity afforded by the mask, my wrestling improved 100%. Everything fell into place. I became what I always hoped to be. The mask did it. And that's why I wear one.

I admit it's a crutch. There's nothing wrong with a crutch as long as it doesn't hurt you. I couldn't be a better wrestler without my mask.

My skills might deteriorate if I took it off. As Brisco says, this is a business. And it's my job to do the best I can at all times. I require a mask to do that.

I've made peace with myself. A mask is part of that peace. If a mask becomes a forbidden piece of equipment, I leave the sport. There can be no two ways about that. When you discuss banning masks, my livelihood is on the line.

Brisco easily says my retirement is one of the "sacrifices" wrestling will have to make when masks are banished. It's easy for him to say that. It won't be his life crumbling to dust, food taken out of his mouth. I don't intend to be an unfortunate victim of some official ruling. I want to be a wrestler. I need to be a wrestler. And I don't see why a man's aversion to masks has to ruin my career.

To Jack, and all the other people who don't like masked wrestlers, try to tolerate us. We're not bad people, some of us. Consider it a superstition. Indulge us. We wouldn't be wearing masks if we didn't need to.

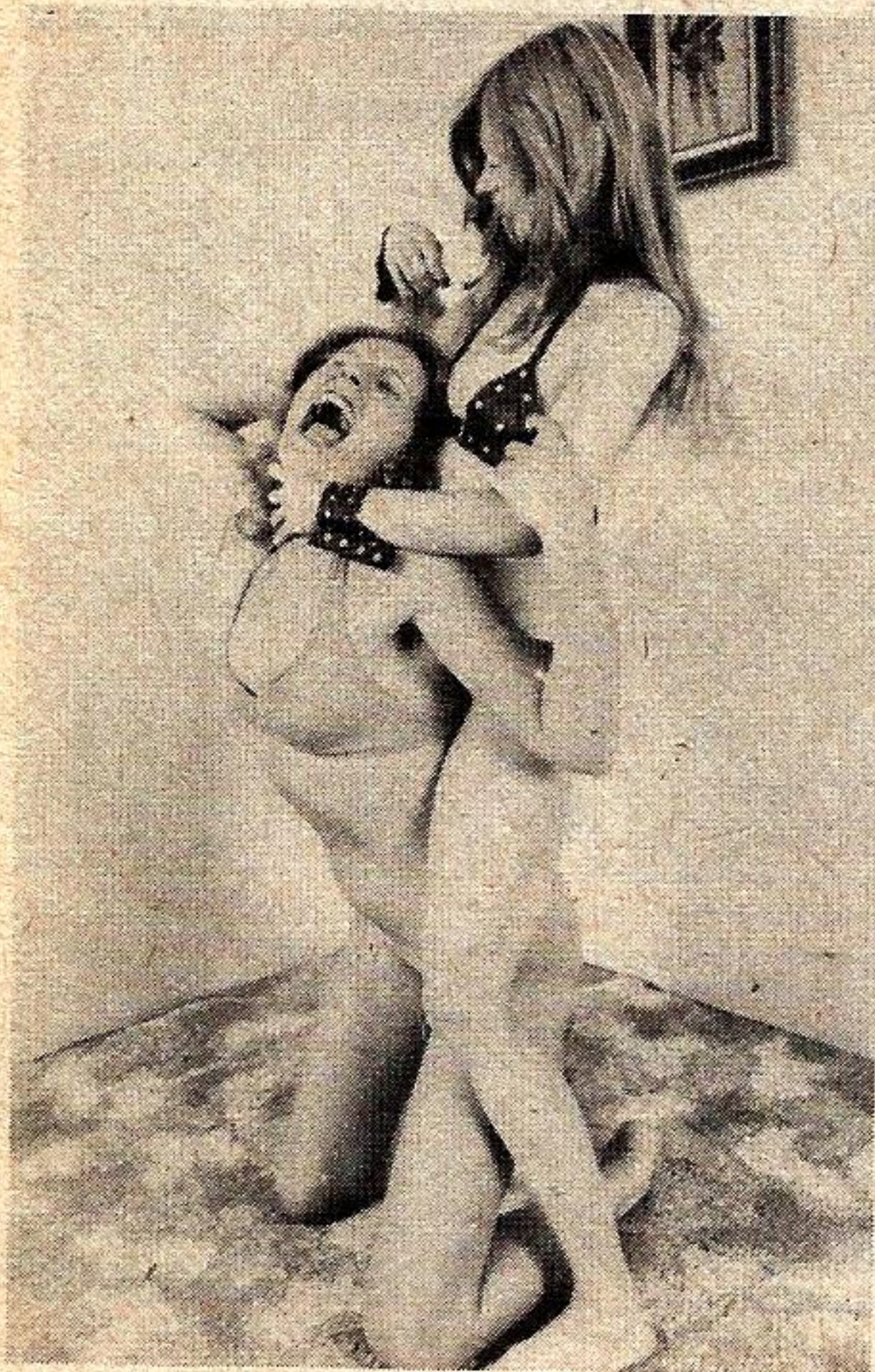
We have the right to wear masks. We have the right to survive. □

MAILBAG

SISTERLY LOATHING

I found your story, "The Astounding Apartment Wrestling Match that Must Be Seen to Be Believed" (November 1977), quite fascinating. I can sympathize with the problems it presented.

With any luck, the two sisters, Karen and Diane, will avoid each



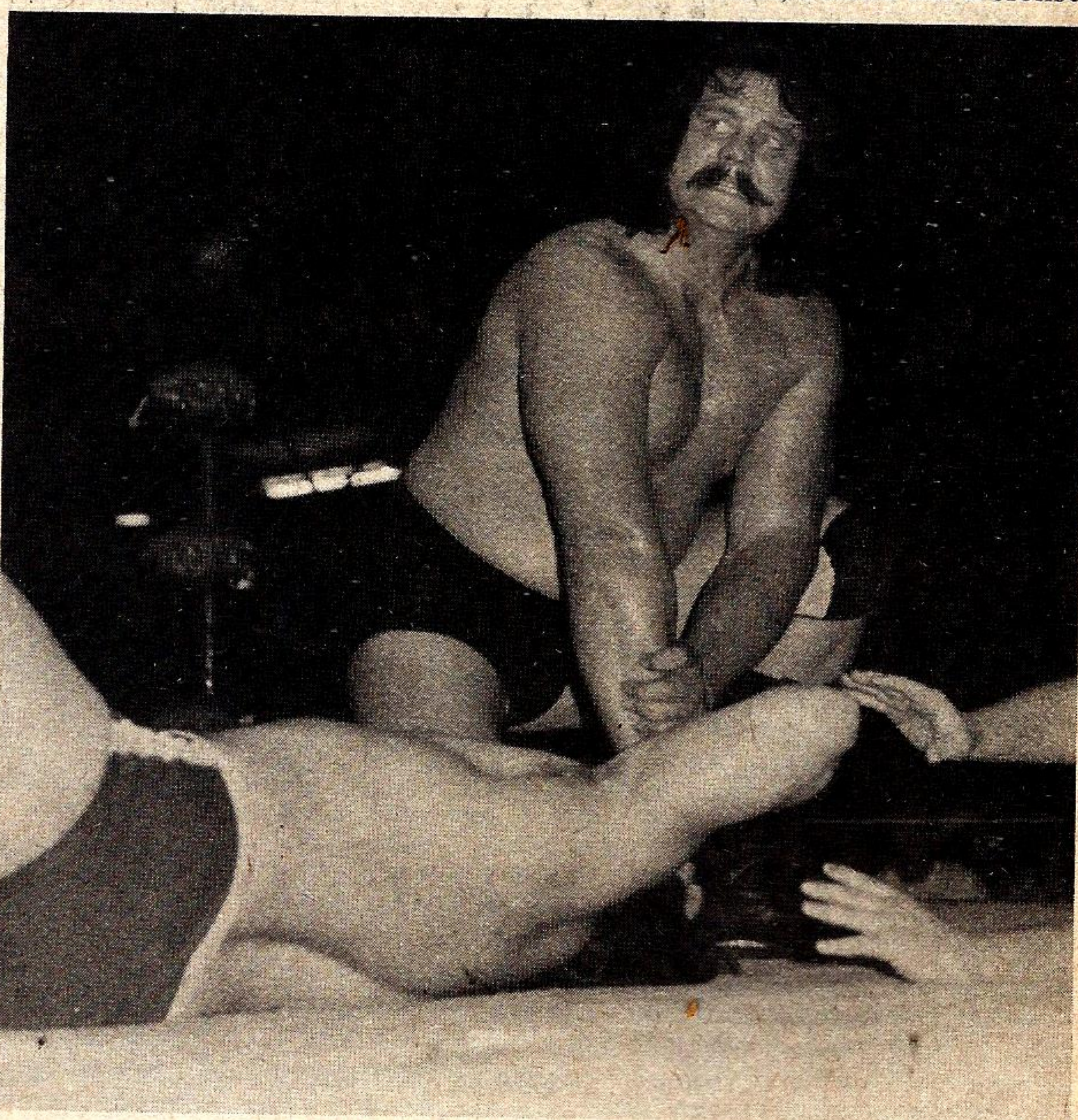
other like the plague. It would be best for all concerned. And though the spectre of two beautiful sisters battling was very exciting, it saddens me that these two women had to come to blows. When two sisters cannot get along, who can?

And though they were beautiful, I hope they never see each other ever again. If they ever had a rematch, they would kill each other.

PAUL BLUM
Alhambra, Ca.

WHO CAN COMPREHEND?

Referring to the article, "I'm Afraid I'll Have to Hurt Dino Bravo" by Blackjack Mulligan (November 1977), I'd like to say I've never read anything so bizarre. It was the first time Blackjack Mulligan wrote something I couldn't comprehend.



Blackjack wrote about hurting Dino Bravo to the point where he would never return to professional wrestling. Why? Because Dino Bravo beat him three times? Because Dino Bravo is a scientific wrestler? Because the Good Ship

Lollypop was sunk by a landmine in Candyland harbor? No! Blackjack Mulligan tells us he is doing it for the "good of wrestling." Bully for him!

Blackjack Mulligan has proven again when it comes to writing an article, he is a supercilious writer! Besides that, I think the Defense

Department should check into this incident of the Good Ship Lollypop being sunk by a landmine in Candyland harbor.

MISS JANE POLSTON
Waco, Tex.

(Continued on page 56)

Calling himself the King of the South, Dick Slater is out to conquer all. Yet, when his crusade came to Jack Brisco, the king found a man who isn't about to bow down to anyone!

THE RANTING WAS familiar by now. Jack Brisco got up to turn off the television. Dick Slater's image disappeared into a white dot. The silence sounded wonderful.

Brisco had his fill of Slater. The man calls himself King of the South. "His Majesty" spoke of Brisco as if the former NWA champ was merely an annoyance. Jack was going to prove Slater less than a king, in fact, less than an equal.

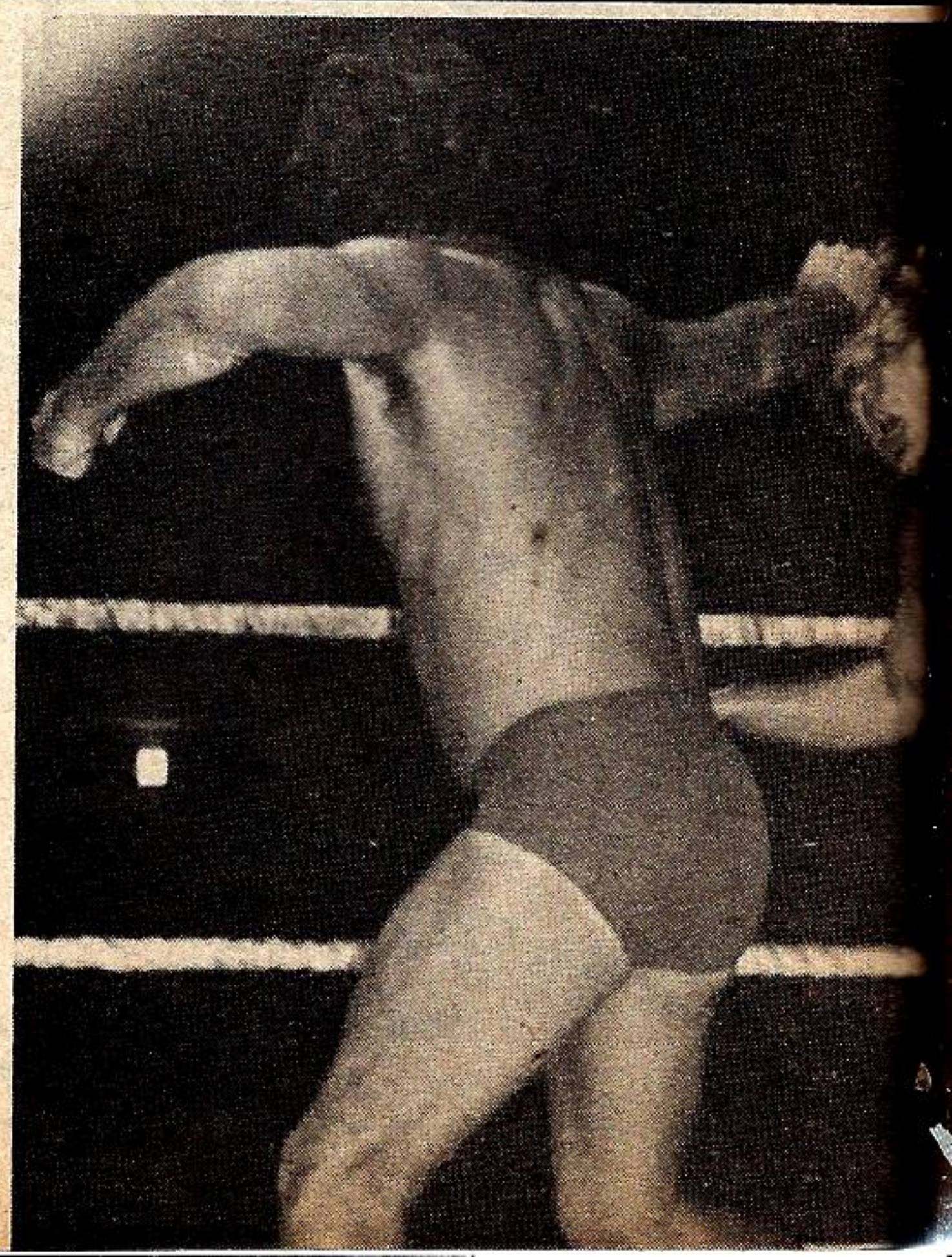
"King of the South," Jack muttered as he poured over strategies. There are more than 100 different ways Jack has devised for finishing an opponent, although he prefers only 15 as the most effective. But for Slater, no possibility could be overlooked. The man must be more than defeated. Dick Slater had to be humiliated.

Days in the gym honed Jack's skills down to their finest point.

Every move seemed natural and precise. There could be no wasted motion. Watching Jack train showed the man to be an artist perfecting his craft.

The day of the match approached quickly. Slater's threats and boasts filled the air. "Jack Brisco had a small talent years ago," the "King" proclaimed, "but there's nothing left now. He was a lucky champion, but a lousy one. When I get him in

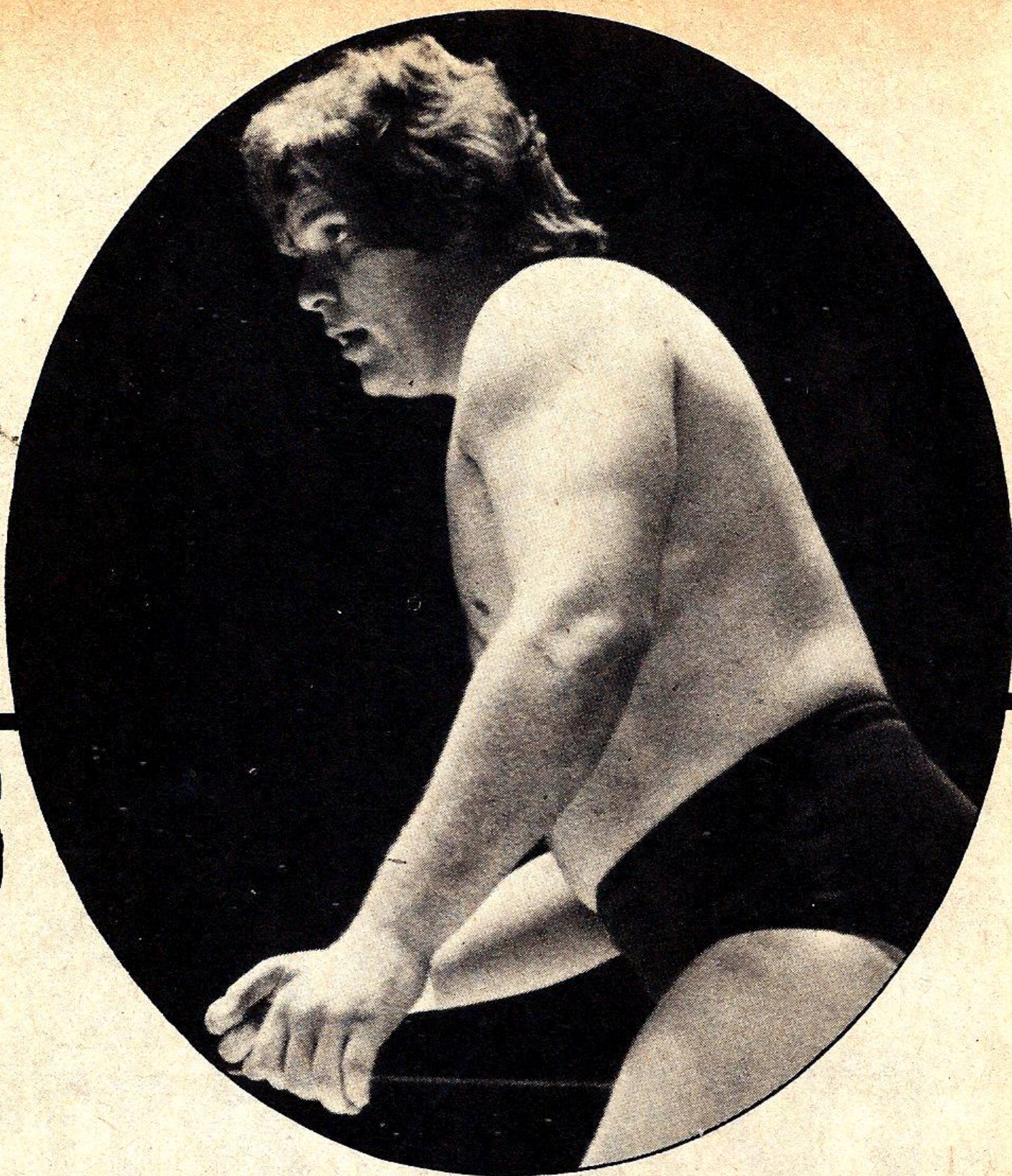
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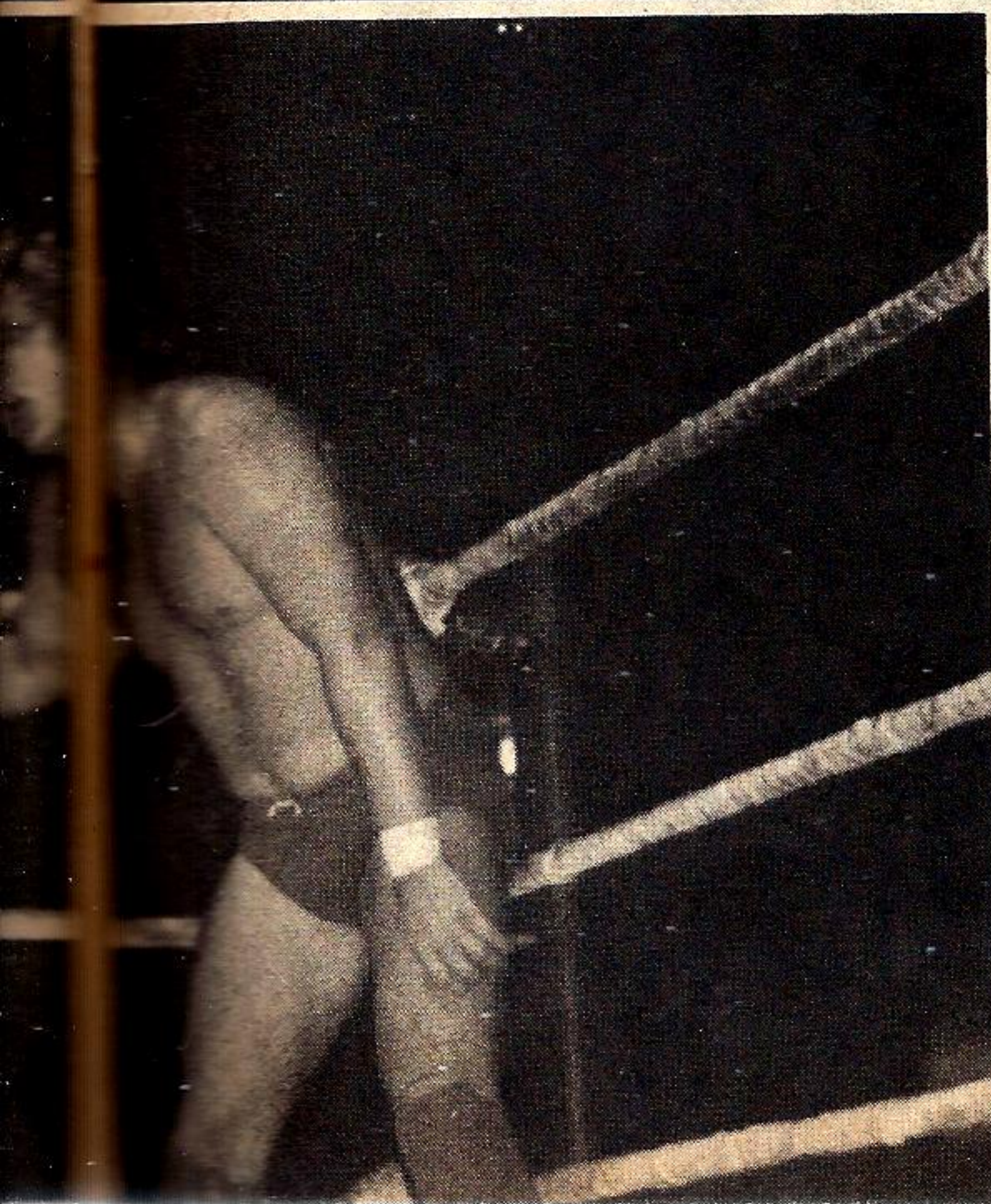
the arena, his career will end. I'll show up Brisco for the clown he is. Once again, the King will rid his domain of weaklings. I am the King of the South!"

To that, Jack said nothing publicly. He continued to train. Some found the intensity of workouts frightening.

The night of the match, Brisco sat silently in the dressing room. Those
(Continued on page 50)



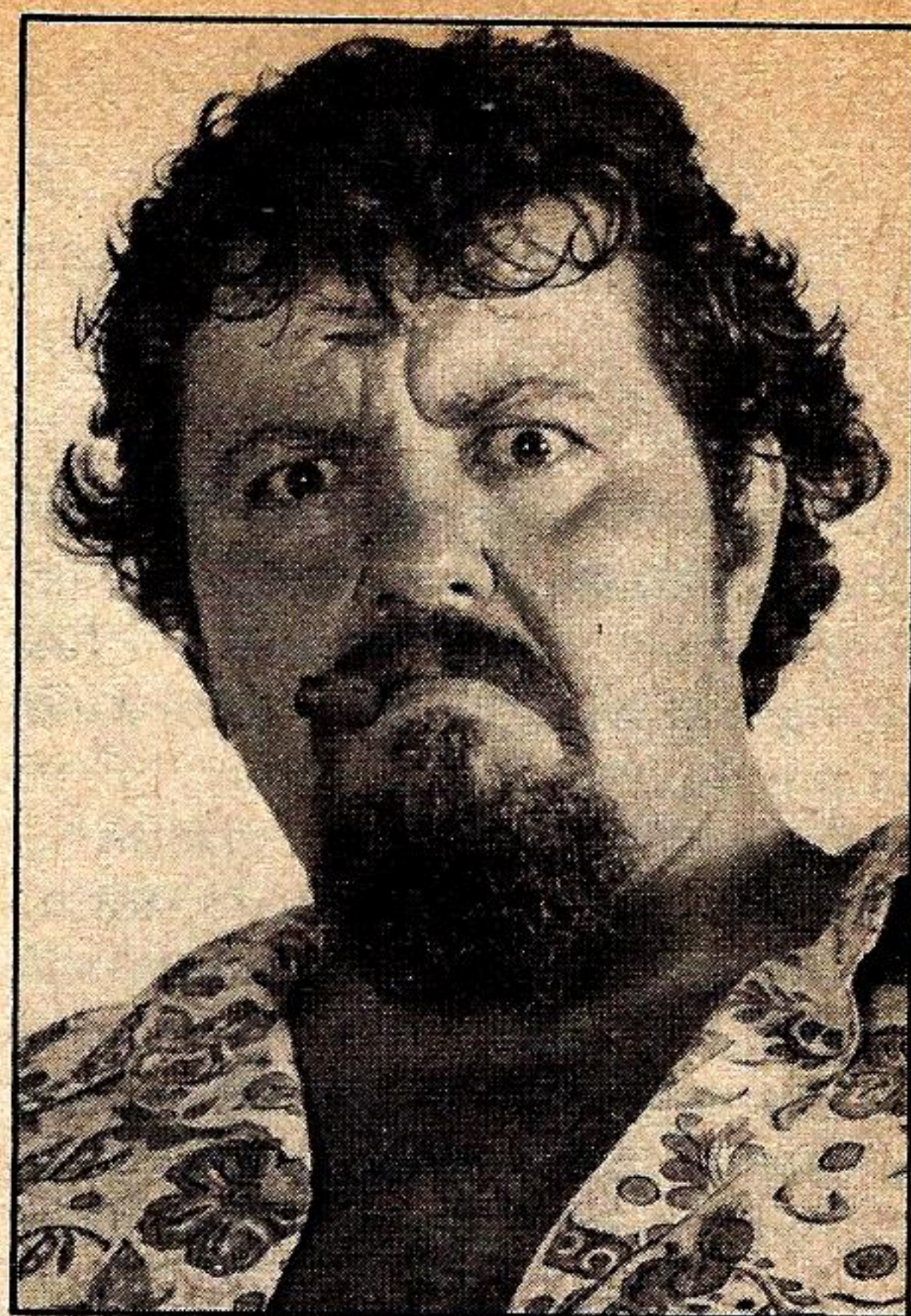
CROWNS KING THE SOUTH



Left: Jack has rendered Slater so weak that he has little trouble with the vicious brawler. This is toward the exciting end of this important match. Right: Brisco prepares to put Slater in an airplane hold.



THE MAN WHO WANTS KEN PATERA AND IVAN PUTSKI TO DESTROY EACH OTHER



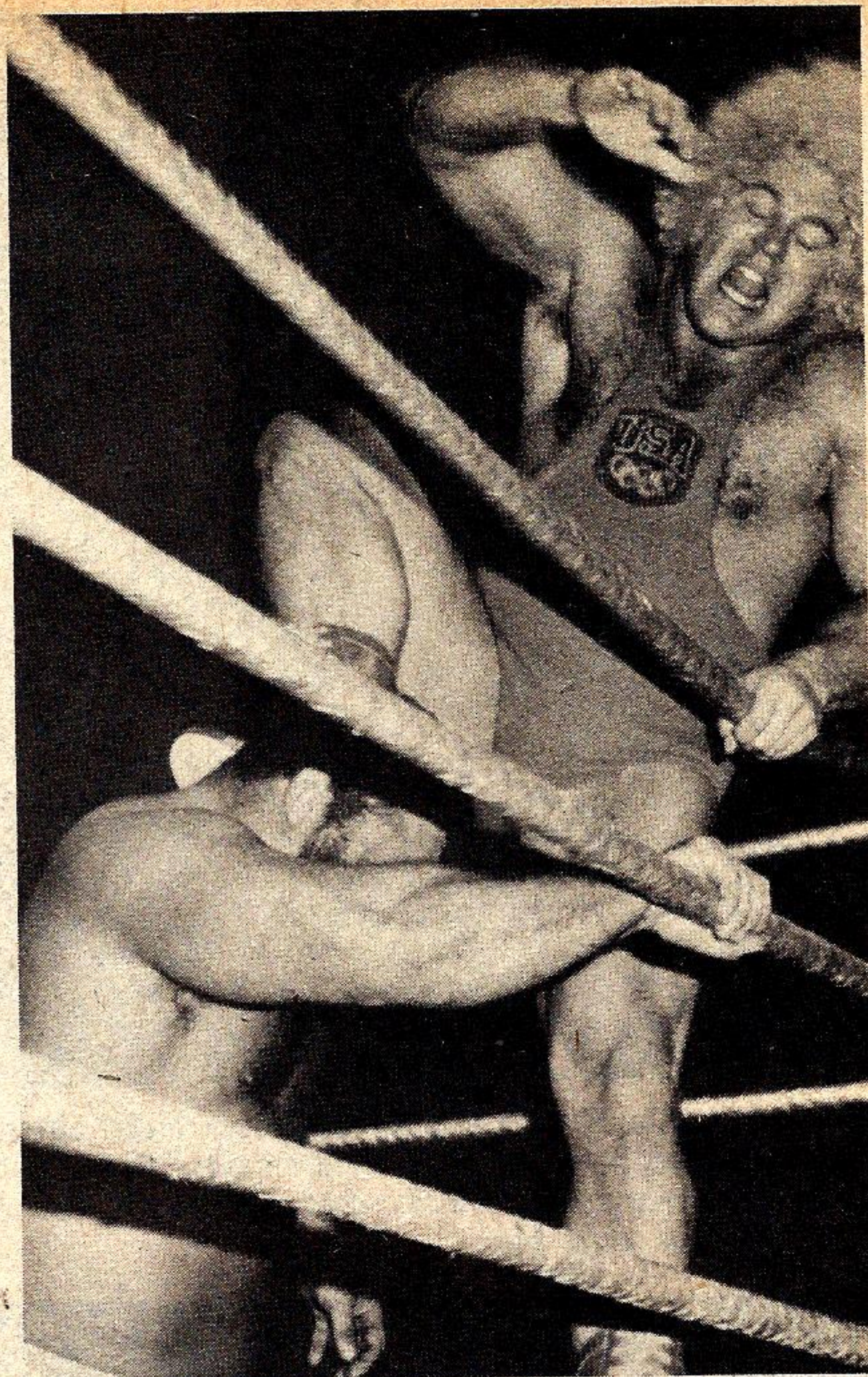
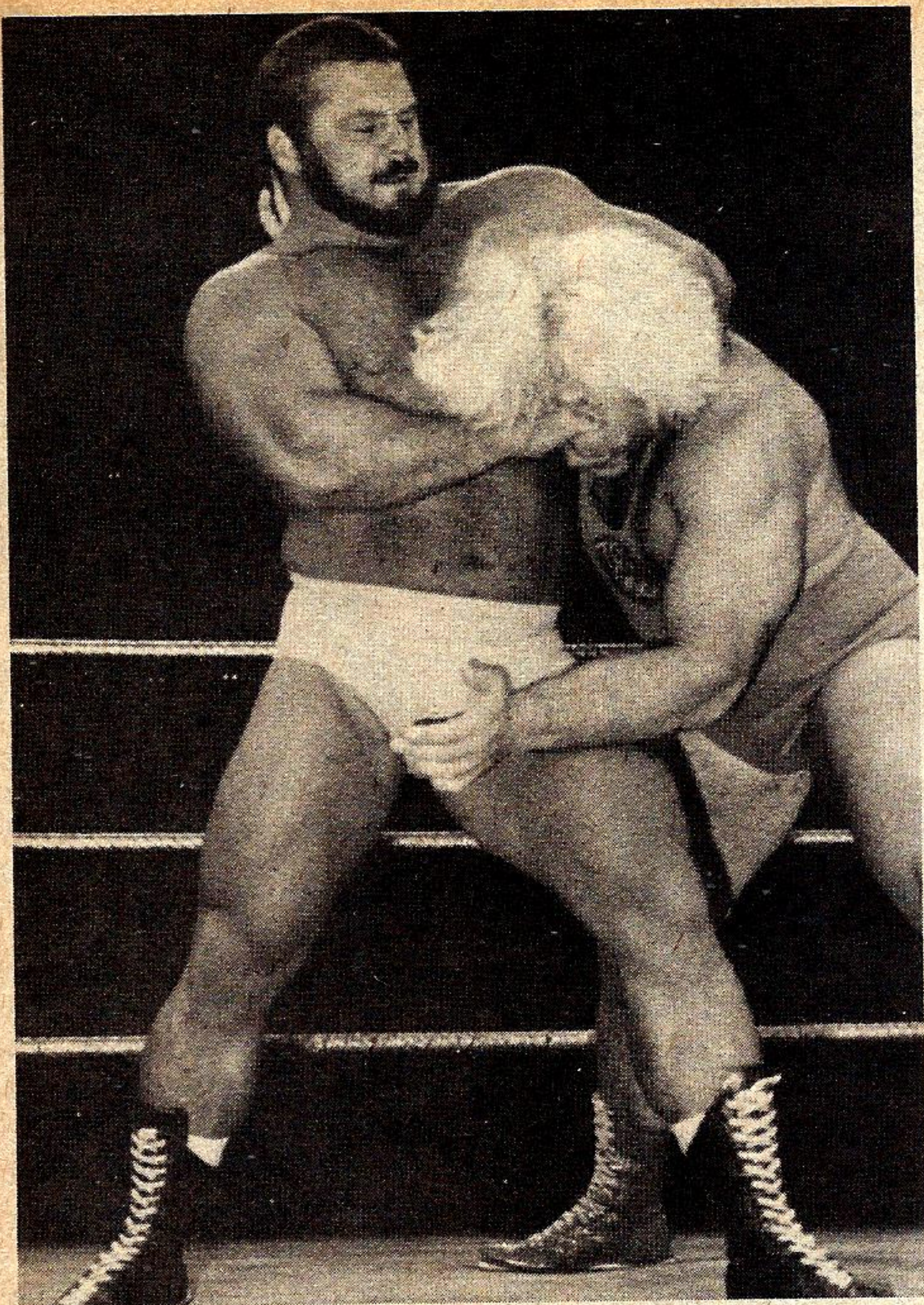
A MAN SITS alone in a quiet room. To any casual observer, there is nothing unusual or wicked happening. Those who know the identity of this man realize evil lurks in the air.

The man is Lou Albano, manager of some of the cruelest grapplers in the world. Things haven't been going well for Albano. One man is taking on his stable and battering them out of title contention. Albano's demon is named

Ivan Putski.

How to be rid of Putski? That's a problem to ponder. Albano searched his vicious brain for a solution. Every answer called for a sacrifice. The man who would destroy Putski would be

Money is the only thing that matters to Lou Albano. He wants Ivan Putski destroyed, because the Polish grappler is defeating his wrestlers. He's willing to sacrifice Ken Patera to achieve his goal. Will these two wrestlers maim each other to please Lou Albano?

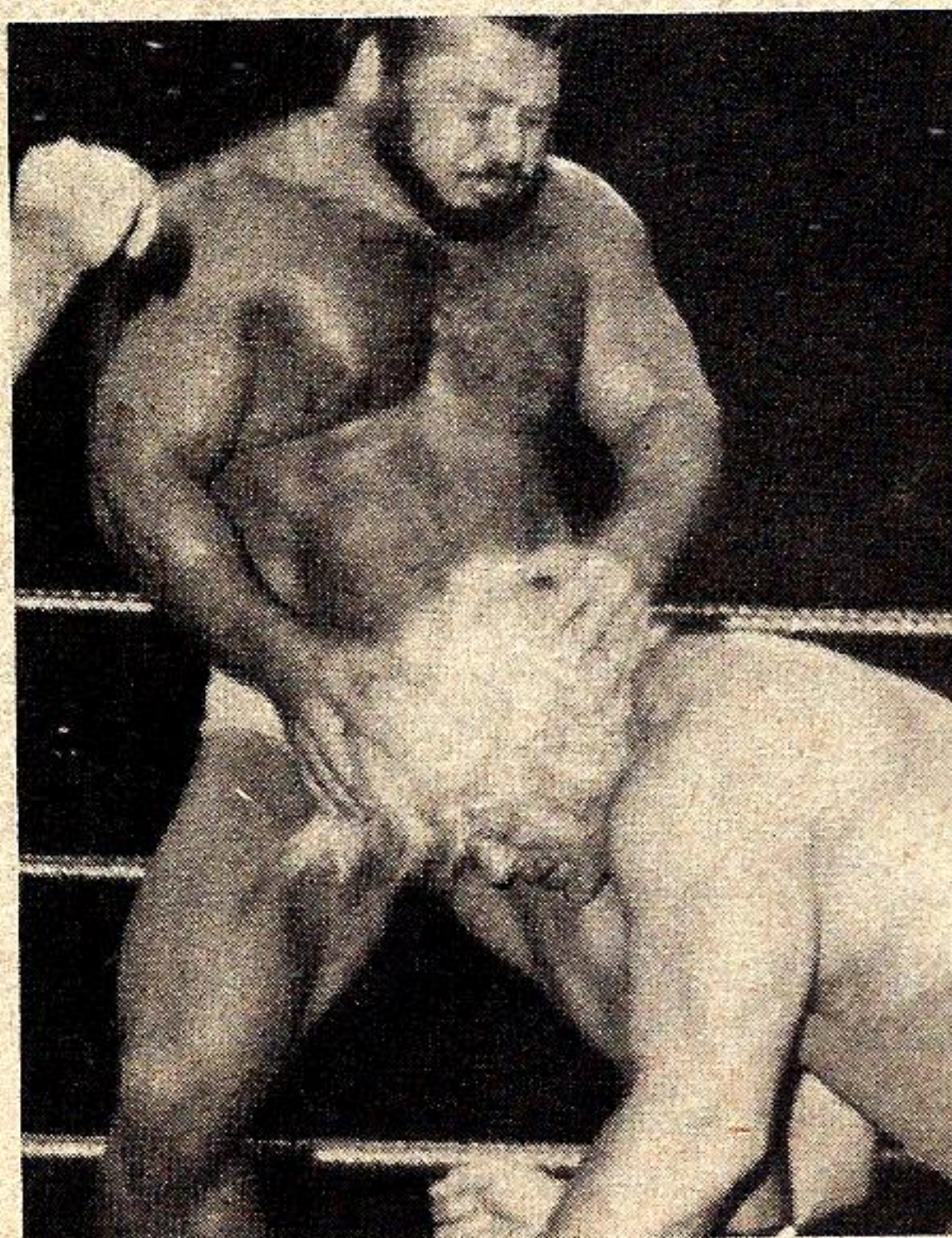


destroyed in the process. That's a heavy penalty to pay. However, no sacrifice could exact more damage than Putski's mauling of Albano's grapplers.

So Lou Albano chose a sacrificial lamb, or perhaps he would be better called a sacrificial lion. One man was picked to end his own career while ending Putski's. There was only one man capable of doing this job. He is also the one man Albano doesn't enjoy complete control over. Ken Patera is his own man. Therefore, Ken Patera must be the sacrifice.

Naturally, Albano didn't announce his intentions to the world. He craftily hid his motives behind a smokescreen of ravings. "Ken Patera will defeat Ivan Putski," Lou proclaimed, "because Ken is the greatest wrestler in the world. Once he finishes with Putski, removing that Polish blight from wrestling, he'll go on to become WWF champion. That's an Albano promise!" All wrestling is only too familiar with the value of an Albano vow. Stock in Consolidated Viking Ships has more value.

See how they destroy each other: Ivan has Patera in a vise-like headlock (above left). Ken uses his powerful leg to smash a weakened Putski (above right). Ivan has Ken begging for a little mercy (below). This is just what Lou Albano wants.



How did Albano's plan for double destruction become public? In truth, only a few people have discovered it. If one studies the schedule Albano has devised for Patera, there can be no

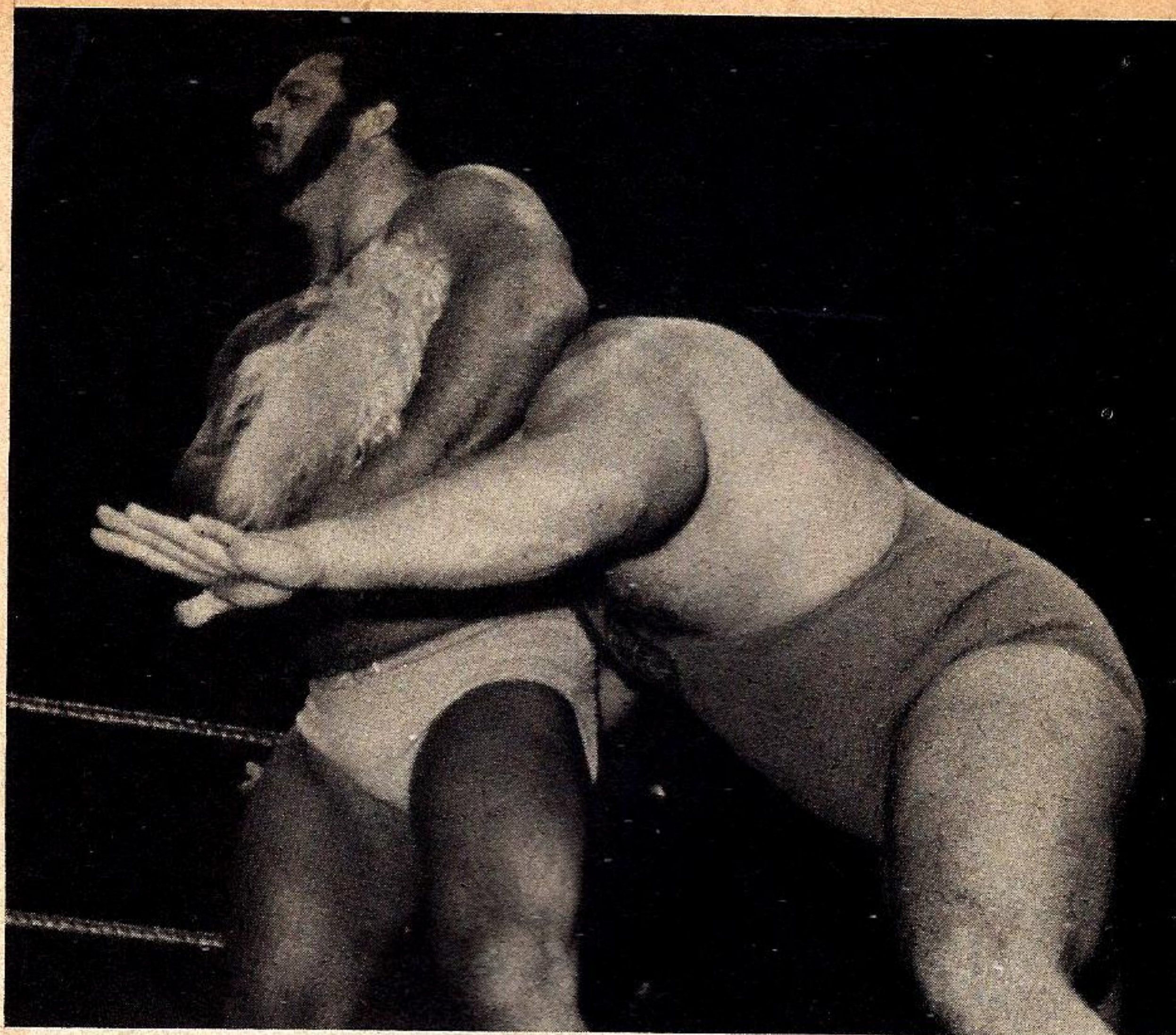
other conclusion. Albano has put Patera and Putski on a collision course sure to destroy them both.

If observers can understand Albano's plot, surely Putski and Patera have figured out what's happening. Perhaps they do, although neither will admit it. Pride is more important to both of them than personal safety. Lou Albano knew that, which is why he didn't bother to cover his tracks.

"Putski couldn't destroy me," Patera asserts, "no matter what. I'm better than he can ever hope to be. He's clumsy, stupid, and not half as strong as people think. Even if Albano was out to get me, and that's impossible, he knows Putski wouldn't be the man.

"Sure Lou wants Putski run out of the WWF. Everyone does. The clown is a loser masquerading as crowd pleaser. I'm honored Lou thinks I'm the best man to send Putski to oblivion. There's no way Albano could think Putski would destroy me at the same time. I'm too valuable to Albano for him to risk me."

Too valuable for Albano to risk? No



The battles between Ivan and Ken have been brutal affairs (above and below), with each man intent on destroying the other. This is all part of Albano's evil plan—he has set up both men on this collision course. Hopefully, this will all end before Albano's plan has a chance to work!

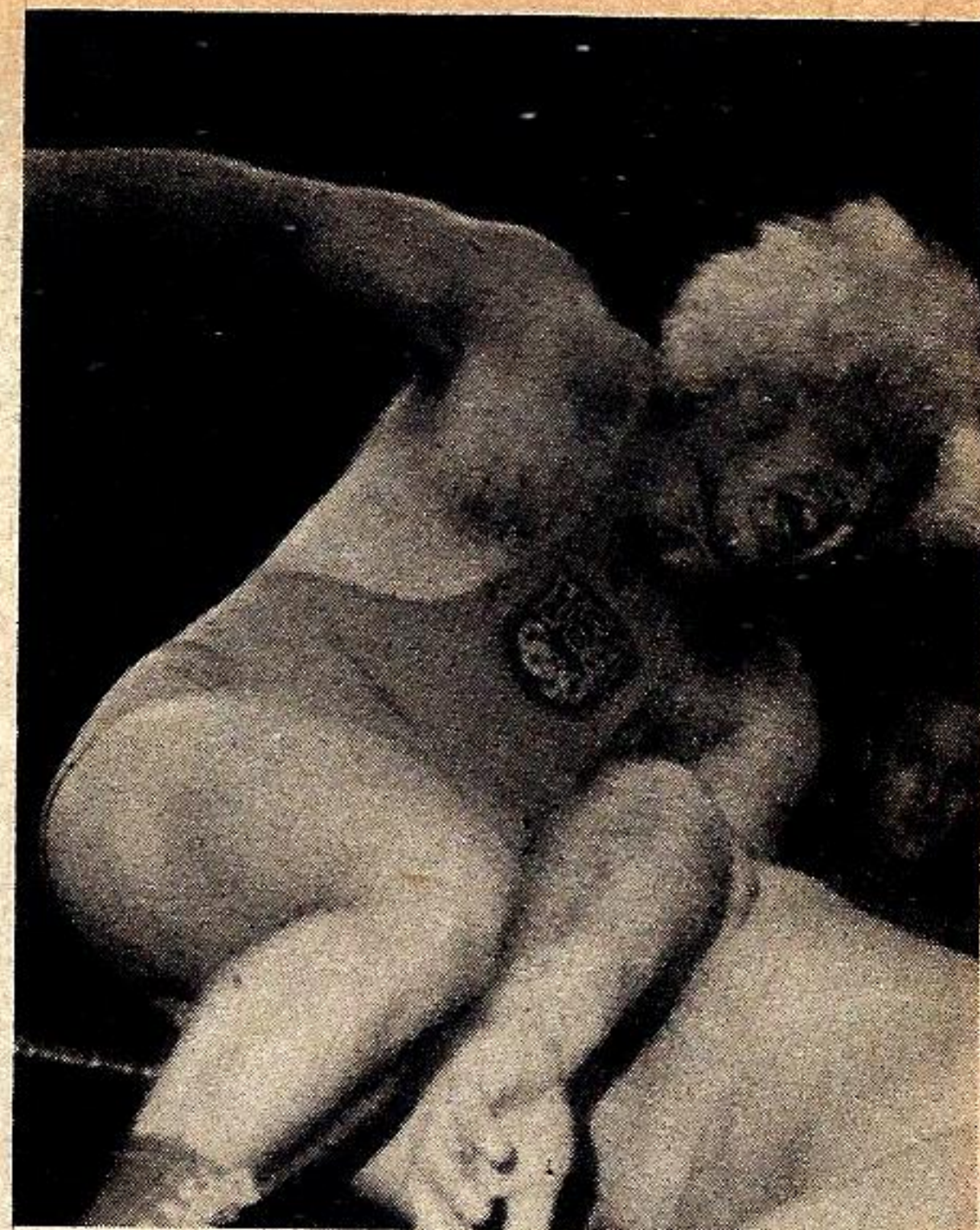


wonder Patera can't see the plain truth. His ego refuses to let him believe any manager would willingly sacrifice him. This pride is the major reason Albano wants him finished as a grappler.

Everyone knows Patera is unlike Albano's other wrestlers. Ken has a mind of his own. There has been friction between the two since the

beginning. People have long wondered when this uneasy alliance would collapse. Albano has tolerated much from Ken's independent spirit. Albano is publicly punishing the only partner who ever dared to confront him. If Patera is destroyed, other Albano grapplers will pay heed to this example.

Putski could turn down the Patera



Ken Patera comes down hard on Ivan, causing Putski a great deal of pain. Ivan was able to recover quickly and launch his own assault. This is just what Albano wants to happen!

challenges. No wrestler could be obligated to fulfill this schedule. No one would blame Putski for throwing the dates back in the promoters' faces. Many of his friends have begged him to do just that. Putski has signed every contract offered him.

The Polish mat star would rather die than back down from a Patera challenge. Death cannot be ruled out as a possibility in this situation. Putski knows this. Each contract signing might be his death warrant.

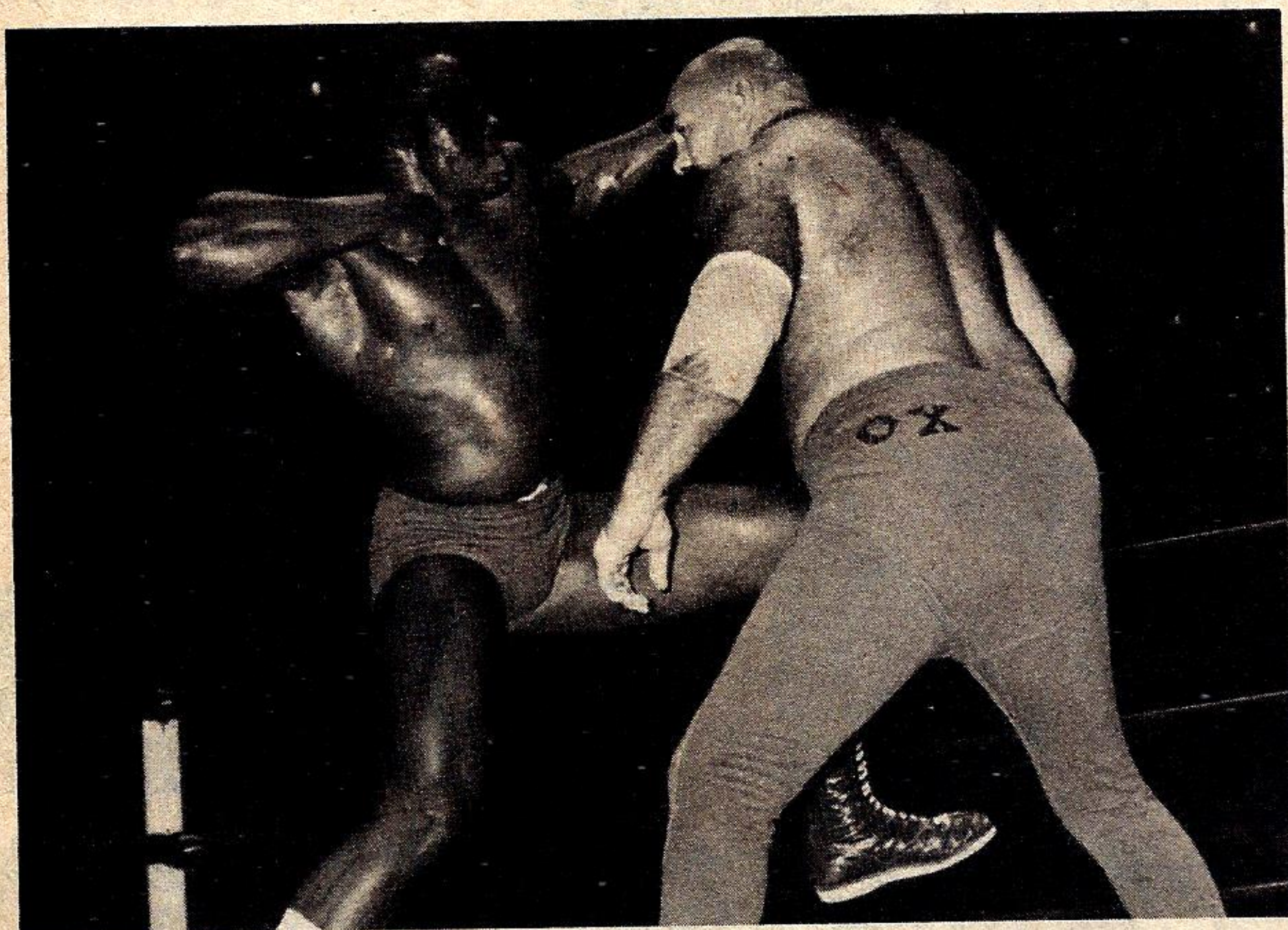
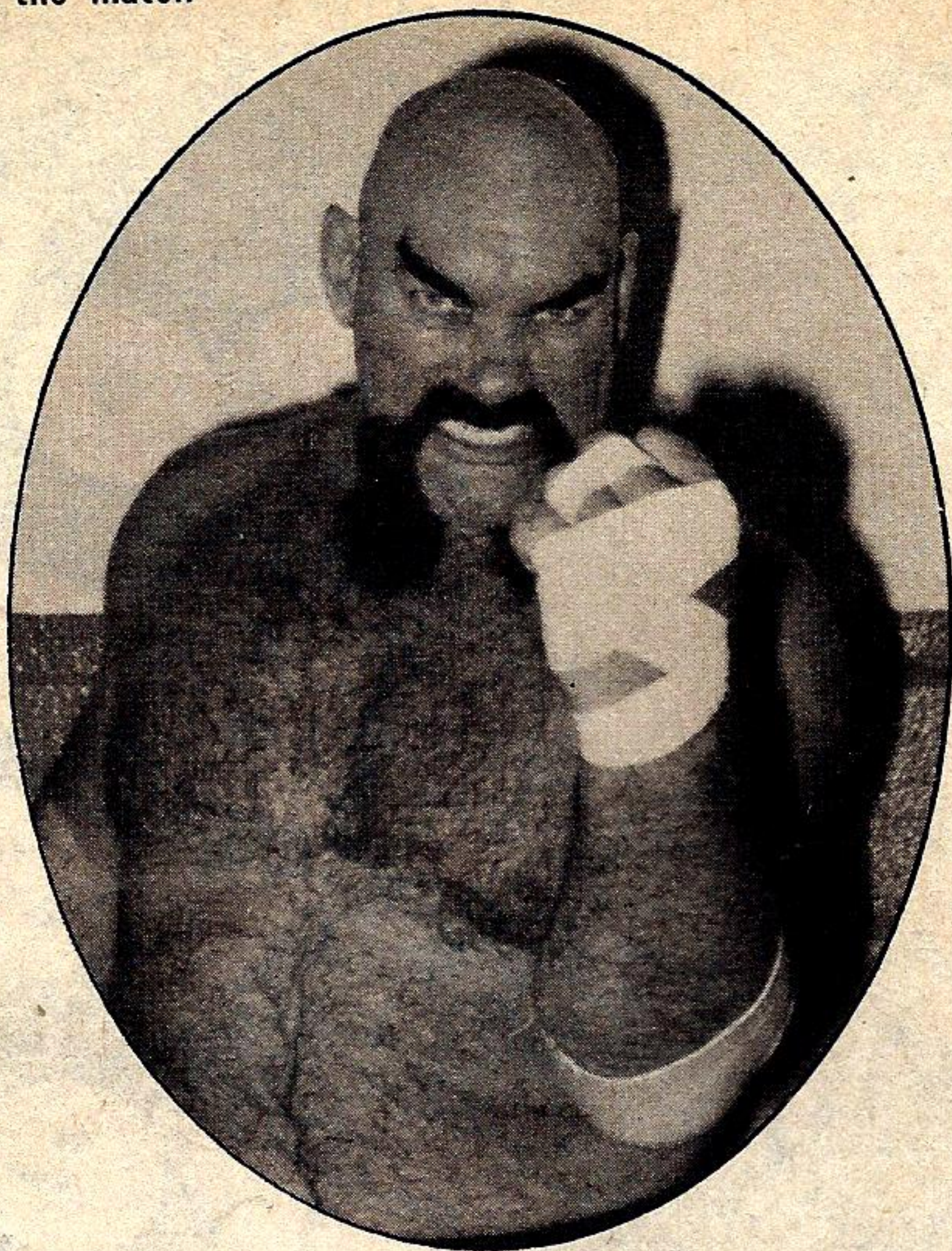
As these two proud athletes clash, one man smiles cruelly in the background. Lou Albano, like a demented puppet master, is pulling the strings guaranteed to lead to disaster. People watch in horror as his plan appears to be succeeding.

The first few matches of the campaign have already occurred. They have been ugly, brutal brawls. Both men have suffered huge gashes and twisted limbs. Lately, Putski walks around with clenched teeth as if trying not to show pain. Patera used to be a guy with many different interests, going all over the place. These days, he spends his time between matches only in arenas and motel rooms.

Slowly but surely, both men are approaching destruction. They are trapped as Lou Albano's victims. Two superb athletes, one scientific and the other a rulebreaker, are doomed by the manager's evil genius. Both are too proud to stop the carnage. □

Hated Ox Baker makes a threatening fist at our photographer before the match against Skip Young begins.

THE ROOKIE WITH TOO MUCH HEART FOR OX BAKER



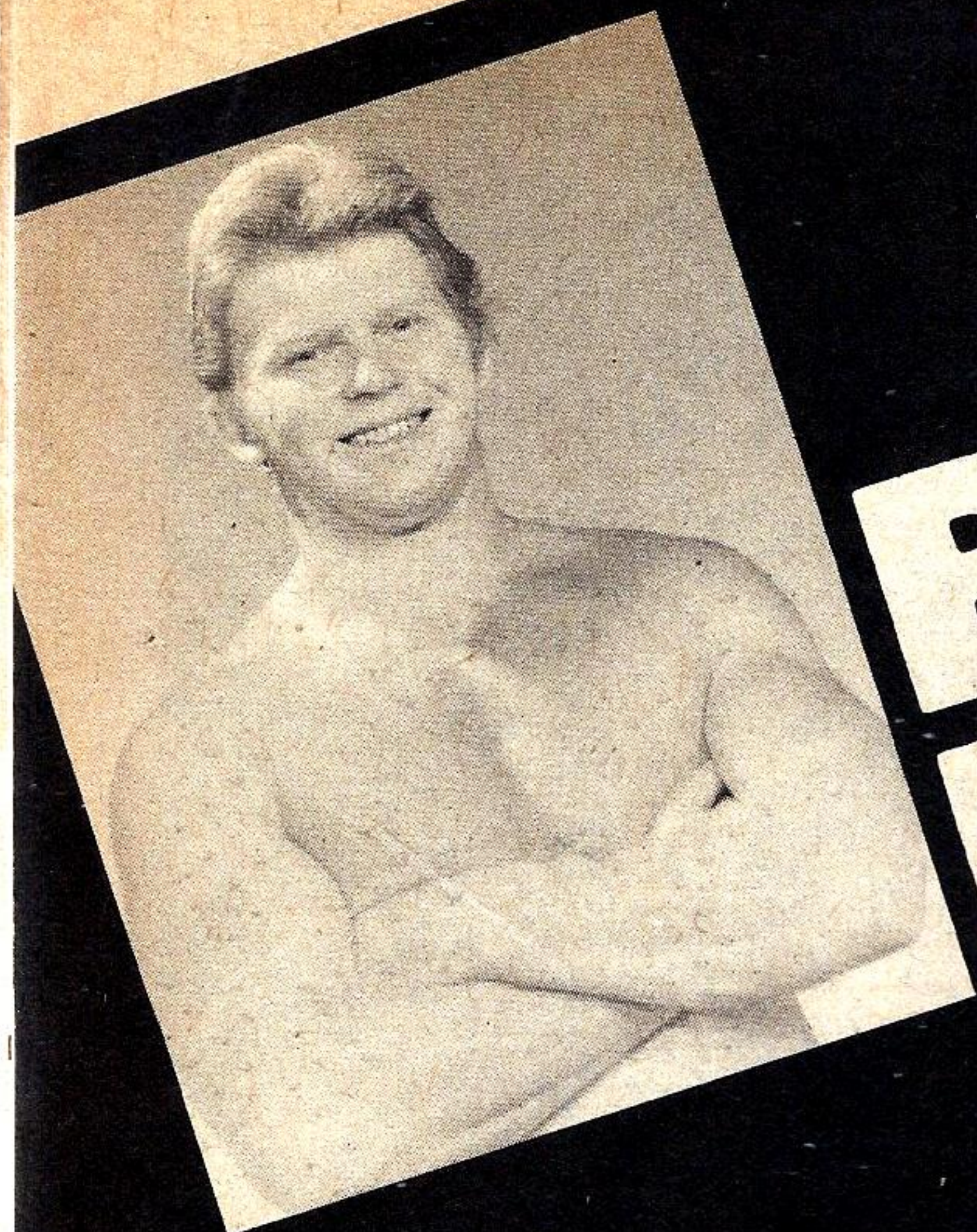
Overwhelmed and stunned, Baker drops his hands and is defenseless against Young's powerhouse forearm smash.

FOR MANY WRESTLERS, a rookie is someone they try to look after, making sure he has all the possible advantages he can have. After all, they remember how tough it was for them to break into professional wrestling.

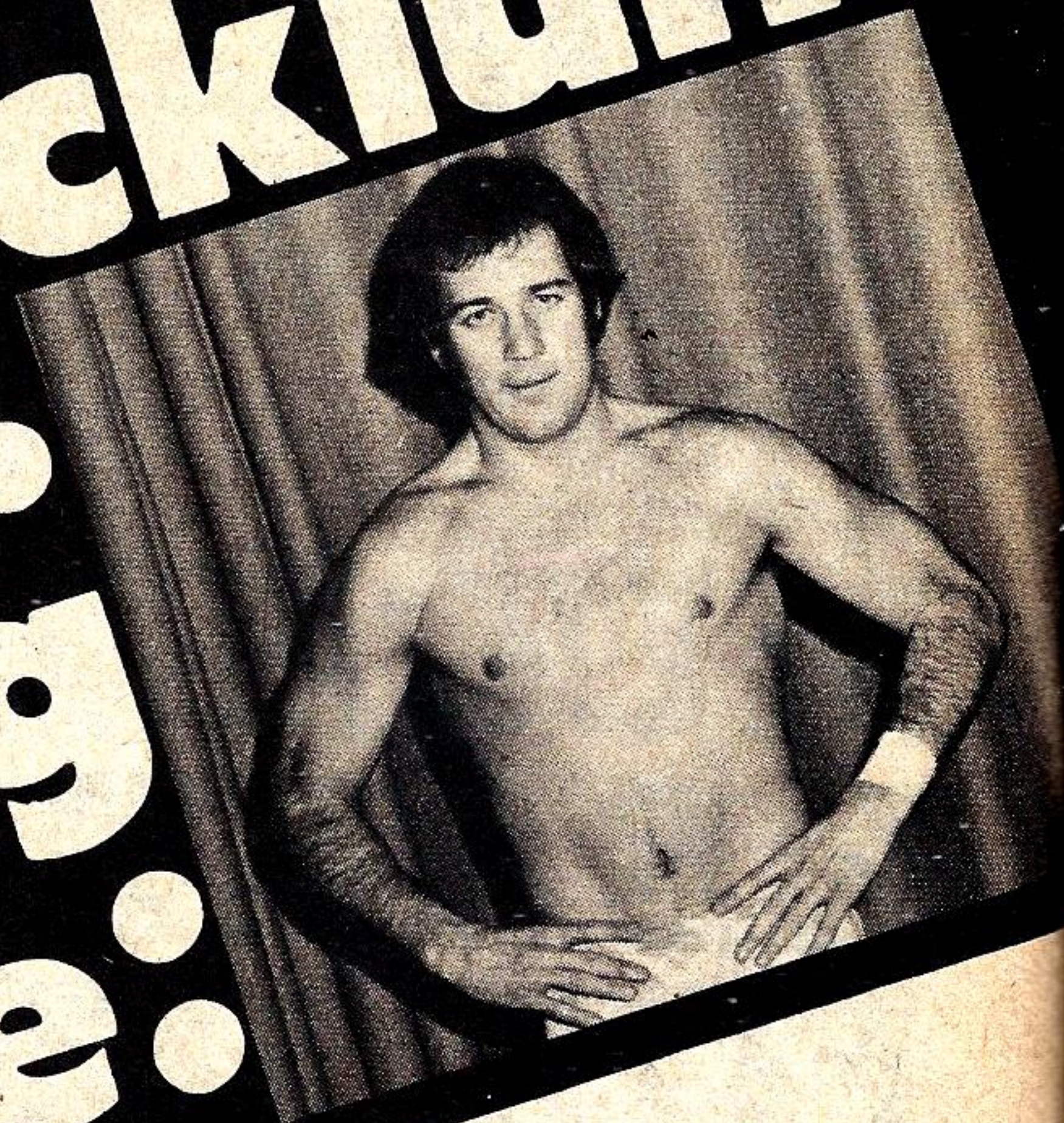
Often veteran wrestlers will give rookies special pointers on how to defeat certain vicious opponents. However, in the case of Ox Baker, no man could give rookie Skip Young any

(Continued on page 52)

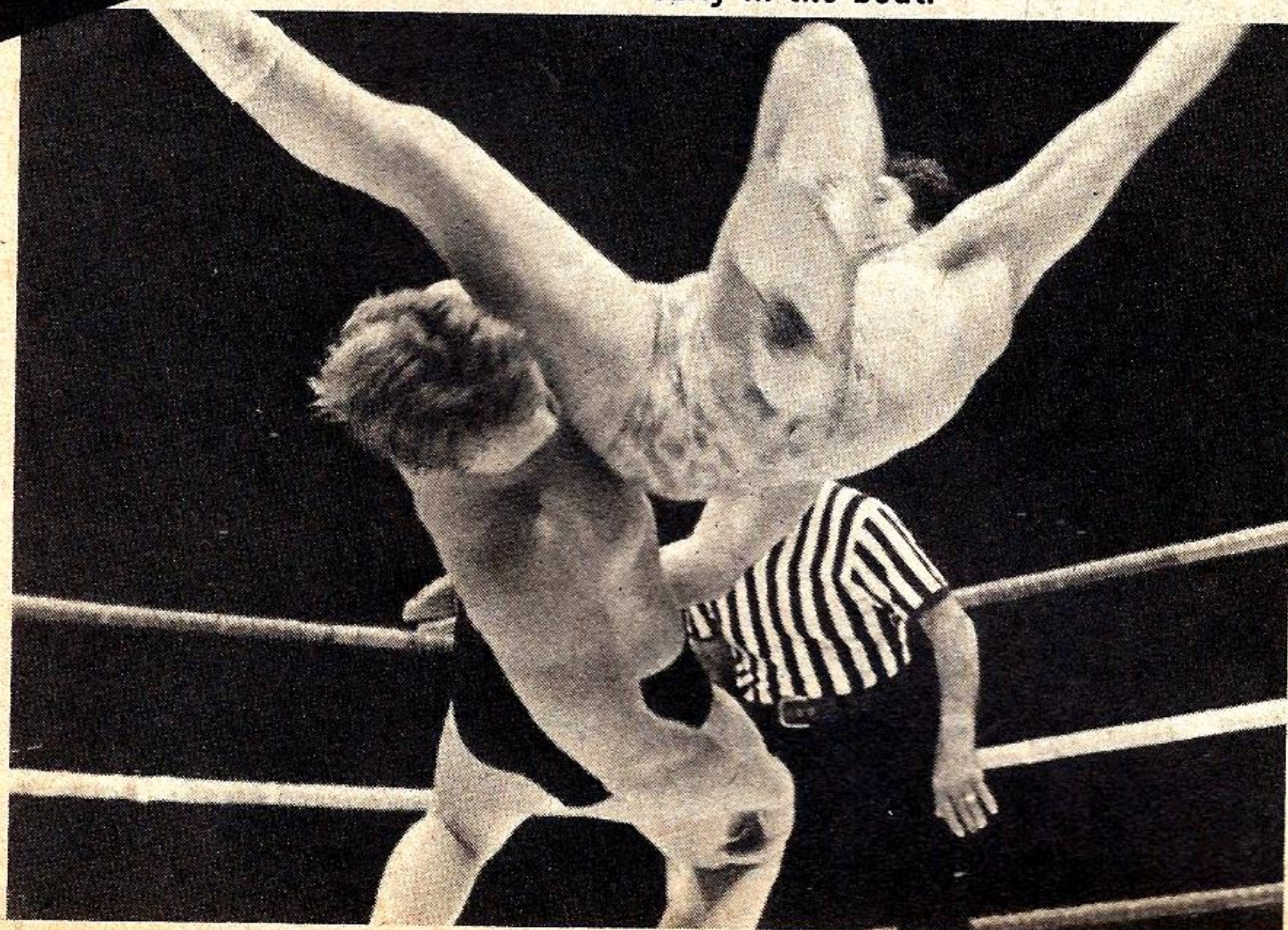
Ox Baker has broken the spirits—and bodies—of many great wrestlers. This ruthless grappler assumed he could make short work of rookie Skip Young. Yet, the young man proved his courage is the equal of any honored veteran



Bob Backlund vs. Greg Gagne:



Bob Backlund uses a suplex backdrop to send Greg Gagne crashing to the canvas early in the bout.



THE GREA SCIEN IN 25

Those who love the subtlety, grace, and beauty of scientific wrestling will be talking about this match for the next 25 years. The glory of wrestling was revealed in all its magnificence by the incredible match between Bob Backlund and Greg Gagne

PEOPLE CAME FROM hundreds of miles away. They all knew this was going to be one of the most significant matches of the decade. It had to be. After all, when else could you see the two greatest young scientific superstars battle each other? This was a once in a lifetime classic, and no one wanted to miss it!

Bob Backlund vs. Greg Gagne. People will talk about it for many years to come. And with good reason. It was a sensational match.

This will become a standard by which all other scientific matches are judged. Both of these young men have proven their mettle now. Both of them are great future superstars. Look for these two men to be the leaders of the sport in a few years. There can be no doubt they will be.

Praise for the match has come from several important people. Their words most aptly describe and interpret the results and implications of the most important battle. The excerpts of their essays give a fair indication of what transpired in that match.

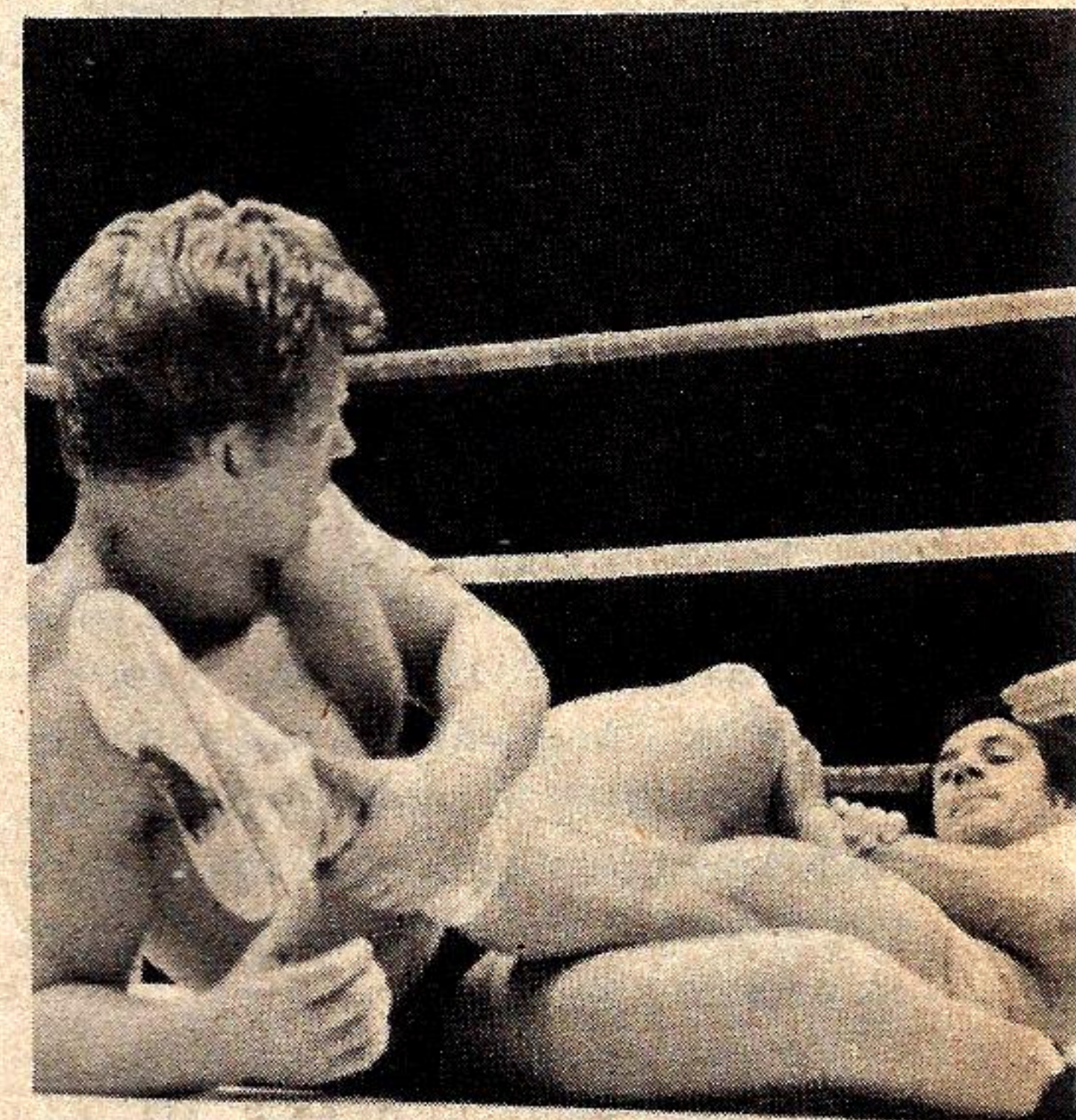
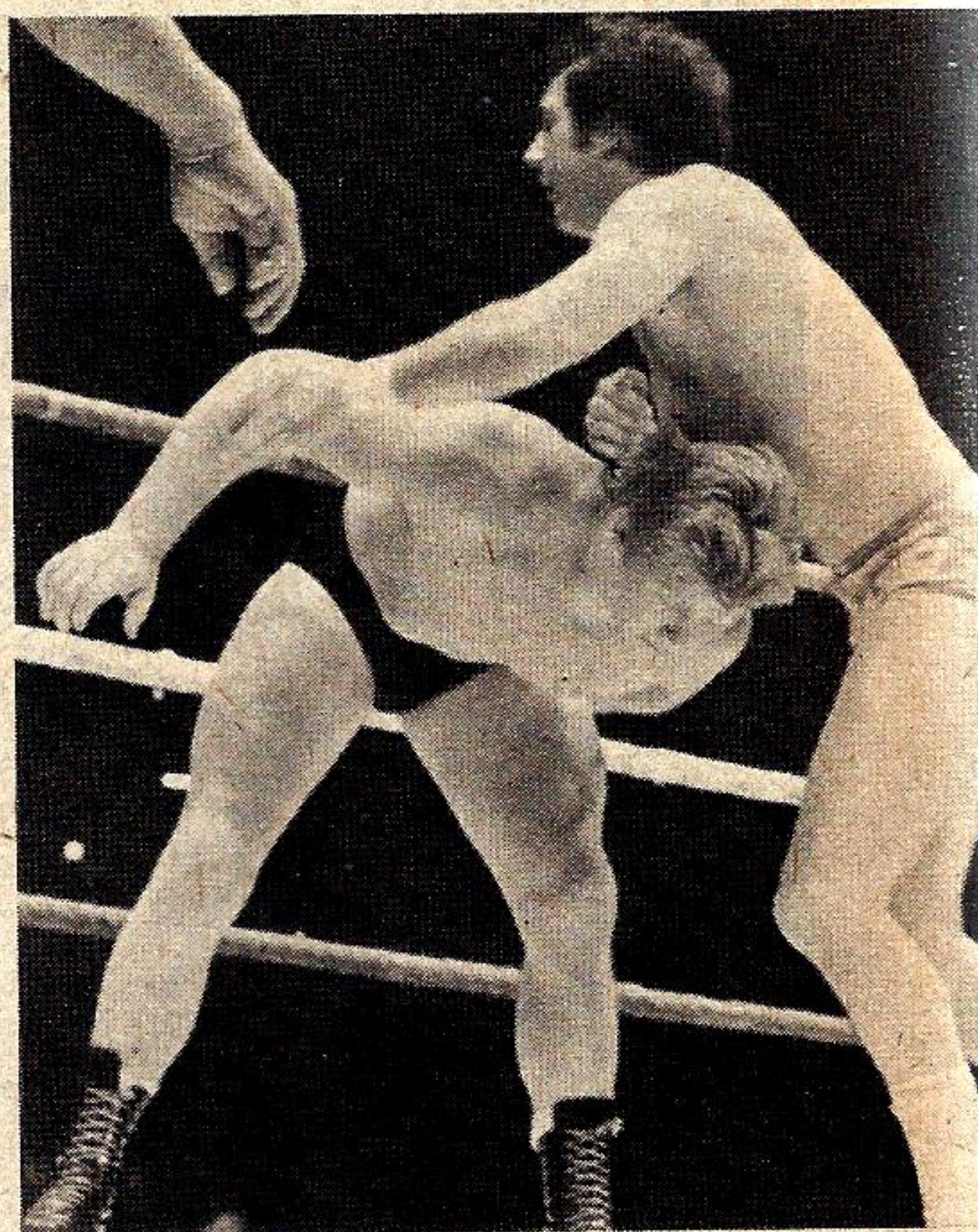
"I cannot remember seeing a better match in a long time," said Verne Gagne. "In many ways, it is the best

scientific match I've been privileged to witness—without actually being a participant—in 25 years. There's no doubt about it.

"Of course, I think Greg did a sensational job. I'd like to think he gets a lot of his talent from watching me. But he also does some maneuvers I never could do. He is a brilliant tactician. He is an excellent improviser. After viewing this match, I think I have every right to be proud. I predict Greg will be a leader. So will Bob Backlund. He is a fine young man. He is an exceptionally good competitor. He has a glorious future ahead of him. I can tell. I know talent when I see it."

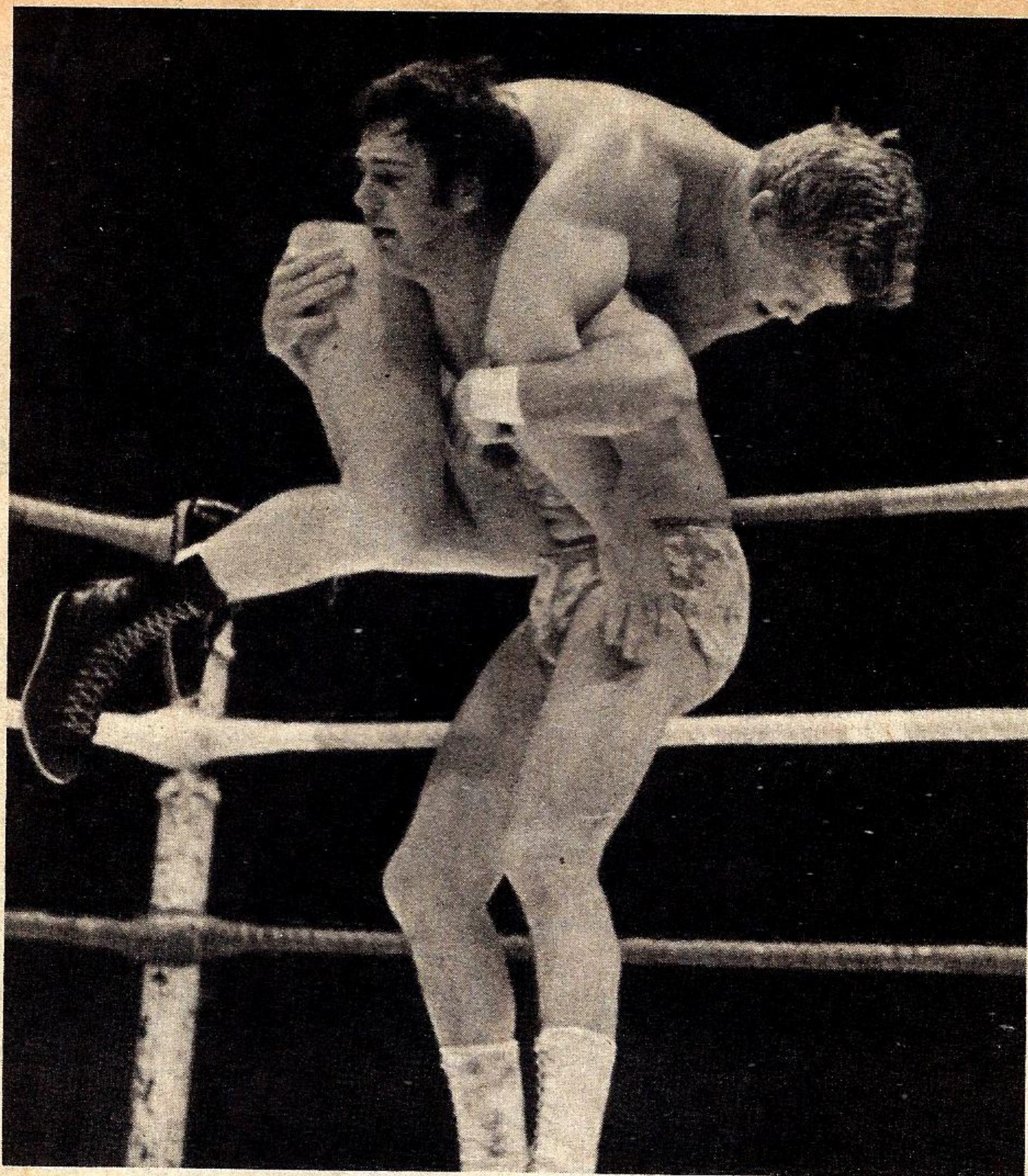
Jim Brunzell, who is Greg's tag team partner (the two are currently AWA tag team champions), was also there on that most important night. He has also filed an eyewitness report.

"This match is what wrestling should be all about," wrote Jim. "I loved every minute of it. This was a tough, athletic contest. There was no brawling evident to interfere with the true sport. This was wrestling at its purest form, and it was absolutely sensational. I only wish all of wrestling



Above right: Bob doubles over and sends his shoulders hard into Greg's mid-section. Right: Both men are snarled in leglocks.

TEST TIFIC MATCH YEARS



could be like this match was.

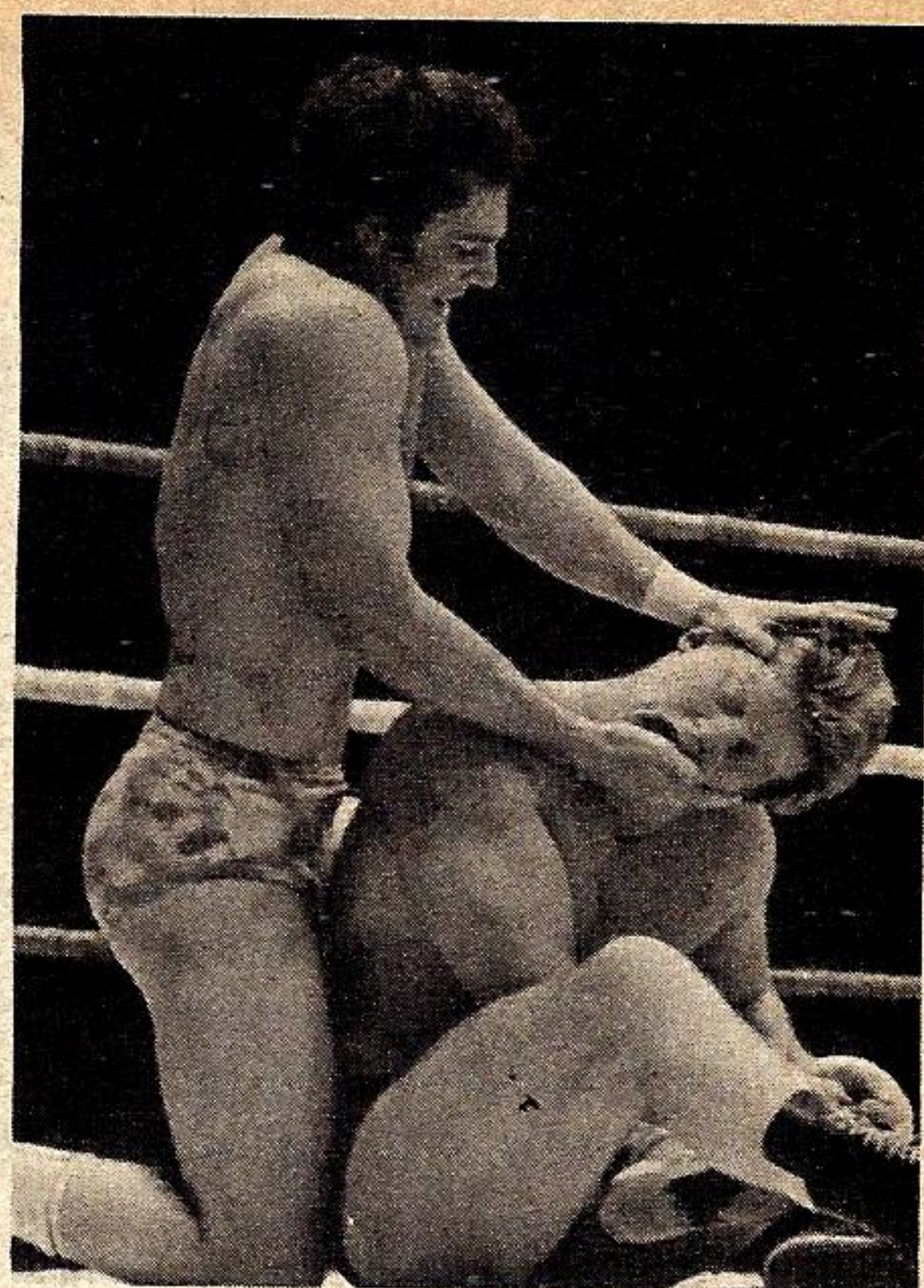
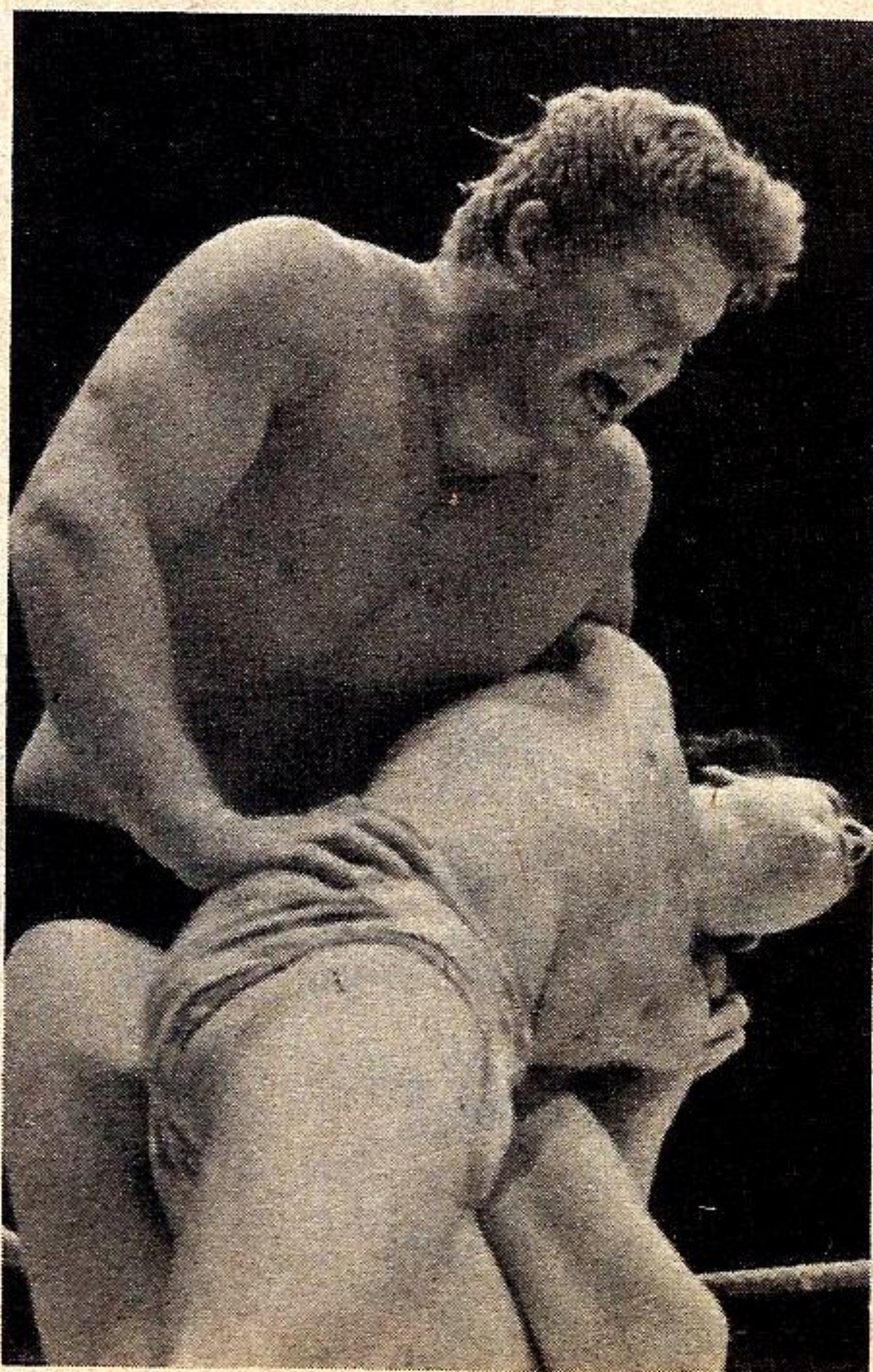
"It would be impossible for me to completely analyze the work of both men. I think they both were excellent. Of course, I have seen Greg wrestle many times, and I know exactly what he can do. I should, after all. I am his partner. I was more interested in what Bob was going to do. In fact, I took a notebook along with me so I could jot down anything of interest. Before the match was through, I had filled every page! Now, I want to have the chance to wrestle him."

Not every comment about the match was high praise. Bobby Heenan happened to be in attendance that night. We asked him his opinion of what he saw and how he interprets it.

"I would have fallen asleep," he intoned, "if there hadn't been hundreds of lunatics screaming in my ears. All those idiot fans kept yelling and screaming. I don't think they sat down the entire match. I don't understand what they were cheering for. I would have been stampeding the box office to ask for my money back.

"If this is scientific wrestling at its

Above: Greg captures Bob in a perfect airplane spin. Above right: Although Backlund has Greg's leg, Gagne works on Bob's head and neck. Below: Greg struggles to free himself from a fine Backlund abdominal stretch.



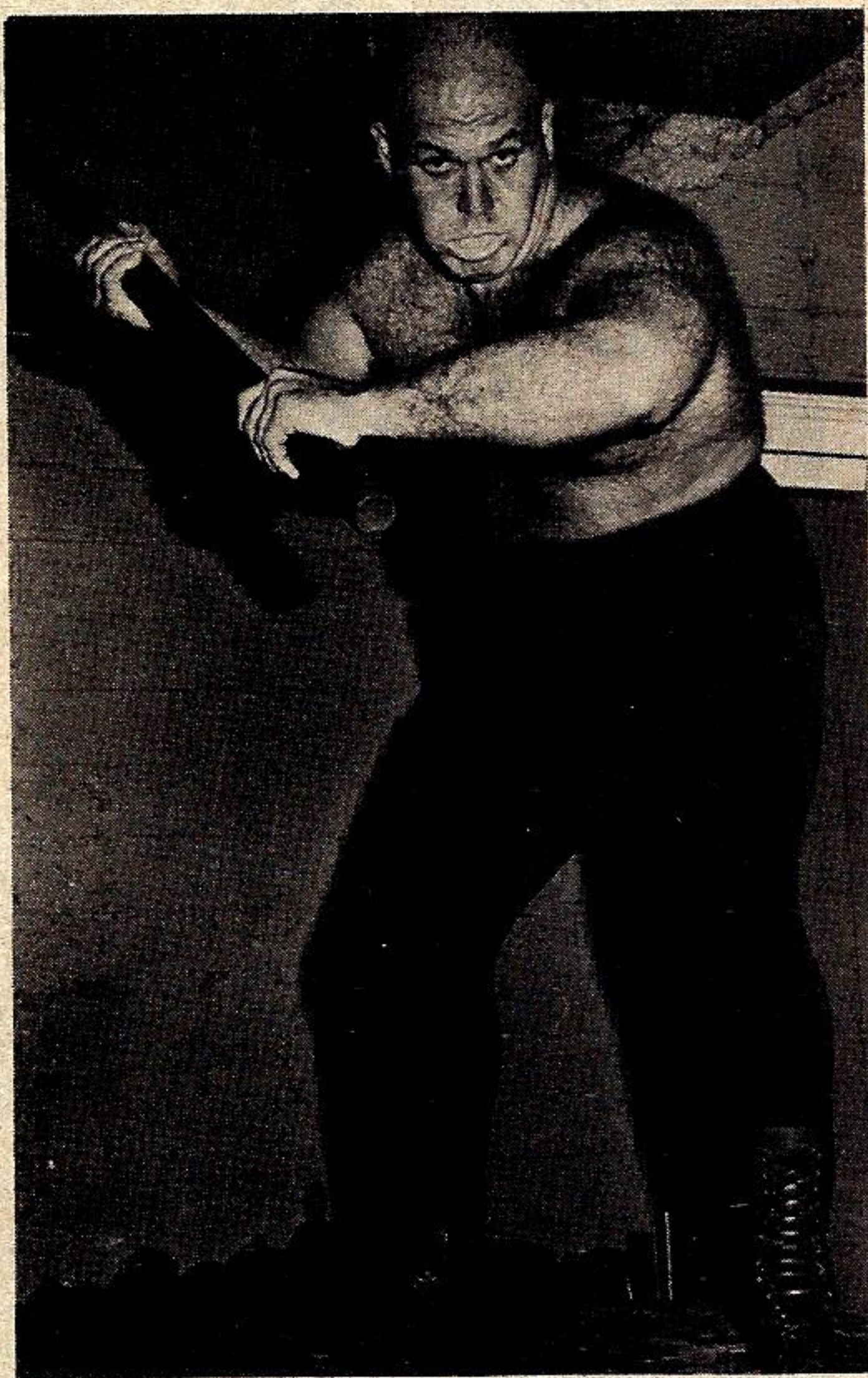
purest, then I want no part of it. Wrestling is a man's sport. It's rough. It's brutal. People get hurt. All this fancy gracefulness is for the birds. It ain't for real men. Is it any wonder they both lasted until the 60 minute time limit? It was a draw from the opening bell. Neither of them did any good old fashioned rough and tough rasslin.' That's what I come to see. This scientific stuff is good only for those idiot fans who kept screaming in my ear. Let's all hope this isn't the future of wrestling."

And finally, our own reporter filed a special report on the match. "This was a magical occasion," he wrote. "One could sense it from the moment both men stepped into the ring. These two young men were not intent on killing each other. They wanted to wrestle, and they wanted to wrestle well. And that they did. In all my years as a wrestling reporter, I have not seen a scientific match quite like this one. It was only natural that it end as a draw. Greg and Bob were evenly matched.

"To say the least, the entire 60 minutes was a thrill. It can never be equaled. I know I was cheering at the end. There were tears in my eyes. It was a beautiful match. Yet it was only a fleeting moment of perfection, one which can never be quite the same a second time. In fact, I would not want to see it a second time. It would only be a let down. I want to cherish this memory.

"I only wish every fan who truly loves scientific wrestling could have seen this battle. Then they could know what perfection really means." □

GEORGE STEELE:



ONE MAN WRECKING CREW

IF YOU EVER wondered who not to allow near anything breakable, the one person you should immediately think of is George "The Animal" Steele. Unfortunately, people in the Boston Garden didn't realize this when they allowed this crazed madman to wrestle there.

The place will never be the same again.

This is not to say that George conducted himself in a fashion

unlike his usual. In fact, those who know him well found his rampage in Boston rather typical for the man. They have come to expect far worse. After all, in this case, the arena was still standing when he finished (though just barely). Some other places have not been so fortunate.

Yet what George did in Boston is so much the epitome of his character—the telling signs

that this man is not entirely stable—that he should be placed under a doctor's care before it is too late. George Steele is, indeed, a maniac of epic proportions.

Enough invective has yet to be coined to sufficiently characterize the crazed nature of Steele's behavior. He is vicious and brutal—and that is just to the ringposts! What he does to his opponents is far worse! No man

Savaging opponents isn't enough for George Steele. He has to change the architecture of the arena! When Steele goes on a rampage, everything is destroyed in his path!

is safe when George Steele is let loose.

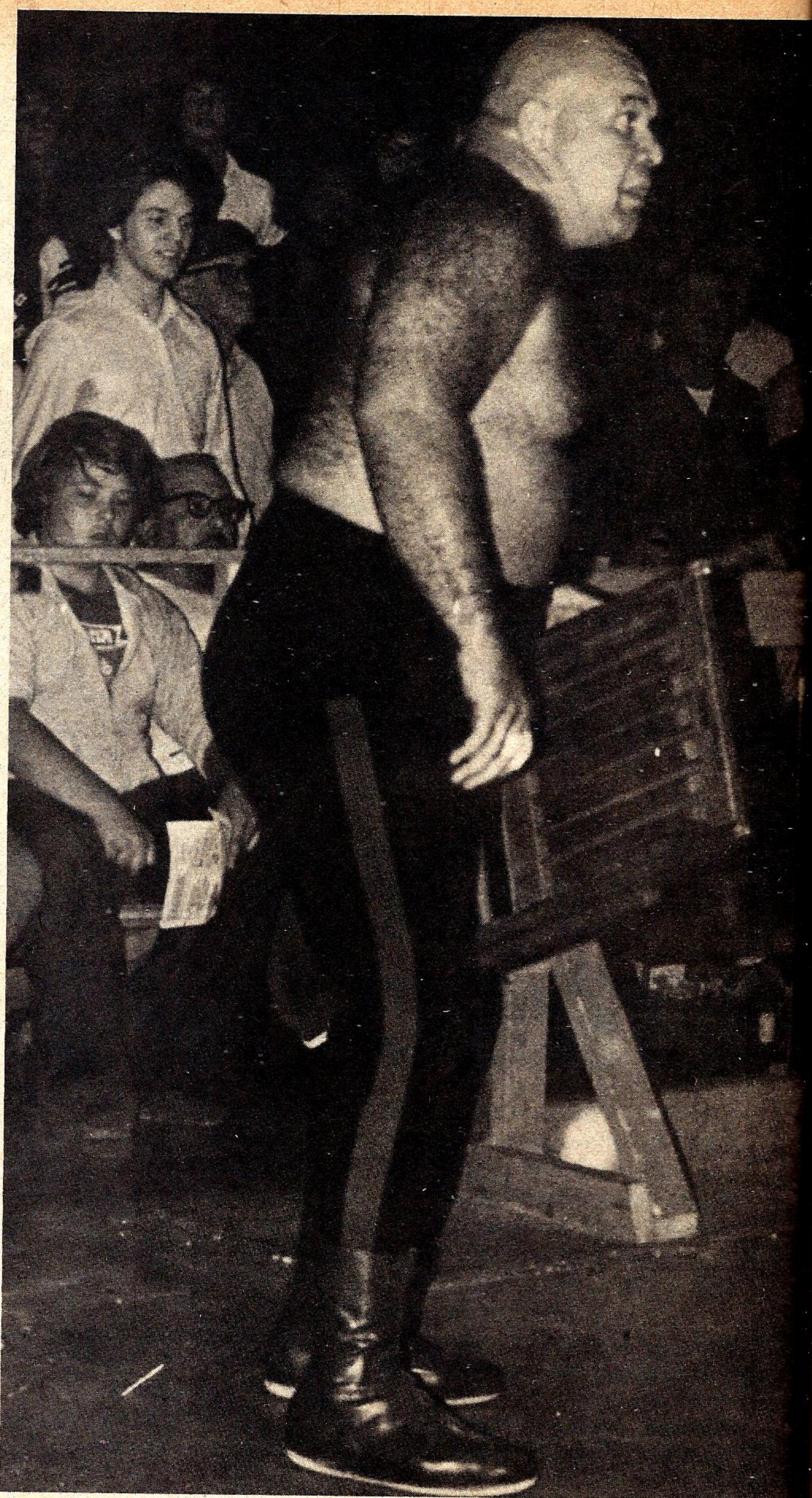
Rumor has it that there are moments when Steele can talk and act like a rational human being. Of course, these are only rumors, yet to be substantiated. Most people have seen George in only one state—insanity.

In all fairness, it should be pointed out that when pressed, George Steele can be an excellent wrestler. He does seem to have some sort of innate knowledge of the sport which sees him through many of his battles. However, the majority of his victories have not been the results of well-executed scientific maneuvers. He has won because of his vicious, brutal brawling. There have been many savaged opponents along the way. There will most likely be many more.

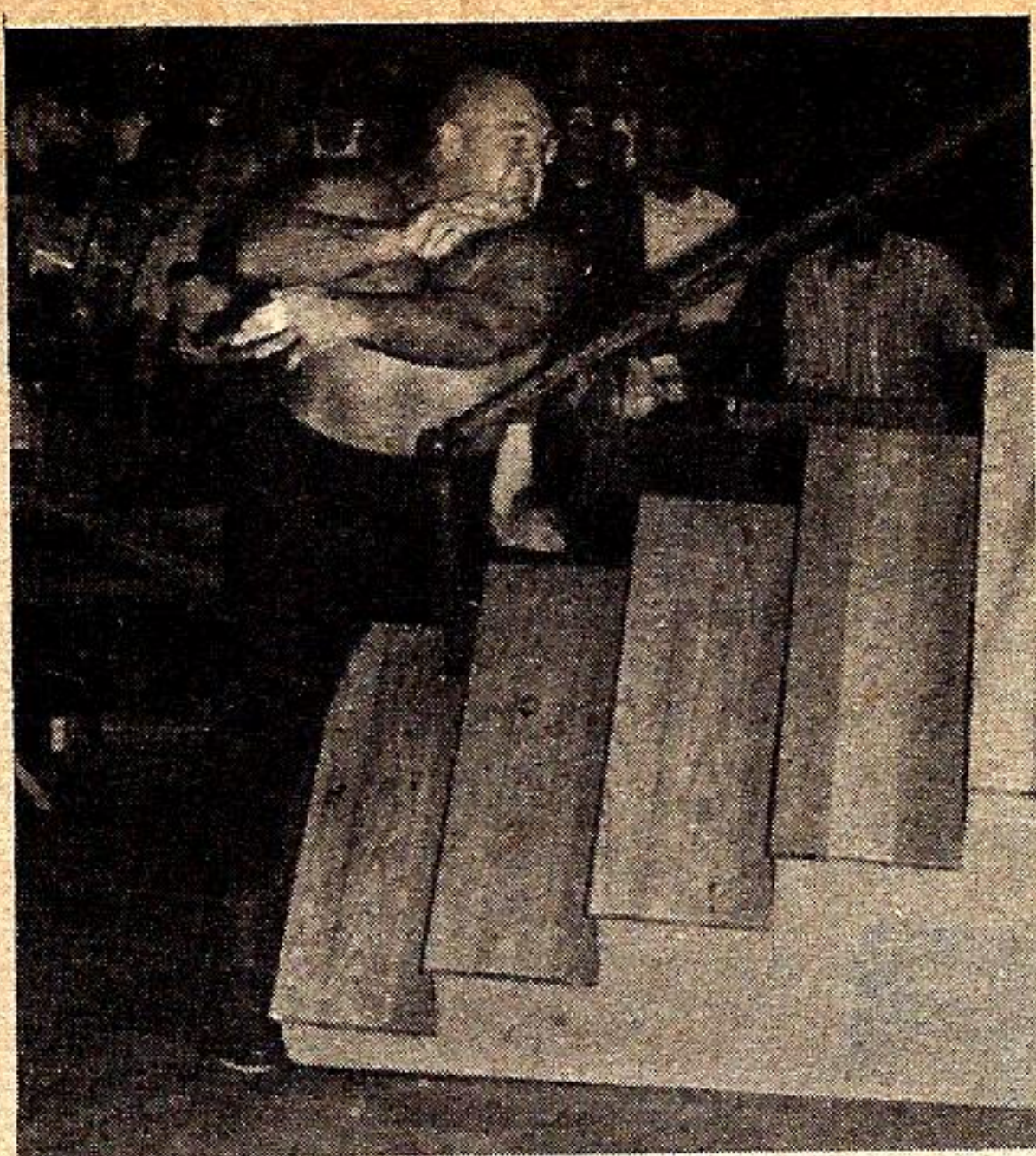
But on one particular night, the opponent was let off easier than the arena. The Boston Garden will never forget the visit by George Steele. After all, who could forget seeing a grown man (at least physically grown up) swinging from the rafters? And that was when he was still somewhat in control of his actions!

When George finally did go berserk, all hell broke loose. To begin with, Steele was still in the middle of his match. However, that didn't bother George. He just ignored the man he was supposed to be wrestling and went after the arena itself. Nothing escaped his attention, except of course the referee, who was yelling at him to get back into the ring and wrestle!

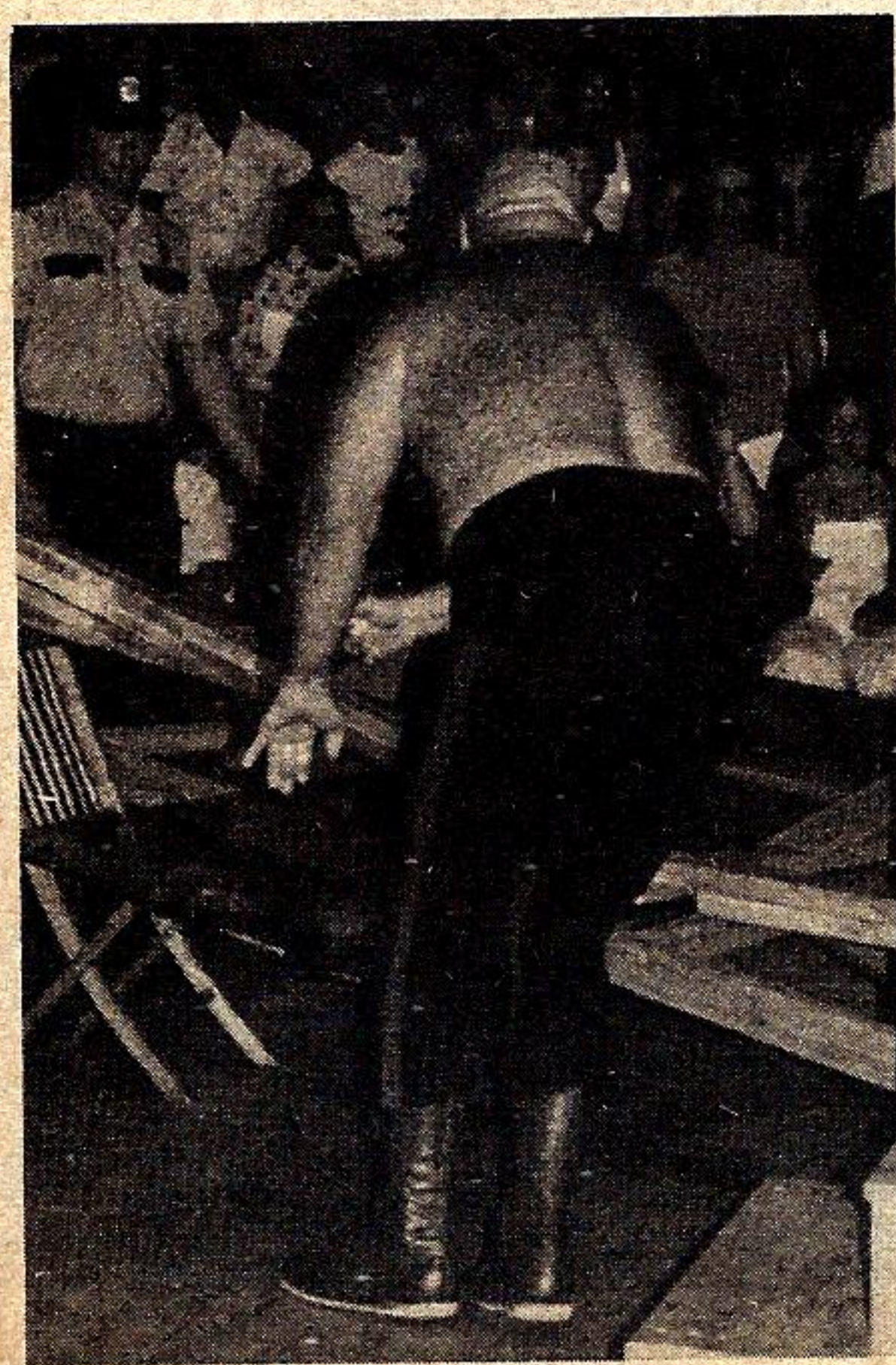
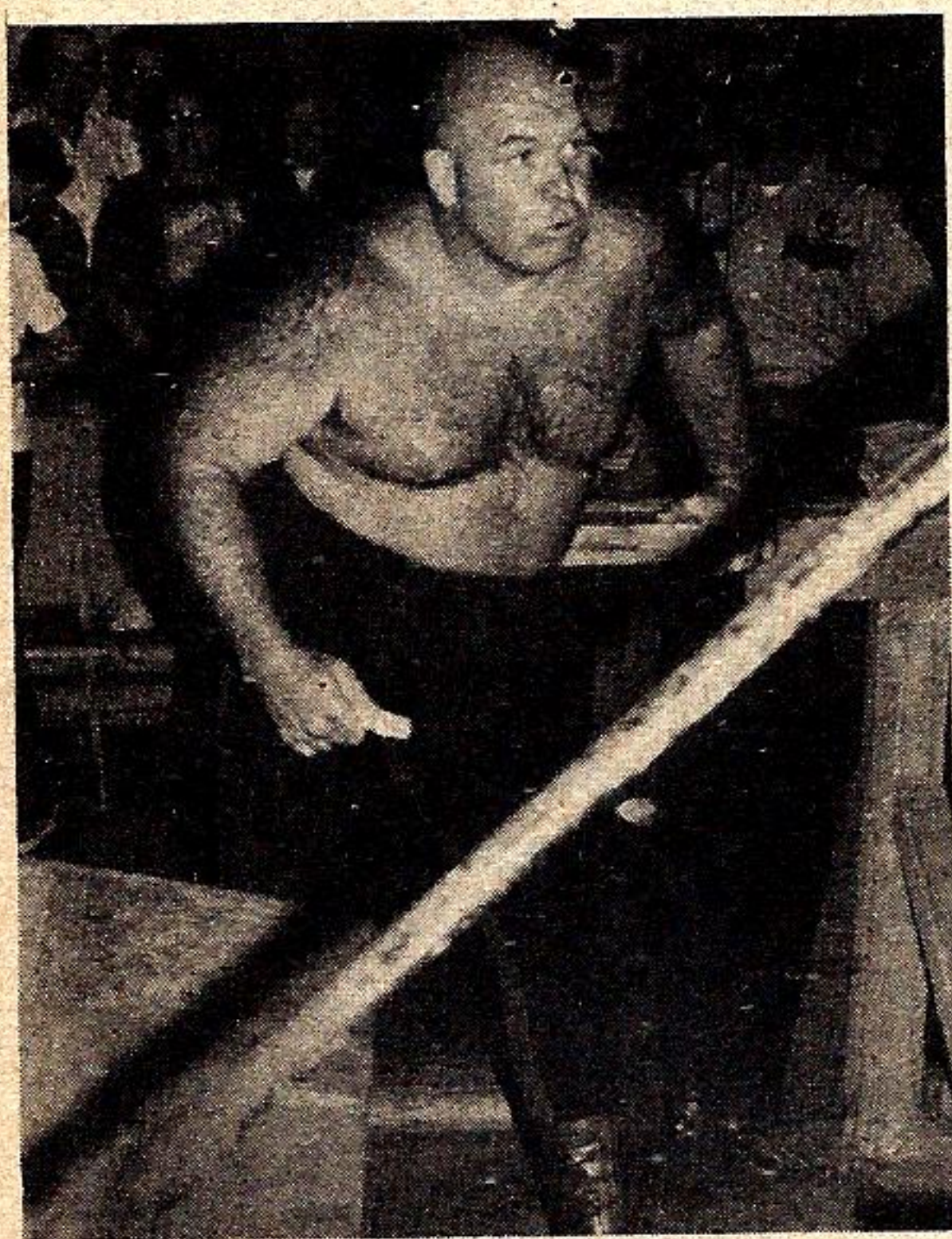
Shouting, "You! You! You!" Steele ran into the audience, terrifying the thousands of spectators. They had not expected anything like this when they had bought their tickets. Then again, they should have known that when George Steele wrestles, expect the unex-



George Steele, armed with a chair, stands outside the ring, surveying the damage he's already done. His expression shows the carnage wasn't up to his expectations, so George went on another spree of destruction.



Above: Steele topples over the ring steps. Right: Ring post cushions are ripped apart by Steele. Below: George dares anyone to stop his rampage of destruction. Bottom: A press table is reduced to splinters as Steele destroys everything.



pected, which is exactly what happened.

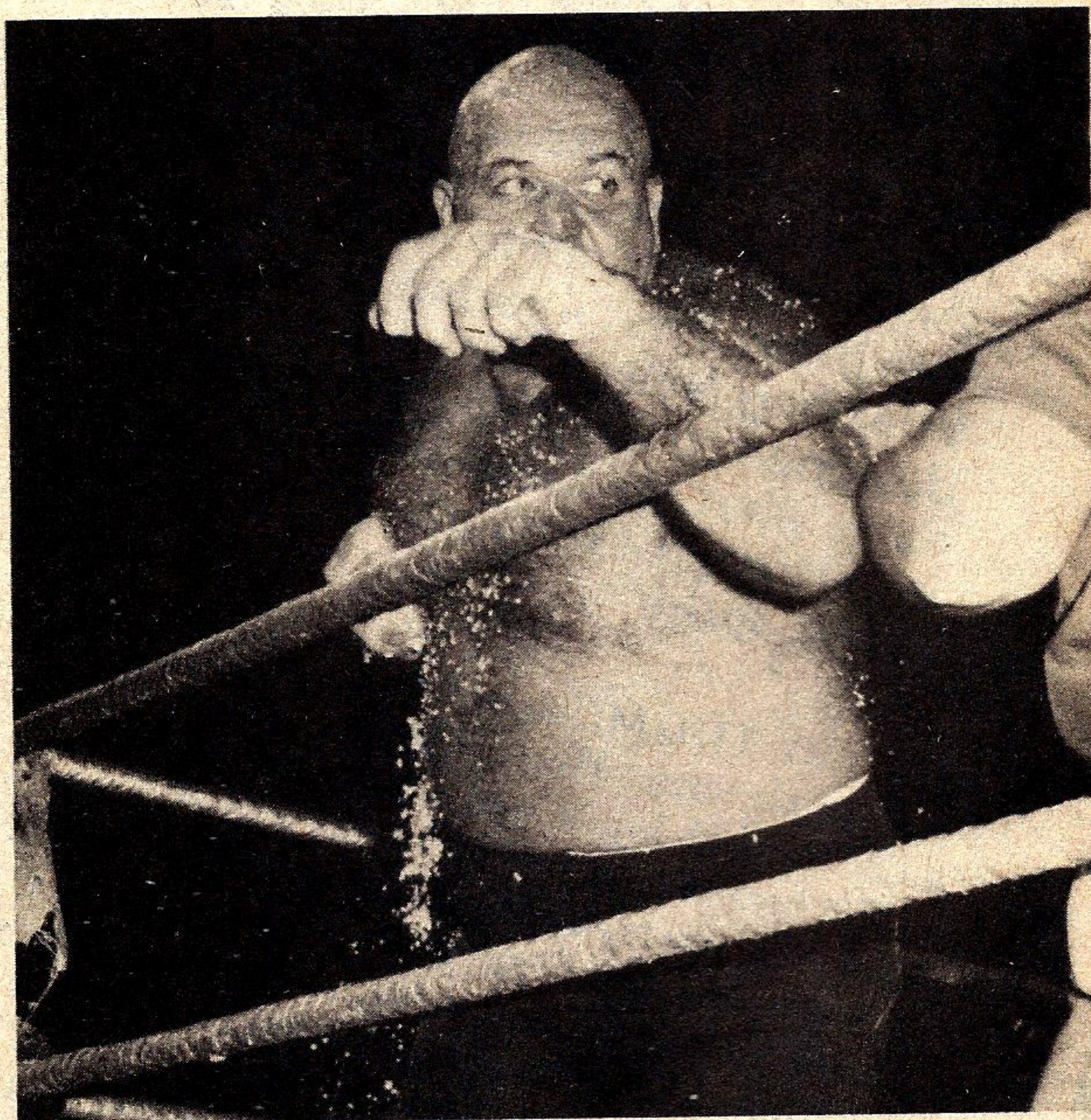
People fled from their seats, fearful of the damage Steele might do to them in his crazed state of mind. Others, trembling in their chairs, were too frightened to move. No one knew where to turn. No place in the entire Boston Garden was safe from the assault of George Steele.

No one was quite sure how to handle Steele. The special police

George had taken them apart in his bare hands.

It took several wrestlers to finally control Steele, and even they had a difficult time of it. George was certainly not in a mood to be cooperative. The crazed Steele gave the wrestlers the same treatment he gave the arena—he tried to tear them apart.

For their part, the wrestlers who rescued the Boston Garden from Steele did a very



were at a loss; they had never encountered anyone like George. The fans were frozen in fear. Wrestlers who had been waiting in the dressing rooms took the whole matter in stride. They knew what to do with George Steele.

But before they could arrive on the scene, George still had some damage to inflict on the arena. A set of wooden steps leading to the ring became an object for Steele to demolish. The stairs became of little use very quickly;

commendable job, and they remained calm throughout the entire procedure. Of course, this was not the first time they had come to the rescue, and it probably will not be the last. And to make matters worse, Steele has a contract to wrestle in Boston again. It is expected he will do more of the same!

Someday, someone will finally decide to call the men in the white coats to take George Steele away. And that may be the salvation of many arenas! □

APARTMENT WRESTLING NEWS LETTER

New developments in apartment wrestling are always happening. The pace of these changes is so fast it is sometimes difficult to keep up with them. The "Apartment Wrestling Newsletter" is designed to keep you informed as to what the latest news is in this most exciting, erotic sport!



ONLY THE MOST fortunate get invited to the lush penthouse of sports entrepreneur Harry Younger. Those who witnessed the match between a model named Janice and a famed feminist author were luckiest of all. The beautiful writer, her body voluptuously hard from tennis and riding, disproved any myth about scribes being reticent bookworms. This young lady tore into her opponent with a fury rarely seen. The model was mauled by a whirlwind of punches, kicks, scratches and bites. The voice of women's liberation was certainly delighting in domination this evening, making her foe whine for mercy after a merciless beating.

We regret no one could photograph the match, but the author's publishers forbid even mentioning her name.

One name that can never remain secret belongs to beautiful Rachel. This lithe blonde vixen has captured San Francisco's imagination by her electric beauty and athletic prowess. She towers over most opponents, standing 6'2", and when she's not wrestling she looks as soft as a prayer. In

combat, she is queen of the Amazons and conqueror of all whom she confronts. Her latest opponent, head squeezed between Rachel's powerful thighs, had headaches for a week after the match. There will be much more heard from this remarkable woman.

Don't invite Chicago lovelies Helen and Cassandra to the same party. It seems in their last match, these warring wenches forgot these spectacles are all in good clean fun. After their regularly scheduled match, the women exchanged words, then punches. Eight spectators, three of them professional athletes, were needed to separate the battlers. A remarkable evening.

Down to the sea in yachts as apartment wrestling goes sailing. A millionaire industrialist has hired a 100 foot pleasure boat on which six apartment wrestlers will have a two-week tournament. There will be 25 lucky spectators, close friends of the sailing master. The winner of the tournament will get "a token of my appreciation," as the industrialist put it. Since one young lady once received an original Picasso as a token, competition to get on the boat is fierce among apartment wrestlers.

Greece's gift to apartment wrestling. The young lady was found in Athens, where she was scuffling for survival. Her beauty was breathtaking and violence seethed from her every movement. It was little trouble getting her a work visa in the United States, as she was discovered by a highranking member of the Embassy. Her first match proved she will quickly become a legend in her own time.

In response to readers' inquiries, there is no known apartment wrestling in Tokyp, Japan. What people report on seeing there has no connection with the spectacle reported in this magazine. However, as people point out, it is just as exciting as apartment wrestling in North America and Europe. There have been tentative plans to unite the two groups, but nothing definite has been determined.

Until next month, best of luck.



THE DESPERATE BEAUTY WHO RISKED IT ALL... AND LOST!



Miro grabs Rita's hair to prevent being tripped by the sophisticated beauty's brilliant leglock.

THE BUZZING ALARM made her voluptuous body jerk convulsively. Her hand groped in the dark for the doze alarm. Two hours later, Miro awoke. She had shut off her alarm instead of pressing the doze button. Late again.

The pert brunette jumped out of bed, rushed into her clothes, and ran out the door. Though she couldn't afford it, a taxi ride was necessary. Hailing a cab, she breathlessly announced the address of her office. The driver took his time getting there.

Walking home 15 minutes later, Miro took stock of her situation. Just because she'd been late for the third time that week, eighth time that month, the boss had fired

Miro, forgetting everything but the thrill of combat, forces her lovely foe against a chair and squeezes strong fingers around Rita's throat.



Nobody knows you when you're down and out. Miro, a dazzling beauty who couldn't get any break but bad, tried to use the apartment wrestling arena to improve her luck. Instead, she suffered one of the worst maulings in apartment wrestling history

her. No matter how cute and adorable she behaved, no matter how obviously her manner promised secret pleasures for forgiveness, the boss had told her

to go. "Four final warnings are all anyone can expect," he'd said.

Rent was due in a week, and her bank account had \$155 less than the landlord would demand. It

would have less than that if she planned on eating anything more expensive than water. Her prospects for finding some way to pay these bills were slim to none.



Rita, to humiliate her opponent, shouts, "So you want to be seen!" and pulls down Miro's halter. Rita's rage knew no bounds as she followed this maneuver by savagely pounding her fist into Miro's breast.

Someone would have to give her the money. Now, where can one find a gathering of wealthy men generous with their fortunes? Miro ran for the telephone.

"Rita," she exclaimed, "remember what you told me about apartment wrestling? I've changed my mind. I want to fight. The sooner the better. Tonight if

possible. Can you arrange it?"

Rita, wise to the ways of Miro, laughed and then asked, "What's the angle? You're not in this for the thrill of it."

"I don't know what you're talking about. You sounded so excited describing what it's like for you, I decided I had to do it. What's so incredible about that?"

"It's incredible because you're the last person on earth who'd understand. You're my friend and all, but dear Miro, don't expect that friendship blinds my judgement. If you can't put a price on something, you're not interested."

Miro softly replied, "I'm very hurt. You know I'm not like that at all."

Rita laughed again, then continued, "You're Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale. But I'll tell you what. Tomorrow night, I'm going to wrestle in a penthouse. I can pick my opponent. Do you want to go?"

"I'd love it!"

"Look, this is important to me. I want to do the best I possibly can. Believe me, if your scheme screws me up, I'll get revenge. I promised that. Do you still want to wrestle?"

Miro hesitated for a second, then answered, "Of course. I'm taking this just as seriously as you." For completely different reasons.

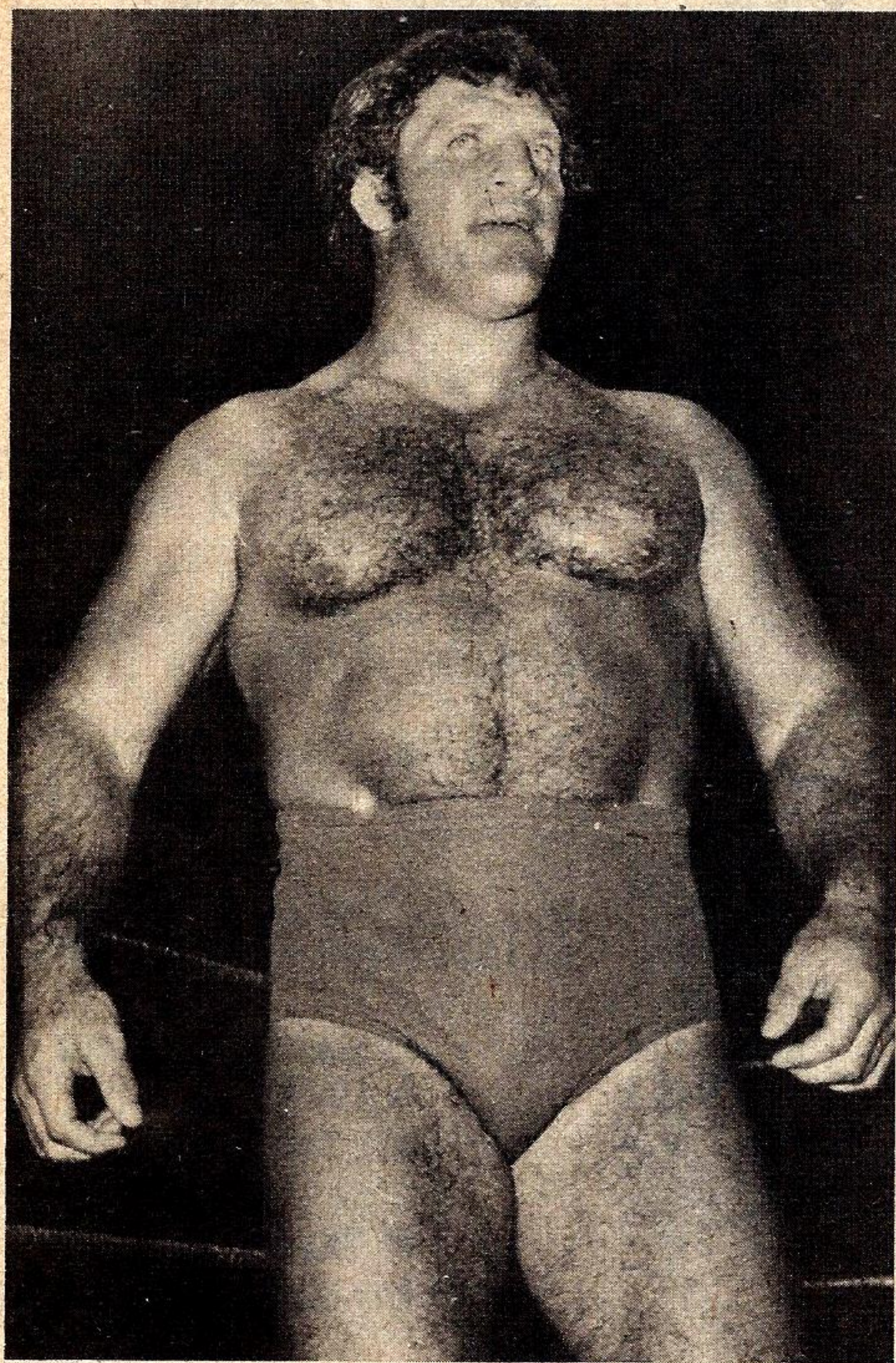
That day, Miro spent every waking minute in designing her appearance. Nothing could be left to chance. She tried to appear sophisticated at first, hoping to attract a man who likes women with memories. No matter how many hairstyles and bikinis were tried, none of them seemed to work. Her appearance would have to be other than a lady of lascivious experience.

Well, why not go the other way, she thought. With that, Miro devised a costume which would make her appear as innocent as possible. Her hair was tied up in two pony tails, her bikini revealing yet pristine white in color, and her make-up was applied to accent her large eyes. This was the ingenuous young lady in the big city. Protect me, she seemed to be saying. And if she got beaten badly in the match,

(Continued on page 58)

Wrestling's living legend is at the crossroads of his life. Bruno Sammartino needs the help of fans to decide which road to take. Should Bruno retire or try to regain his title. The ex-champion's fate will be decided by you!

BRUNO SAMMARTINO'S LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS!



NOTHING CAN MAKE a dressing room seem luxurious. It's a harsh place to be. Bruno Sammartino has seen them all over the world; dressed and showered in all of them, from the tolerable to the terrible. It's the price a man pays for being a professional athlete.

No man can pay that price forever. Some guys manage to hang on even after their skills have gone,

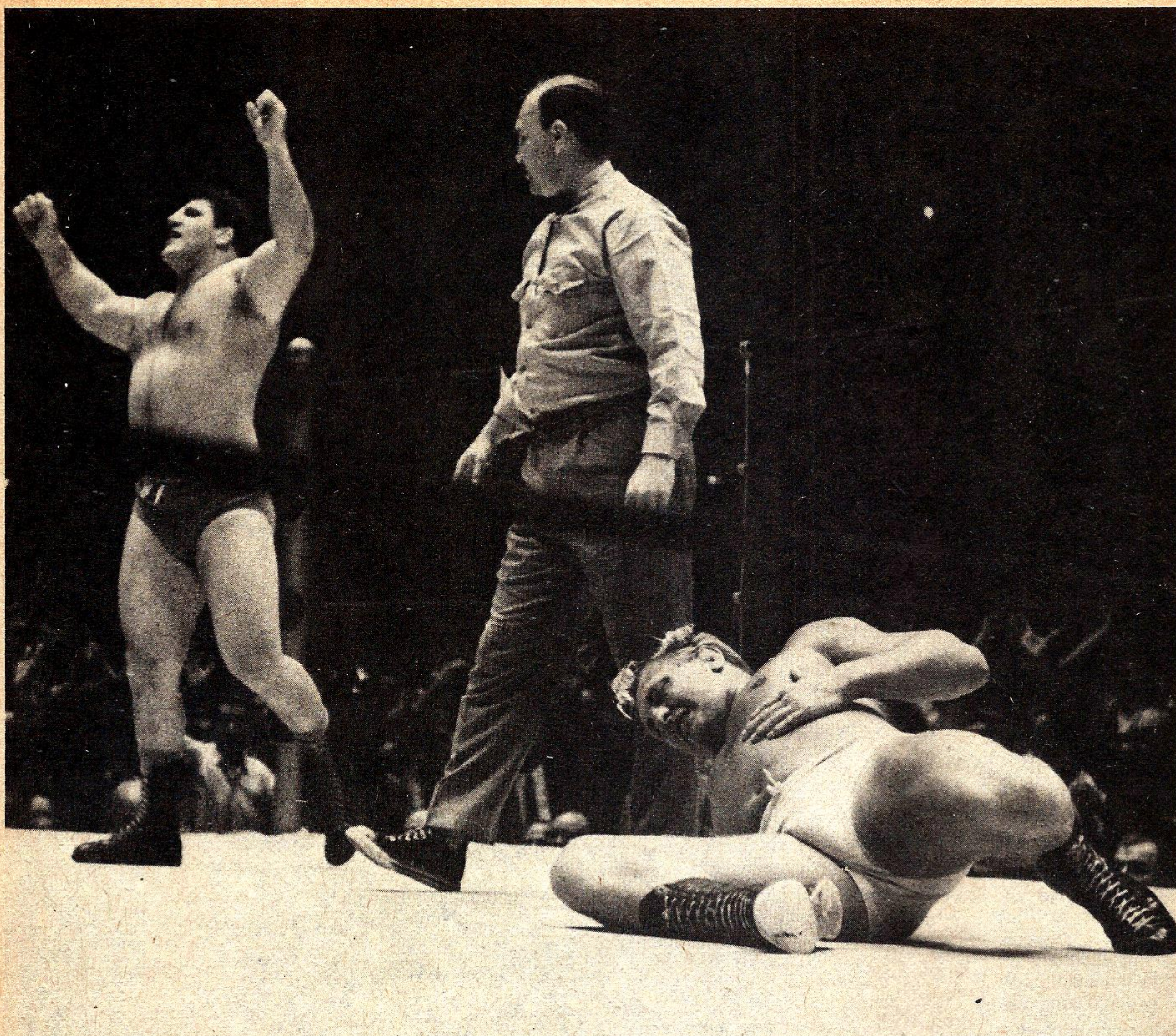
desperate men seeking a glory one too many mornings and a thousand miles behind. Bruno Sammartino is not like these men. He is one champion who can leave the sport still a dignified legend in his own time.

Bruno's family is asking him to retire. Even some friends have suggested he has already given enough to the sport he loves. Bruno

doesn't deny he looks forward to the time when travel is a pleasure rather than a requirement. Home is where Bruno's heart is.

Yet, his heart also belongs to the fans. He would rather die than desert them. He would sooner turn rulebreaker than leave the sport when his fans feel his career must continue.

"These are harsh times in the



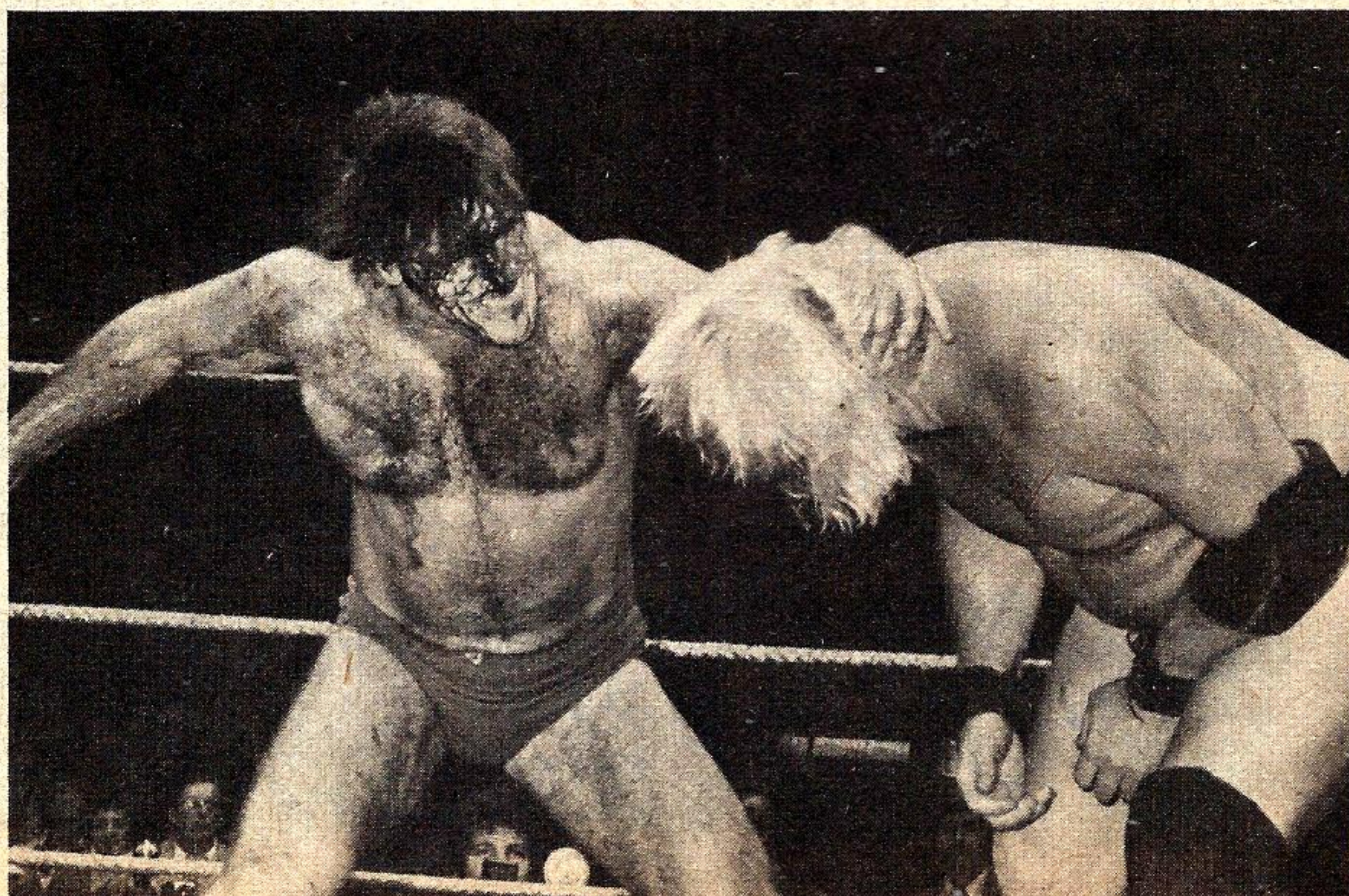
WWWF," Bruno declares, "with Billy Graham as champion. The man is a disgrace. Now, I have seen some dirty wrestlers in my time, but Graham is by far the worst. He may not be as blatant as some, but his tactics are as evil as anyone's. I can't rest easy knowing he has the title. The fans deserve a great champion. If I'm the only one who can defeat him, then I must remain a wrestler.

"I cannot leave the fans. If they think I am needed, I will stay. Their opinion is the most important one. No sacrifices on my part would be too great for these wonderful people. It is my way of saying thanks for making the American dream a reality for me."

Bruno asked this magazine to use our pages for his unique request.

(Continued on page 54)

Bruno Sammartino has been a hero for millions of fans ever since defeating Buddy Rogers for the WWWF title in 1963 (above). Over the years, Bruno has turned back hundreds of challengers, some as dangerously brutal as Stan Hansen (below), the man who broke Bruno's neck.



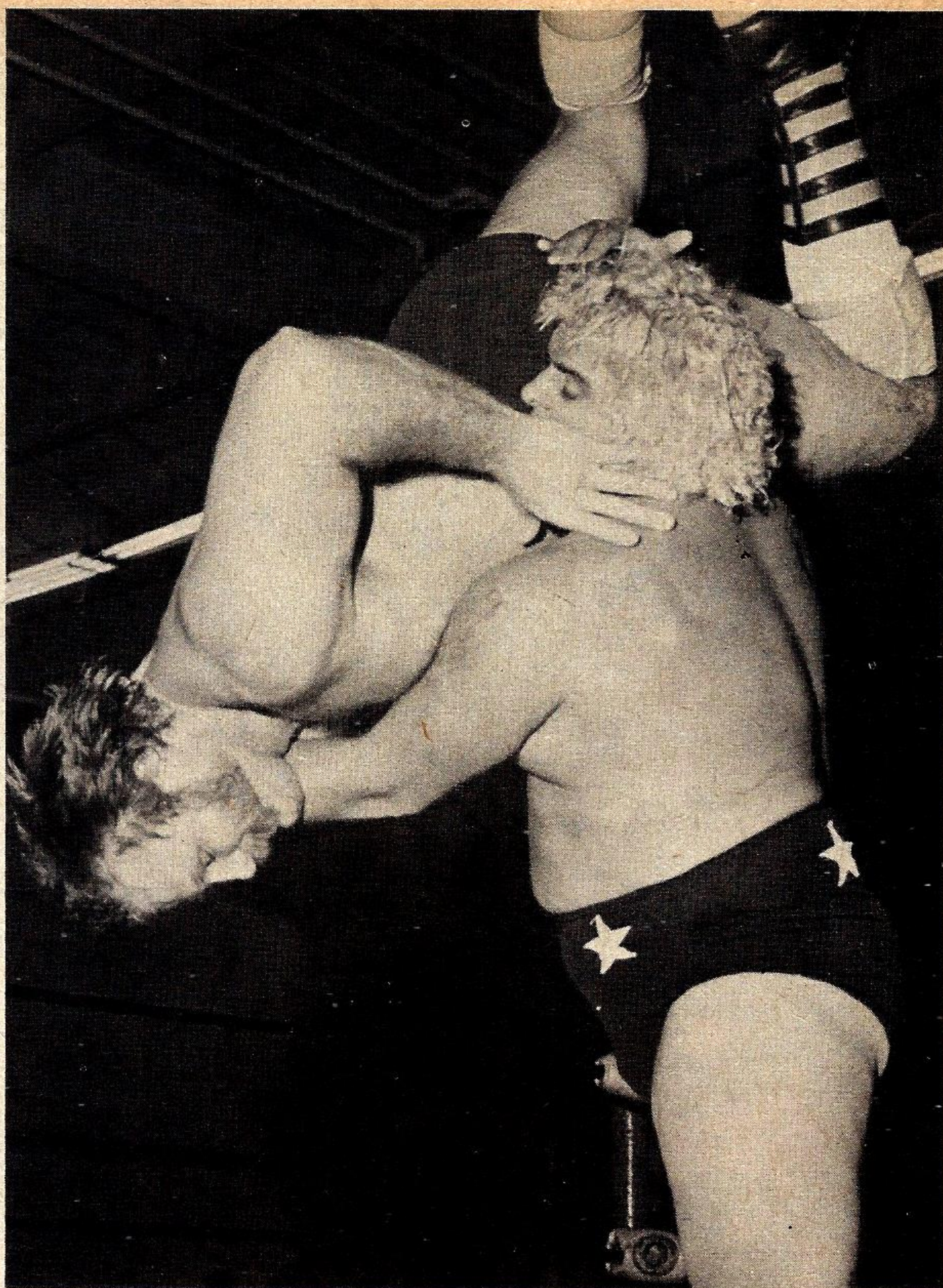
NO MATTER WHAT part of the country you go to, there is always one man loved more than all other wrestlers. Everyone knows his name. No one could ever forget his face. His dedication to the fans has become legendary. The fans, of course, reciprocate in turn. In many ways, Dusty Rhodes is the Superman of wrestling!

Witness what happens every time he steps into an arena. The spectators go wild. They shout his name, applaud wildly, cheer for him, vie for his autograph. They feel honored just to be in his presence. A ticket to a Dusty Rhodes match is a very valuable commodity. Indeed, sometimes it is almost impossible to obtain—arenas usually sell out in a matter of hours when a Dusty Rhodes match is announced.

Dusty's story is one of determination, courage, and seeing the errors of his past. Rhodes is a man who is quite ashamed of what he once was, but is quite proud of what he has become. There was a time when the name Dusty Rhodes was hated and feared. Together with Dick Murdoch, he formed the team of The Outlaws, a pair who viciously savaged many men. This notorious duo was loathed wherever they went. Dusty Rhodes was a marked man. It would take a long time for people to forget.

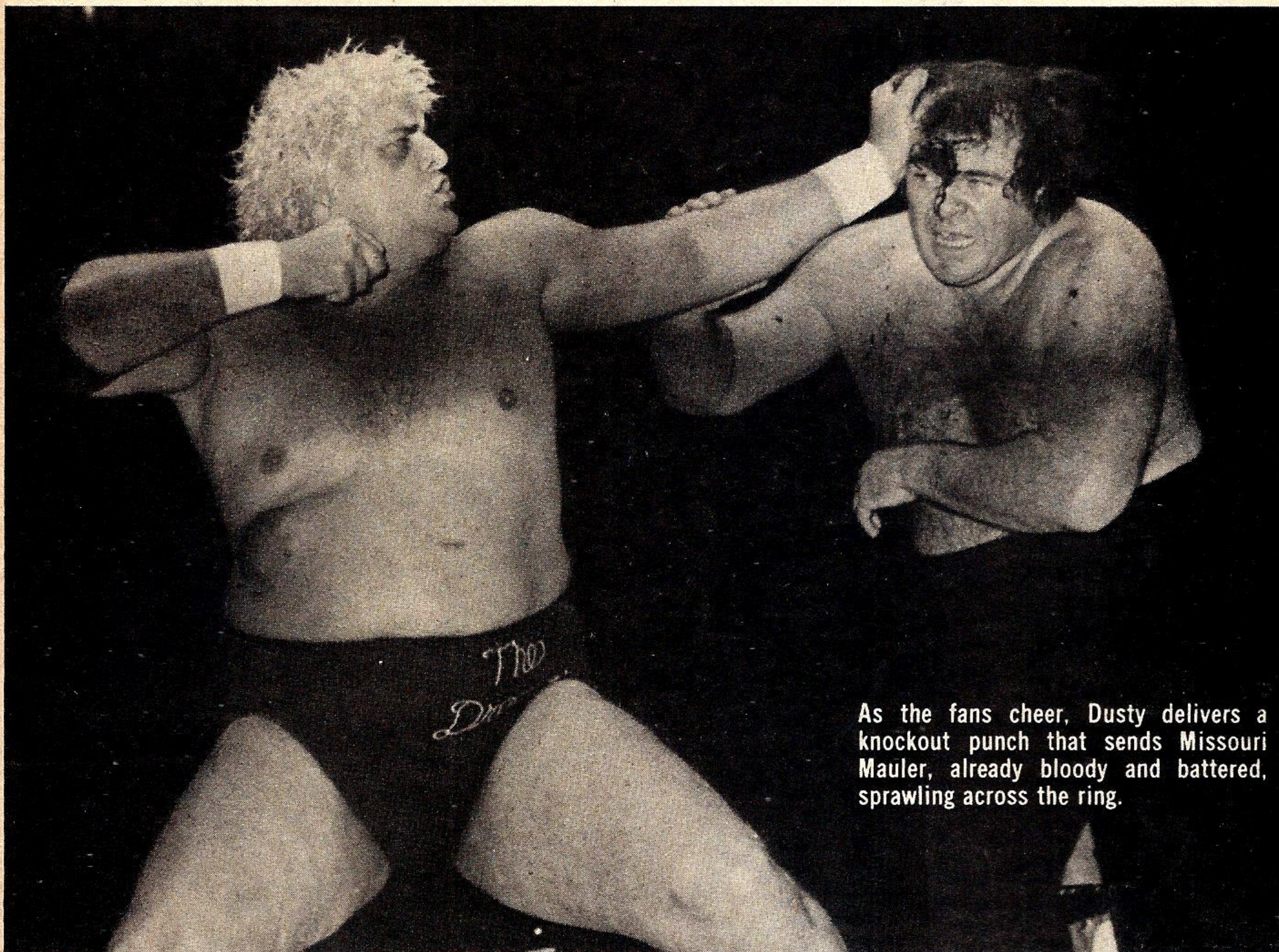
But they did forget. When The Outlaws finally split, Dusty reformed. He vowed to never savage another man again. At first, no one believed him. They thought it impossible for Rhodes to change his ways. But when a man like Dusty gets determined to do something, you know it will be done. He was determined to make the fans love him. They now do.

However, it was not an easy path which Dusty chose to take. There were many men who sought revenge for what he had done in his



DUSTY RHODES IS THE SUPERMAN OF

Look, splendid in the arena, it's the Superman of wrestling, Dusty Rhodes! The reasons why this grappler is the acknowledged hero of millions not only says a lot about the man, it says volumes about the sport itself



As the fans cheer, Dusty delivers a knockout punch that sends Missouri Mauler, already bloody and battered, sprawling across the ring.

past. There were countless numbers of people who would not forget and forgive easily. It was for these people Dusty worked the hardest. After all, they would have the furthest to go to change their opinion of him.

It has not been easy, but now even the die-hard detesters of Dusty Rhodes have come around to his side. His perseverance is to be admired and respected. His will to be loved by all the fans, and his ability to succeed in making that happen is remarkable. Is it any

wonder he is considered the Superman of wrestling?

But there is more to it than just a remarkable reformation. The man has a certain charisma which defies description. Suffice it to say that he is one of those rare individuals who can inspire masses of people. Why? Who can really tell. Just accept it for what it is.

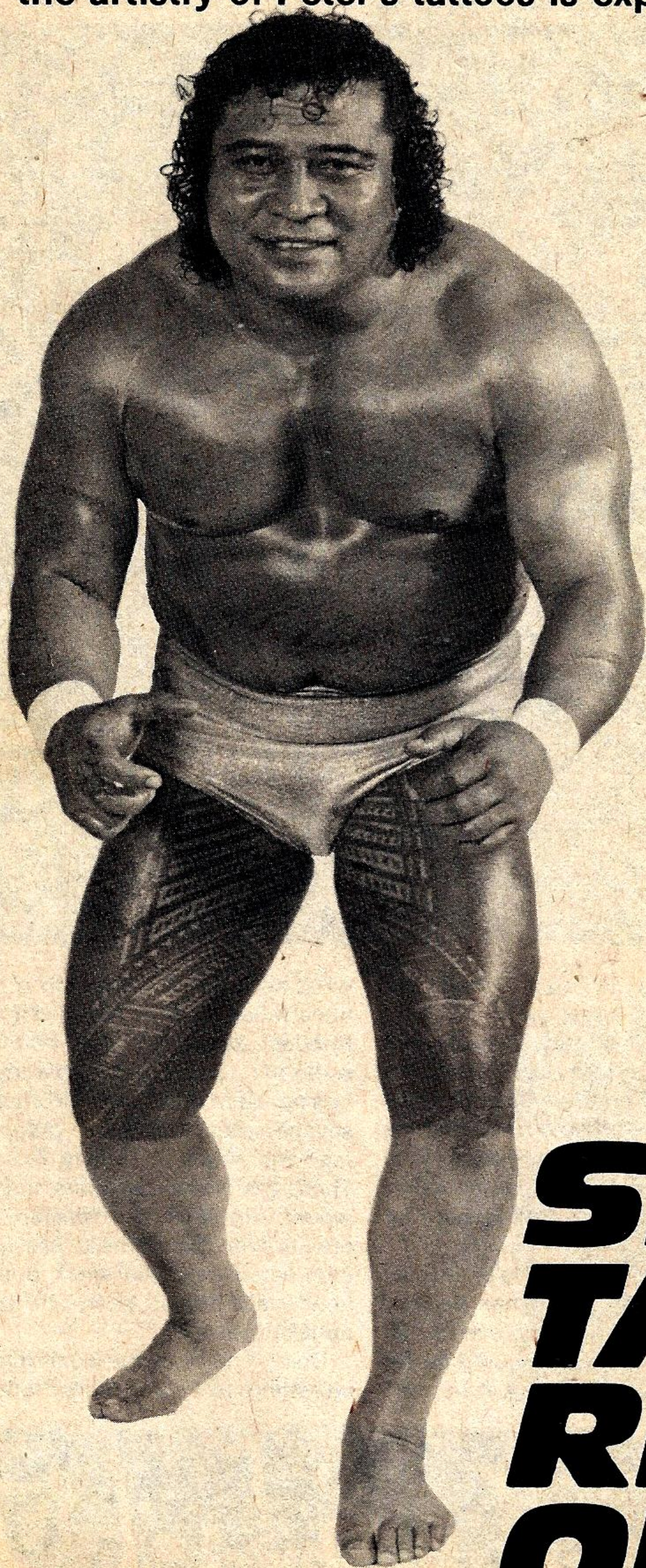
No one should take this popularity at face value. Dusty has worked long and hard to achieve it. Of course, all this work would be for naught if he didn't back it up with

what he did in the ring. Many men have fallen to the reformed Dusty Rhodes, but they have fallen to scientific tactics, not brawling. It has not been necessary for Dusty to savage men. Yet many grapplers fear the wrath of Dusty Rhodes. These are the rulebreakers, men on whom Rhodes has declared a private war. He wants to see them eliminated from the sport, and he aims to see it done, even if he has to do it himself!

Dusty Rhodes is the Superman of wrestling. Is it any wonder why? □

OF WRESTLING!

The exotic tattoos decorating Peter Maivia's body are rich with beauty, as everyone knows. What most people don't realize is that the tattoos also possess great meaning. For the first time, the artistry of Peter's tattoos is explained in detail



IT WAS THE most important day in the young boy's life. Years later, the man would remember every moment exactly. The ritual of becoming a Samoan chieftain is exhilarating agonizing, humbling, and exalting.

The young Peter Maivia stood by the tribe's ancient as the wizened old artist etched tattoos upon the skin. Around the pair was the entire tribe, for when a future chieftain is ordained, there is a celebration. As the ancient's needle pierced the boy's flesh, Peter gritted his teeth and refused to scream. The tribe was delighted. Their leader would be brave.

After the ritual was complete, the tribe feasted and danced and thanked their gods for sending them such a wonderful leader. Peter's father, the present chief,

THE SECRET TATTOO RITUAL OF PETE

couldn't have been prouder. Young Peter had trouble understanding his mother's tears were the tears of joy.

Peter Maivia will wear the results from this ritual for the rest of his life. Emblazoned on his body is an intricate design of

tattoos. The pattern covers his skin from ribcage to knees. Many people consider it a remarkable decoration without understanding its complex and holy meaning.

The tattoos themselves have been the same pattern for more

years than Samoans have history. The legend they explain is best explained by Peter, who had it told to him by the ancient.

"The tattoos," Peter says, "are traditional now, but used to be considered to have magical powers. The bottom half of the tattoo, the part going up my legs, consists of swirls and arrows. This is to give power and strength. It is a design for energy and can be found on Samoan religious statues. When the ancient tattooed me, he said, 'Hawks and boars make you strong and swift.'

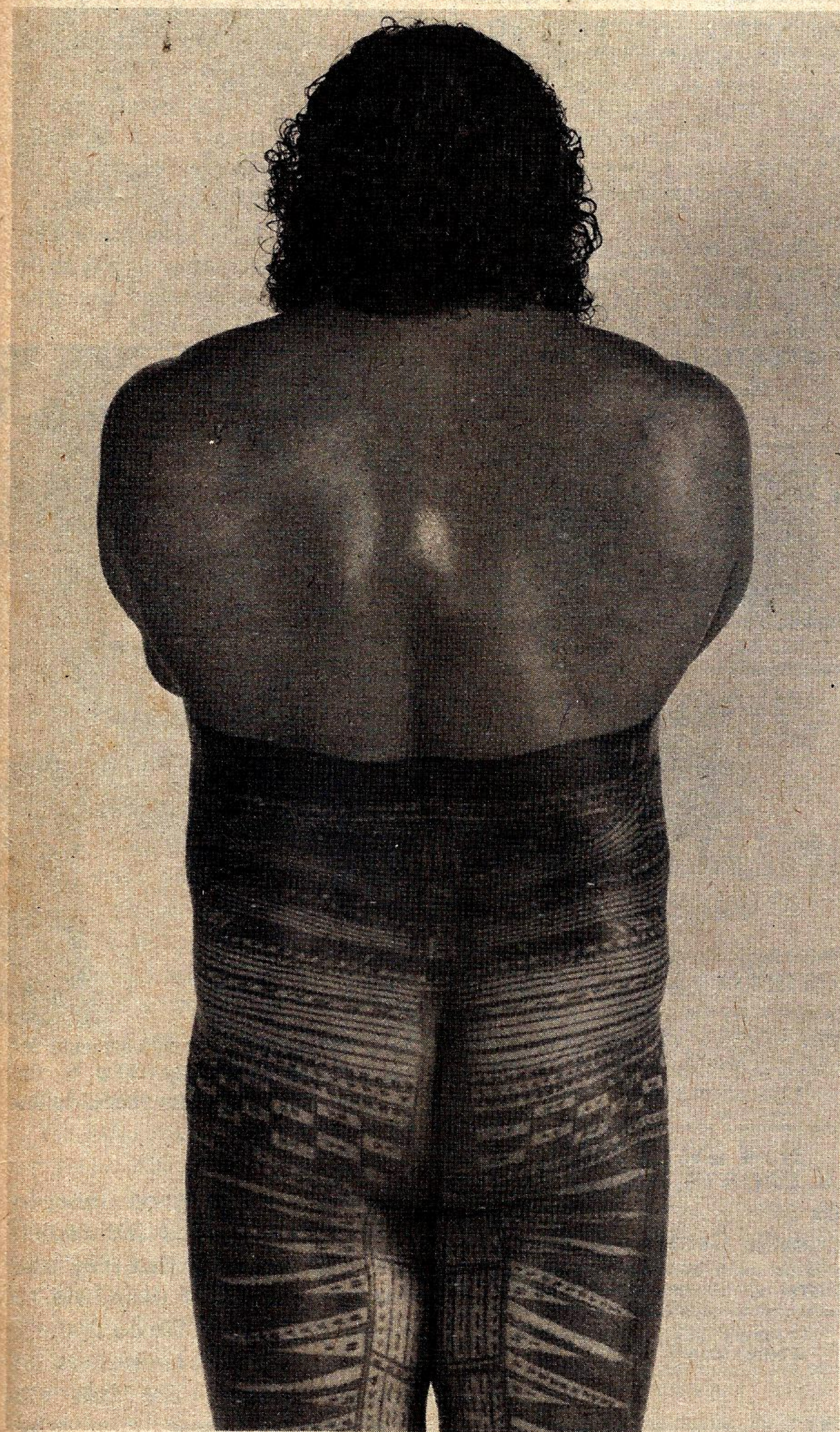
"The upper half of my body is more even and gentle. There are little boxes that are supposed to contain the wisdom of the ages. The sloping lines are to give me courage. This incantation was spoken when these were tattooed: 'Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven, as sentinels to beg the immortal souls, to enlighten Peter's proclamations.'

"Lastly, there is a separate tattoo on my navel. This is the design for compassion. The accompanying prayer: 'Where you were joined with your mother, let her love remind you to be kind.' Although it's small, that tattoo has meant the most to me over the years."

When Peter is asked to explain his tattoos for fans, he's always ready and willing. He finds it clears up a lot of strange rumors which ignorant people spread about the designs.

"What people don't understand," Peter has discovered, "they often confuse and distort. These tattoos mean a lot to me, more than most people realize. That's why it's important to me for the truth about them to be known. The history and dreams of my people are inscribed on my body."

Peter Maivia wears his heritage proudly. He bears the mark of a chieftain. □



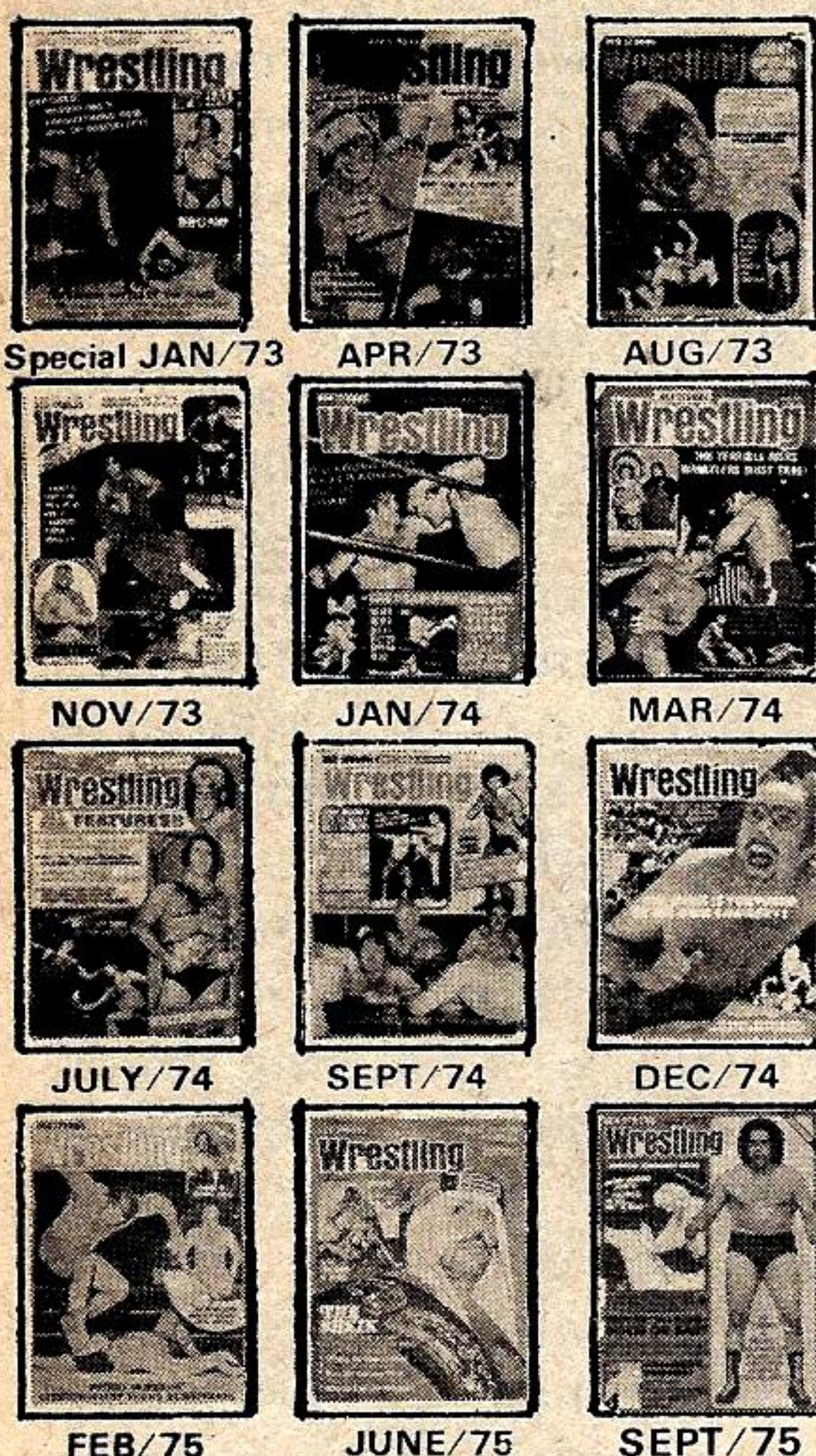
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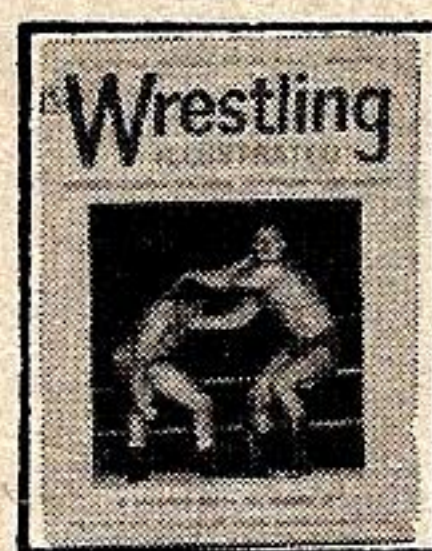
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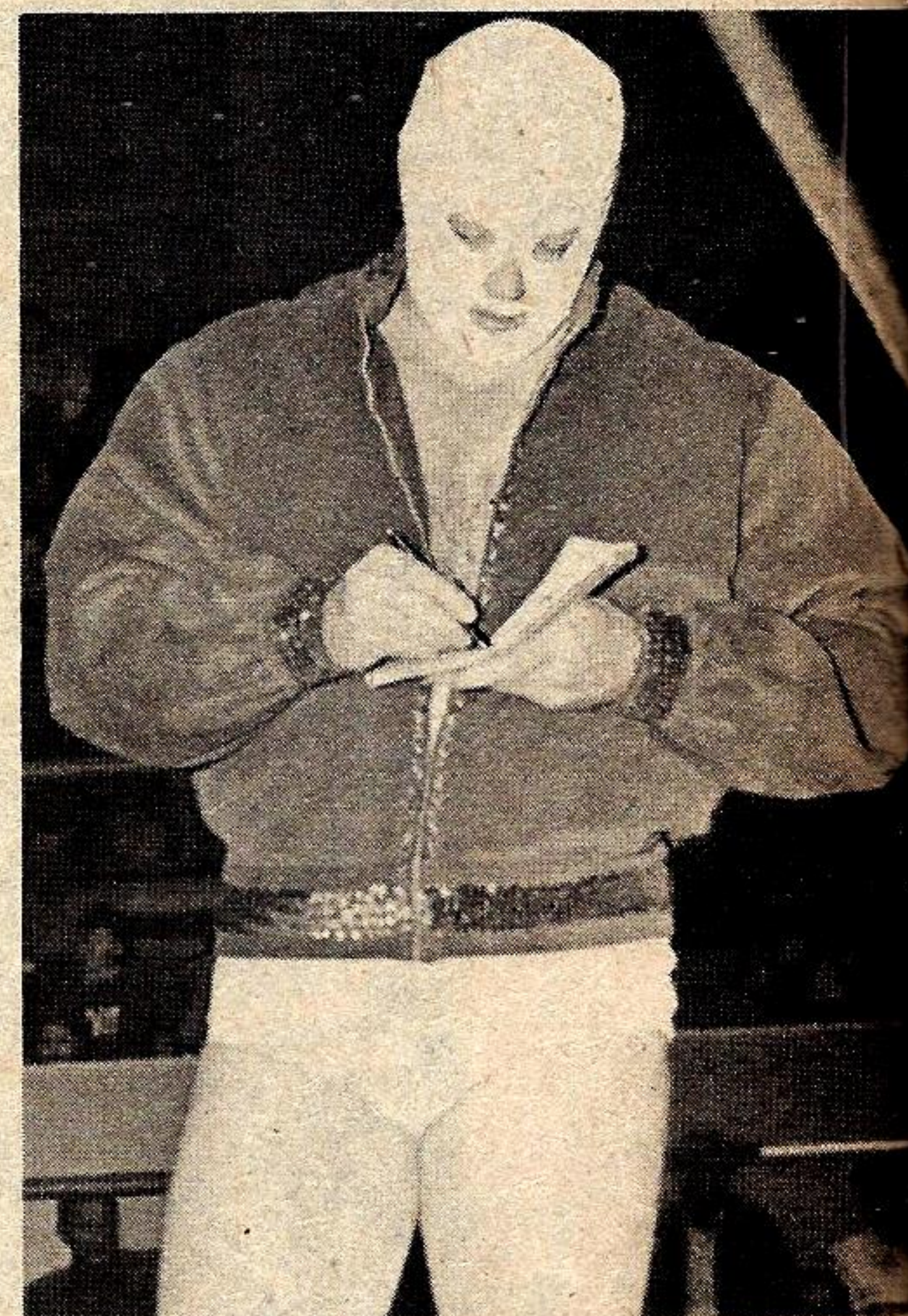
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WE ACCUSE

(Continued from Page 8)

us to get an autograph for her. Unfortunately, this office is not equipped to handle such a request, though we tried. And our opinion of this wrestler changed considerably. He is not the kind of person we like to associate with.

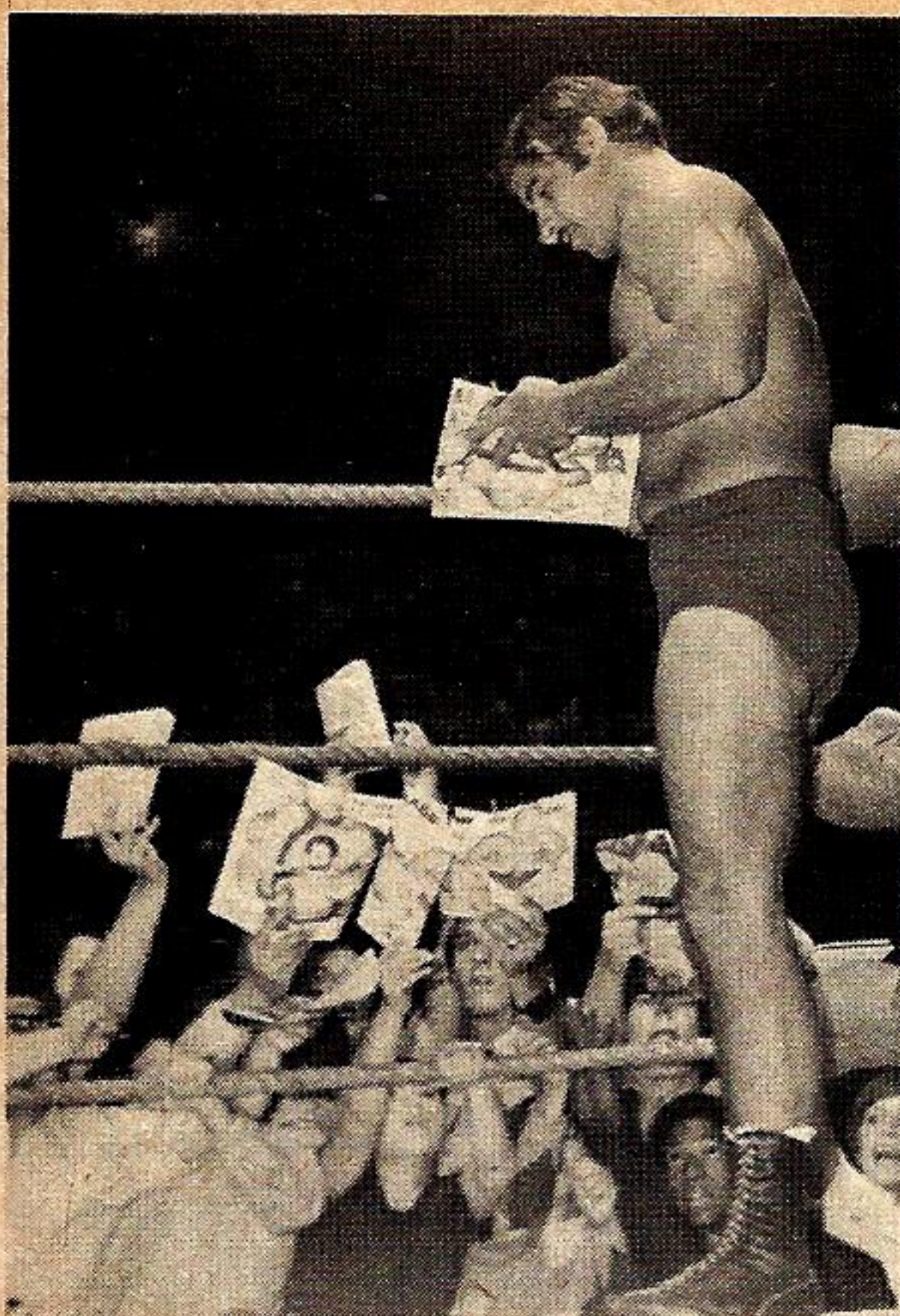
We think it is unfair of these wrestlers to turn their backs on the people who idolize them. After all, if it weren't for the fans, these men would not have money to pay their bills. Fans come to see the



Mr. Wrestling is glad to sign his name for his fans. Unfortunately, he's in the minority. Most mat stars should follow his example.

wrestlers. They pay good money to watch their favorites. Is it too much to ask of these men that they take two minutes out of their lives to sign an autograph? We don't think so. After all, many wrestlers do sign autographs. The fans are grateful for these men who understand their needs.

Indeed, what excuses can the men who don't sign autographs have when one considers the efforts



Excited fans throng around Don Muraco as he graciously signs autographs for his delighted followers.

made by men like Chief Jay Strongbow, Paul Jones, and even Ken Patera. These men are more than willing to sign autographs for their fans. Why aren't others? And why is it more rulebreakers will sign autographs while scientific wrestlers are always in a hurry, "to catch a plane?" It certainly gives one pause for thought.

There will come a day when fans stop caring about the men who care so little for them. When that day comes, these selfish, heartless wrestlers will find themselves less in demand. They will learn the hard way what it means to ignore the fans. But by that time, it will be too late. They will not regain the fans they have lost.

We offer only one solution, and we direct this to these wrestlers who refuse to give autographs: Remember the fans. They are the ones who made you popular. They are the ones who can bring you down too. The food you eat is paid for by the fans. The least you can do to show your appreciation is to sign an autograph. It doesn't hurt, you know. And you will make someone very happy.

And that's what it's all about, isn't it? ☐

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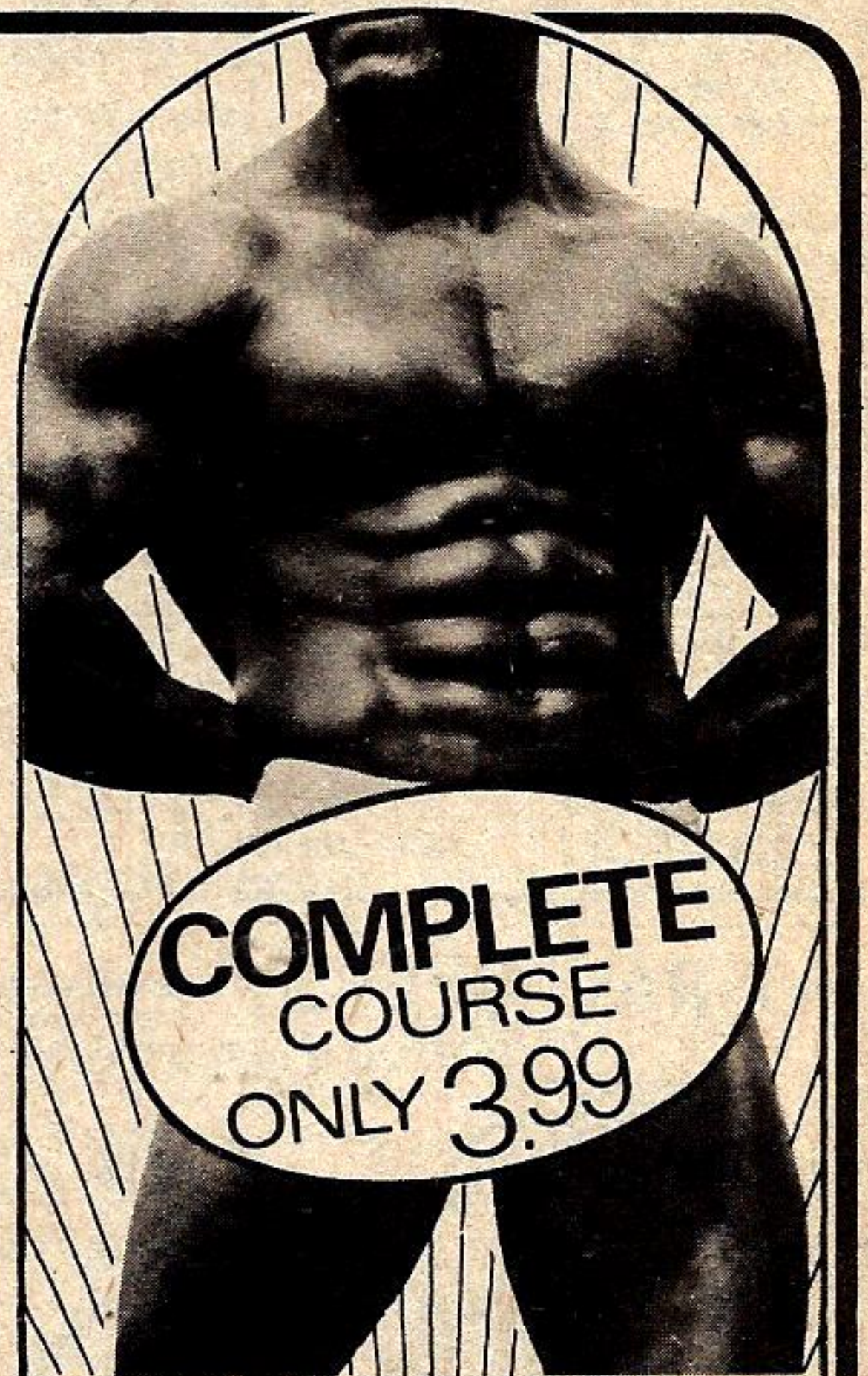
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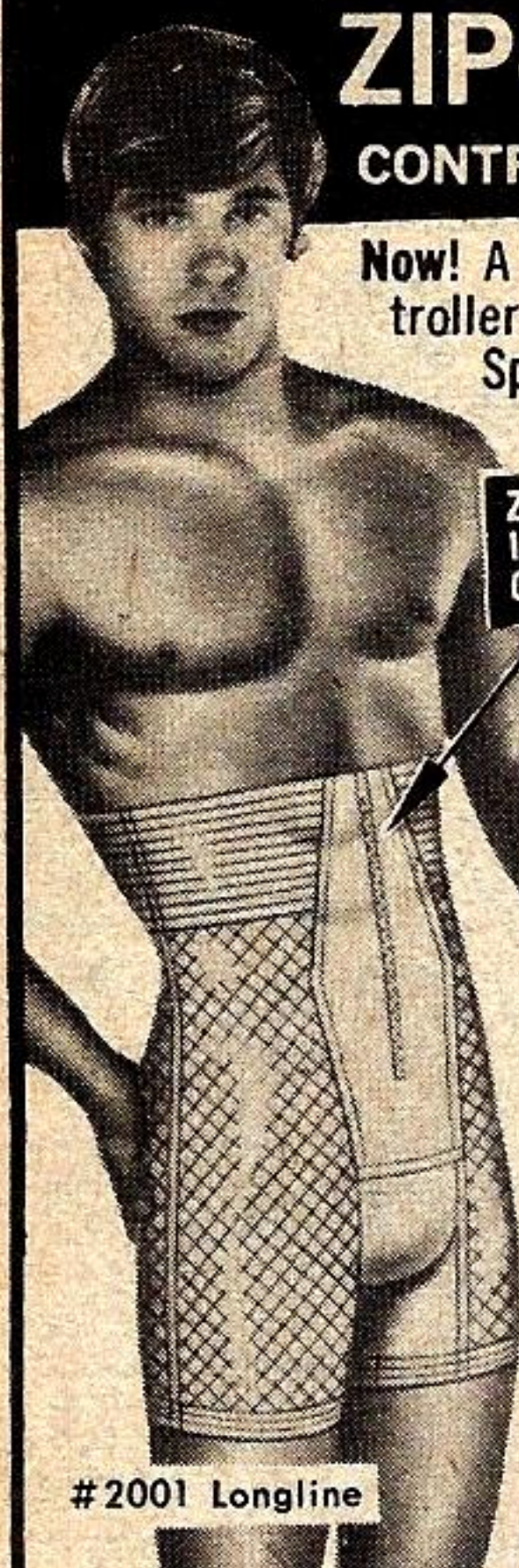
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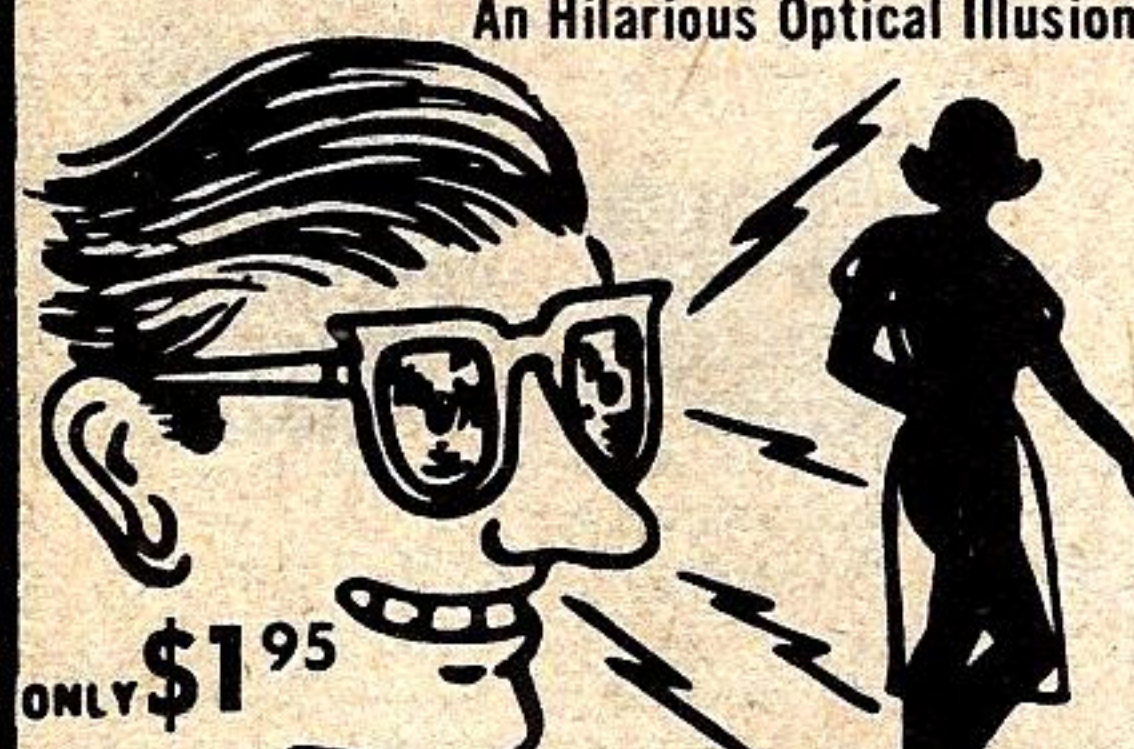
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X-RAY

(Continued from Page 10)

rated 98; maybe even higher if I paid more. If you took all the categories where I was rated too low, you'd know what the "Stat-o-Chart" categories are.

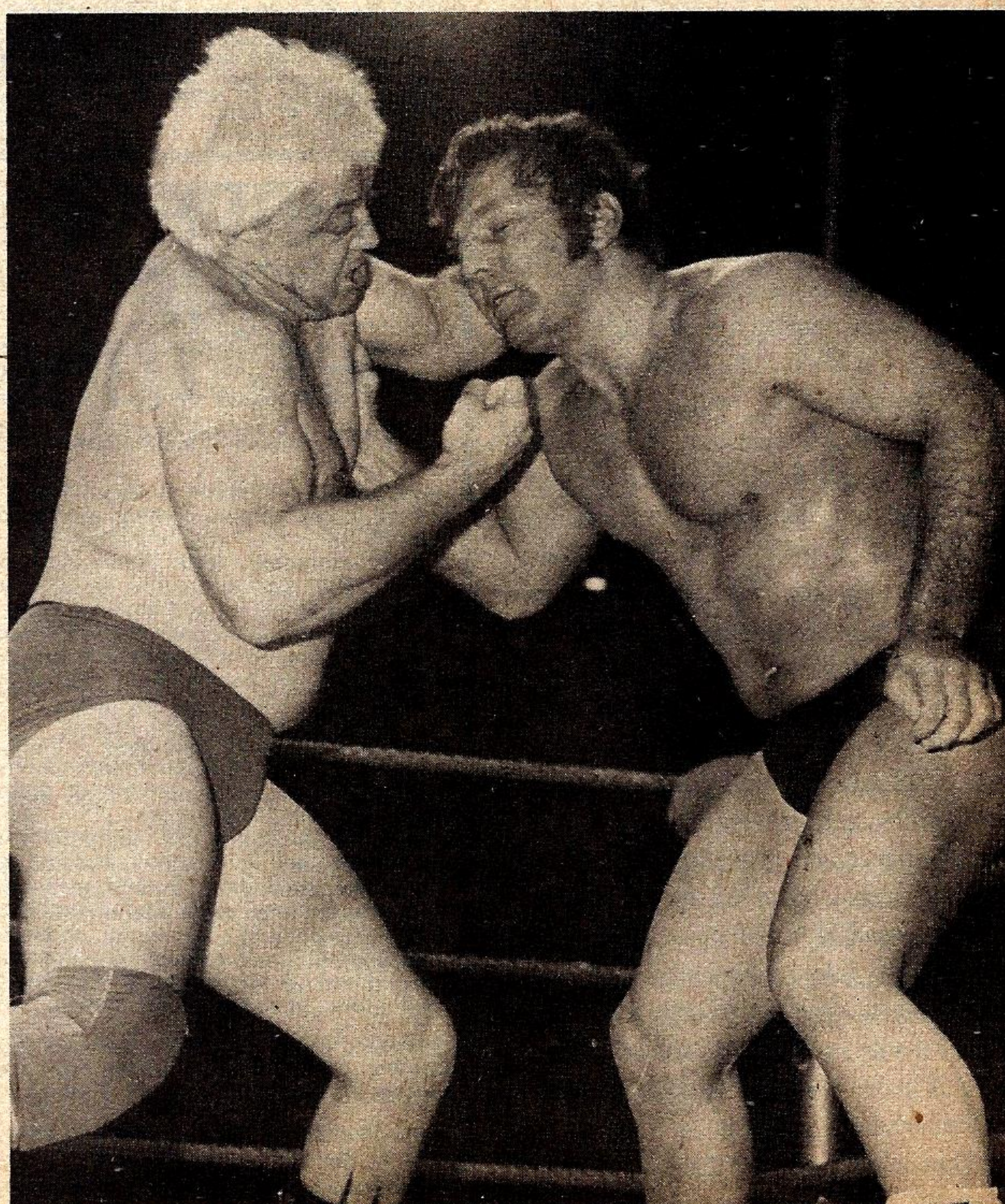
But I bribe no man. Ray Stevens has taken everything with his own two hands, scratched it out, and expected no mercy. Professional wrestlers don't have friends, only people not yet or no longer their enemies. So what anyone thinks of me doesn't mean a thing. I'm on my own all the way.

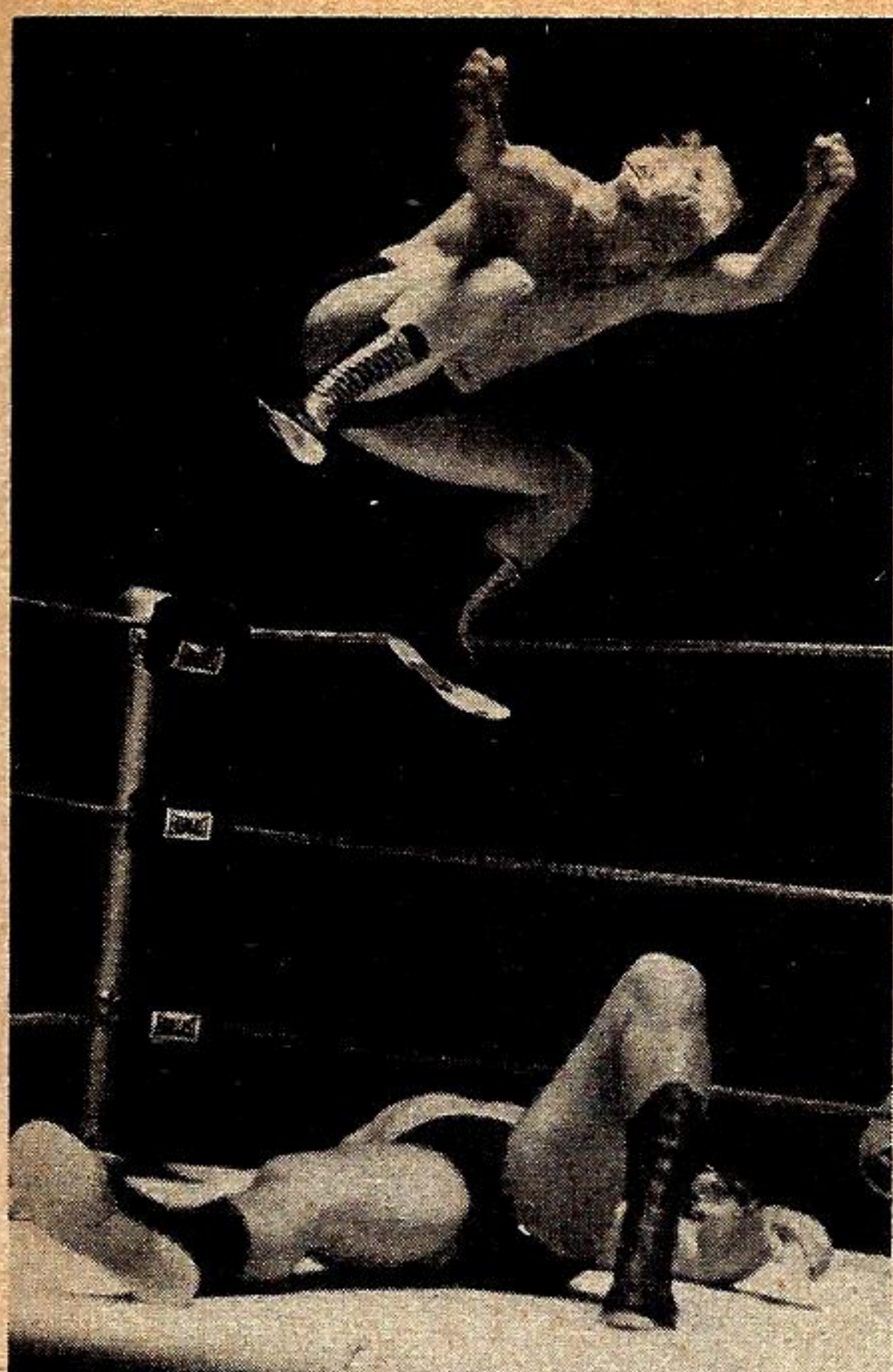
I wish I was a real writer, so I could go on for pages about how much I hate wrestling reporters. But I'm a wrestler. I do my

hatchet jobs with my fists. Here's my challenge. I'll put myself against any guy listed in the Stat-o-Charts. I'll do better than any guy listed above me in any category. Guys rated above me over-all will be crippled by my tactics. In that way, I'll show the world how little wrestling reporters know.

Do you have any idea what it's like to read about how you're rotten for more than 20 years? Every month, someone is calling

A test of strength with Paul Christy shows Ray to be a tough competitor. He was rated an 8.5 in this category.





Ray's famous "Bombs Away" is a tactic by which he earned his reputation. He received a 10.0 in this category.

me a disgrace to wrestling. Do these guys have the guts to meet me in a wrestling arena? No. they sit behind their typewriters and take their shots from out of striking distance. A wrestling reporter is a coward, plain and simple.

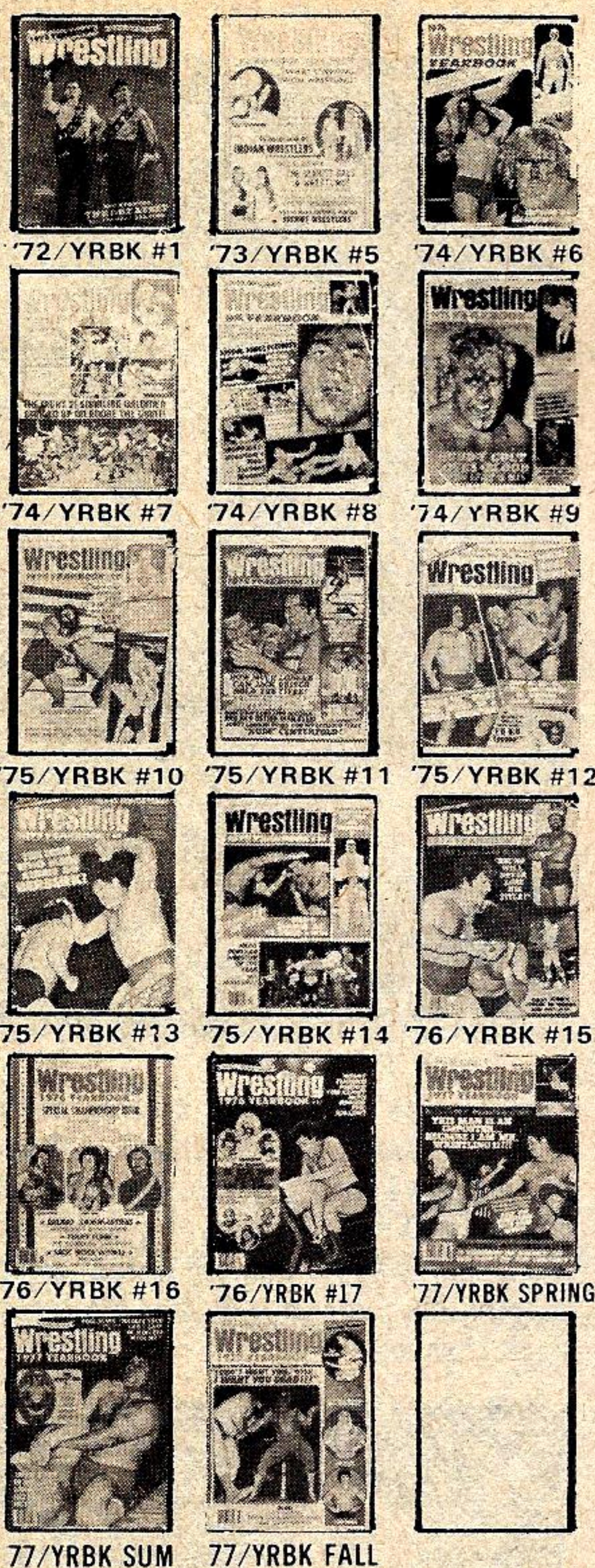
The editors have been asking me for over a year to write this article. I've told them to take their magazine and do something with it they couldn't print. Finally, they said they'd print anything I wrote. Well, here it is, chumps. A promise is a promise.

There have been nights in my life when I've gone to sleep thinking about the miserable human beings who call themselves wrestling reporters. Then I've dreamt of those punks facing me within the ring ropes. First they throw their typewriters at me and miss. Then they yell until they're blue in the face. Then I break every bone in their bodies. It's my favorite dream.

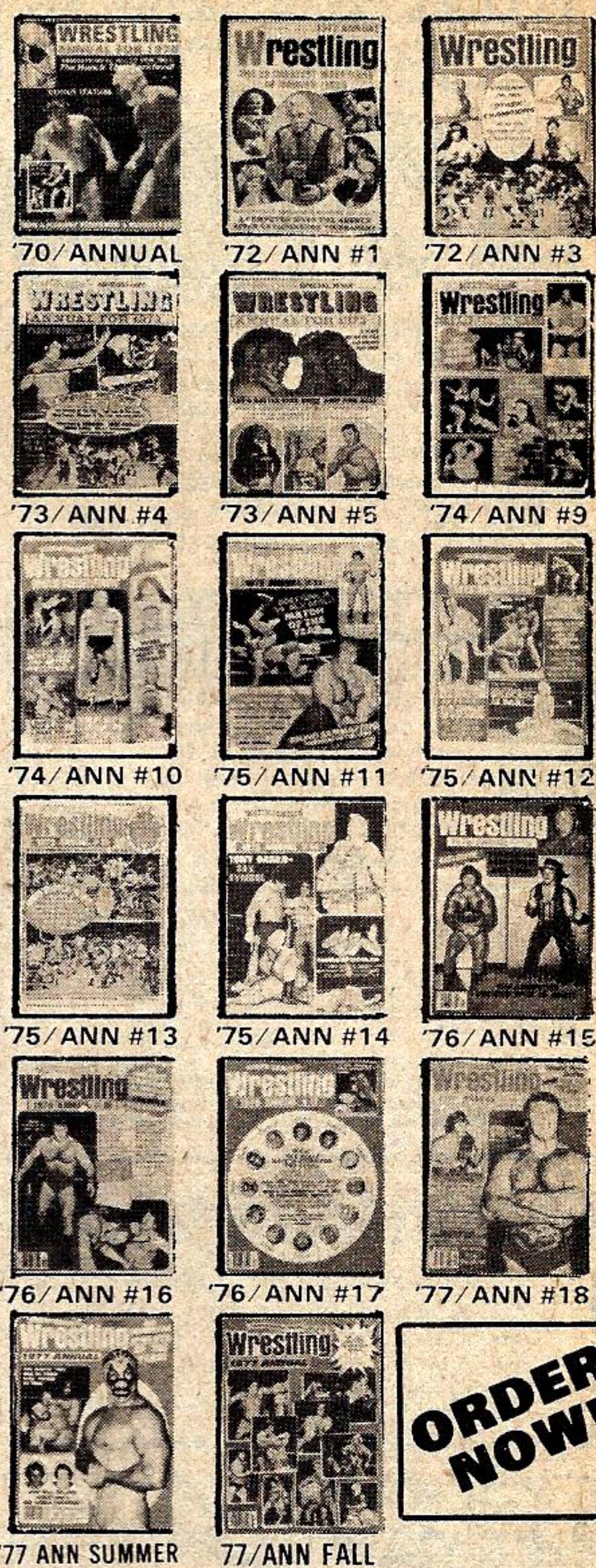
Well, that's my "discussion of the Stat-o-Chart." I hope it makes the rats sick. Believe it, guys, I hate your guts! ☐

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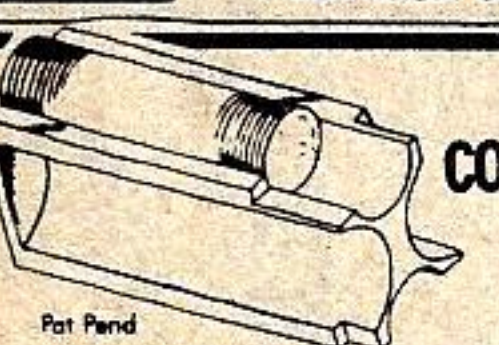
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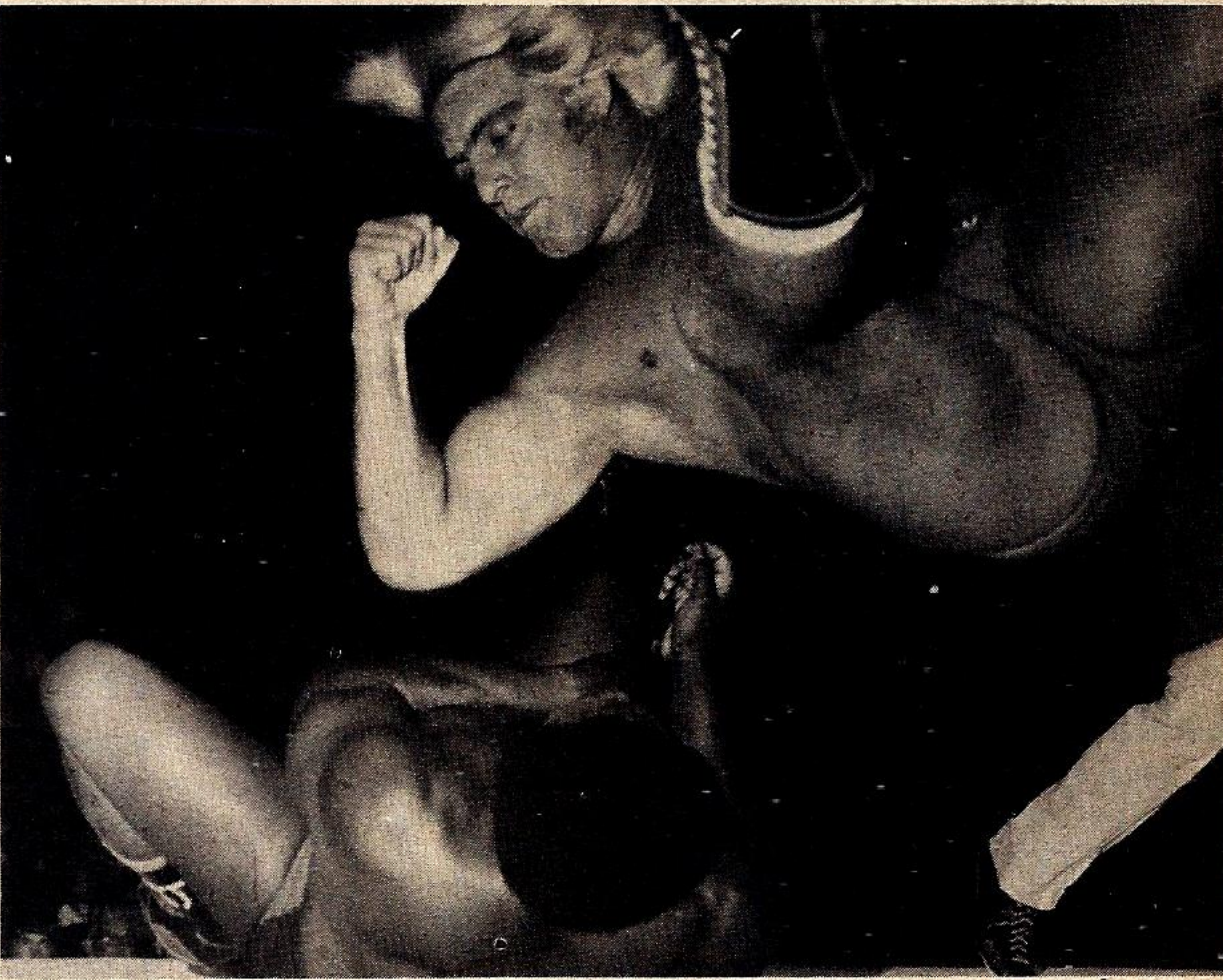
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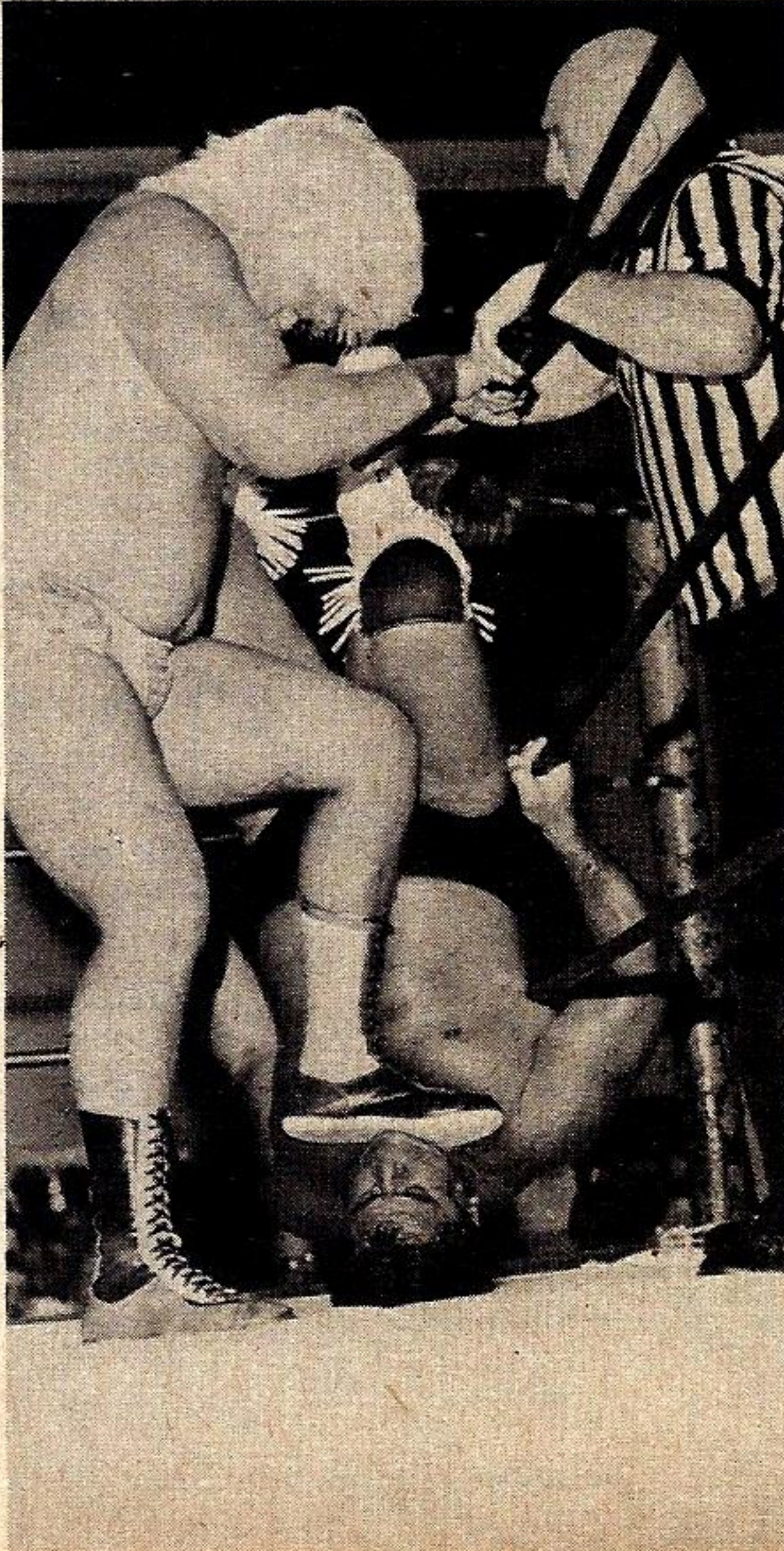
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WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 13)



Even Rufus R. Jones cannot escape Flair's atomic elbow smash (above). Notice how Flair's elbow is aimed directly at Rufus' throat. Flair likes going for the neck, as amply demonstrated by his digging his foot into Wahoo McDaniel's neck (below).



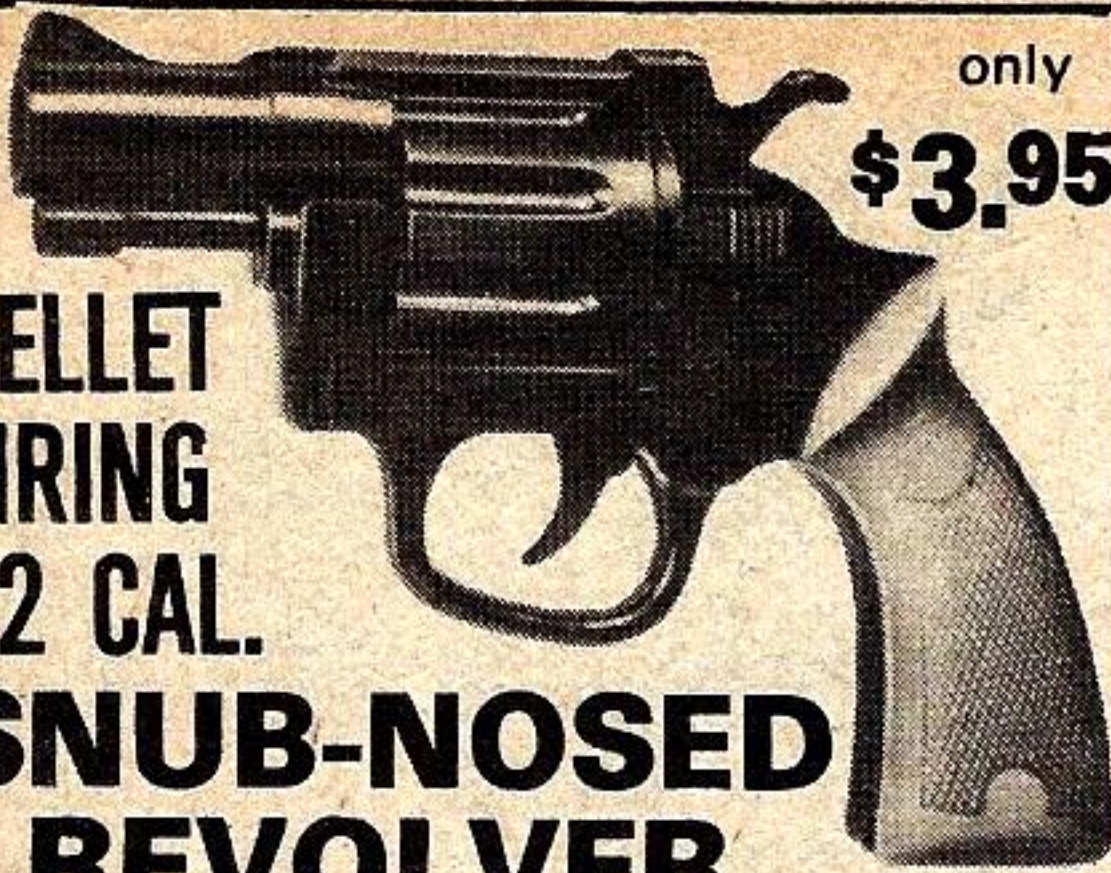
realized who the greatest man in wrestling was. Listen, you guys might as well retire the award. From now on, the only person who will win 'Wrestler of the Month' will be yours truly, Ric Flair. Accept no substitutes. Everyone else is second best!"

This pronouncement by Flair does not make us any happier. However, what can we do? He is the selection we had to make. He is the man who overcame all the opposition. Flair is, unfortunately, the top wrestler of the month. Heaven help us all, that is the way things are!

Of course, it is almost understandable how Flair achieved his high degree of success. There is no doubt he is an extremely talented young man. He has ability, and an innate understanding of what makes a wrestler great. He knows what he is doing. It is his opting to constantly break the rule that so upsets us. By choosing the path he has taken, he has made many powerful enemies, especially in the press. Yet all personal feelings must be put aside when considering who should win this award. And that is the only way Ric Flair won.

Hopefully next month we shall have a "Wrestler of the Month" we can all respect. And maybe then we can forget Ric Flair ever won. □

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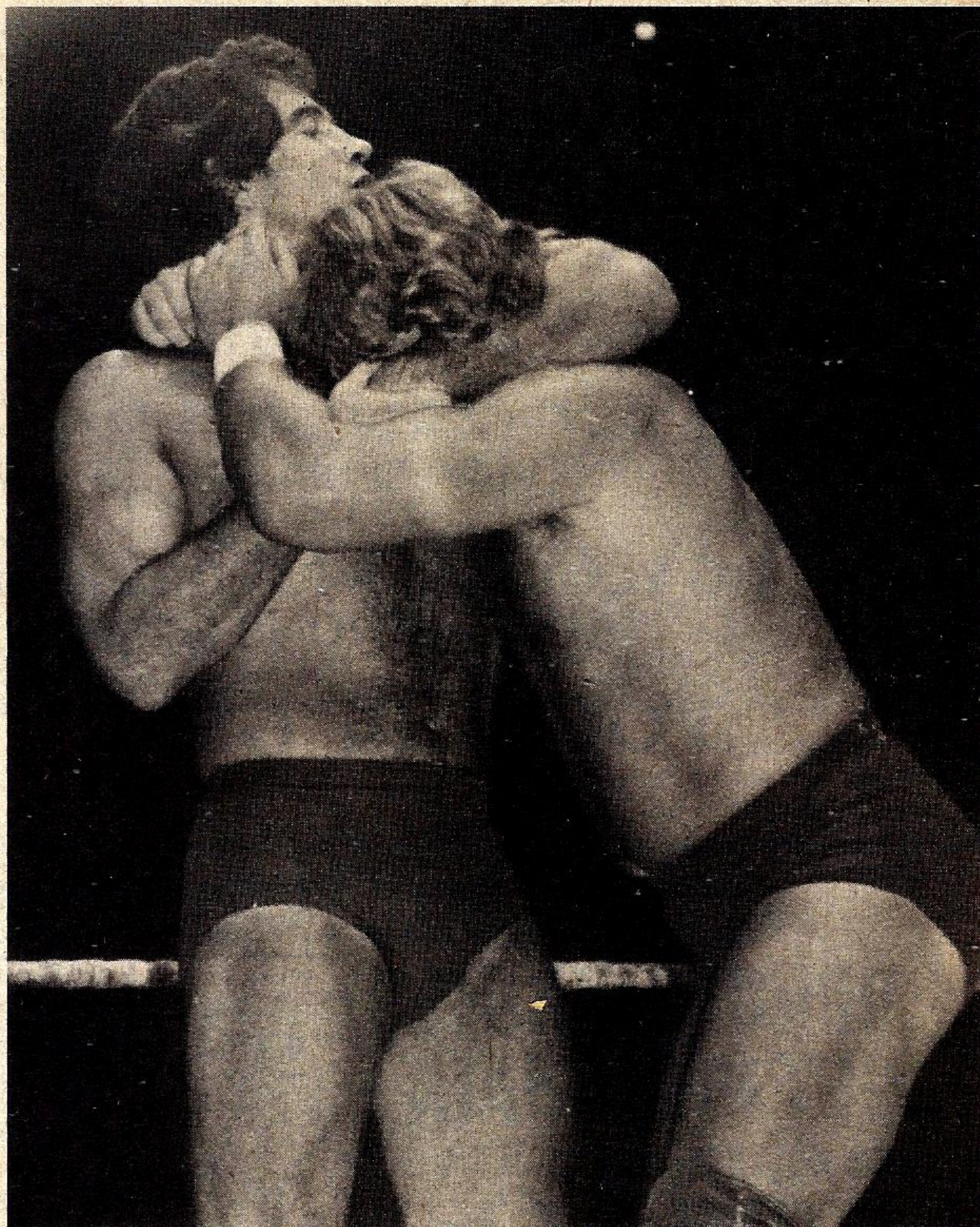
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THE KING OF THE SOUTH

(Continued from Page 21)



Jack has Dick Slater caught in a headlock from which escape is next to impossible! Yet somehow Slater did manage to break free. For all his dirty tactics, however, Dick was never able to overcome Brisco.

who wished him luck were barely acknowledged. Brisco was deep within himself, excluding all thoughts except those of the match. Some of the wrestlers believe Jack was murmuring "Slater, Slater, Slater" under his breath. When he left the dressing room, all agree his eyes were granite-hard from determination.

Slater was momentarily scared when he saw Brisco for the first time. His face involuntarily became a mask of fear. Realizing what happened, Slater quickly forced the customary scowl back on. Had

Brisco seen it?

During the introductions, Brisco stared hard at his foe. Slater tried to return the gaze but was forced to turn away. He saw something in Brisco's eyes.

The bell sounded. Brisco tore out of his corner and battered Slater with a forearm smash. Slater reeled across the ring, his head trying desperately to tell legs to behave. He fell into the ropes and crumpled to the canvas. Slater's troubles were only beginning.

Brisco wasn't looking for a quick victory. This was going to be a long

and thorough humiliation. Jack took his still groggy opponent and devastated him with a series of superb maneuvers. Slater struggled to escape but couldn't. He was being victimized by a brilliant exhibition of wrestling ferocity.

Brisco then made his only mistake of the match, and it proved costly. Showing utter disdain for Slater, he grew reckless, leaving himself open as he attacked. It was as if he was saying, "You couldn't hurt me if you tried." Brisco let his defenses down and paid the price.

Slater took advantage of the opening. For the next three minutes, all Dick's anger, pain, and humiliation was paid back in kind. He was a whirlwind of rage and hatred. Brisco stumbled back, trying to stop Slater's assault. For too long a time, it seemed Jack was doomed.

Slater's big mistake was trying to get Brisco in a headlock. He rushed the hold, allowing Jack to slip free. An instant later, Jack had Slater in an armlock. The tide had turned. Brisco was again in control. The momentum would never change direction again.

Brisco was not going to make any more mistakes. His attack was exquisitely controlled. One would need to write a textbook to describe the subtlety and genius of the final assault. Suffice to say here, Slater was overwhelmed. The King wanted to retreat, forsaking his kingdom to save his life.

When it looked like even a miracle wouldn't help Slater, the man leaped over the ropes and ran back to the dressing room. Brisco, exhausted but triumphant, stood tall in ring center. The king had fled. Long live the king.

But Brisco wasn't in a celebrating mood later in the dressing room. He knew better than anyone what happens to a man who disgraces Dick Slater. Revenge was coldly brutal in the hands of Slater. Many have paid for a victory over Dick with a long stay in the hospital. The king does not suffer defeat easily.

Jack Brisco had conquered Dick Slater. This time. Next time, Slater would be determined to get even. The inevitable rematch could be the most dangerous of Jack Brisco's life. ☐

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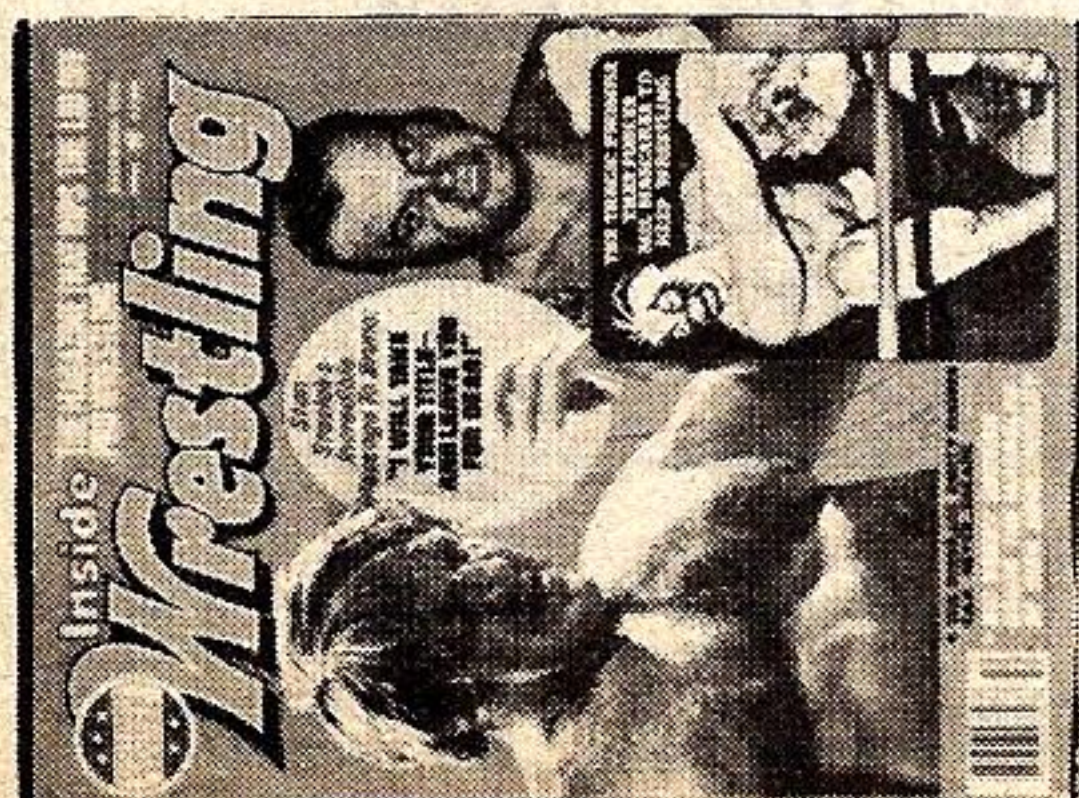
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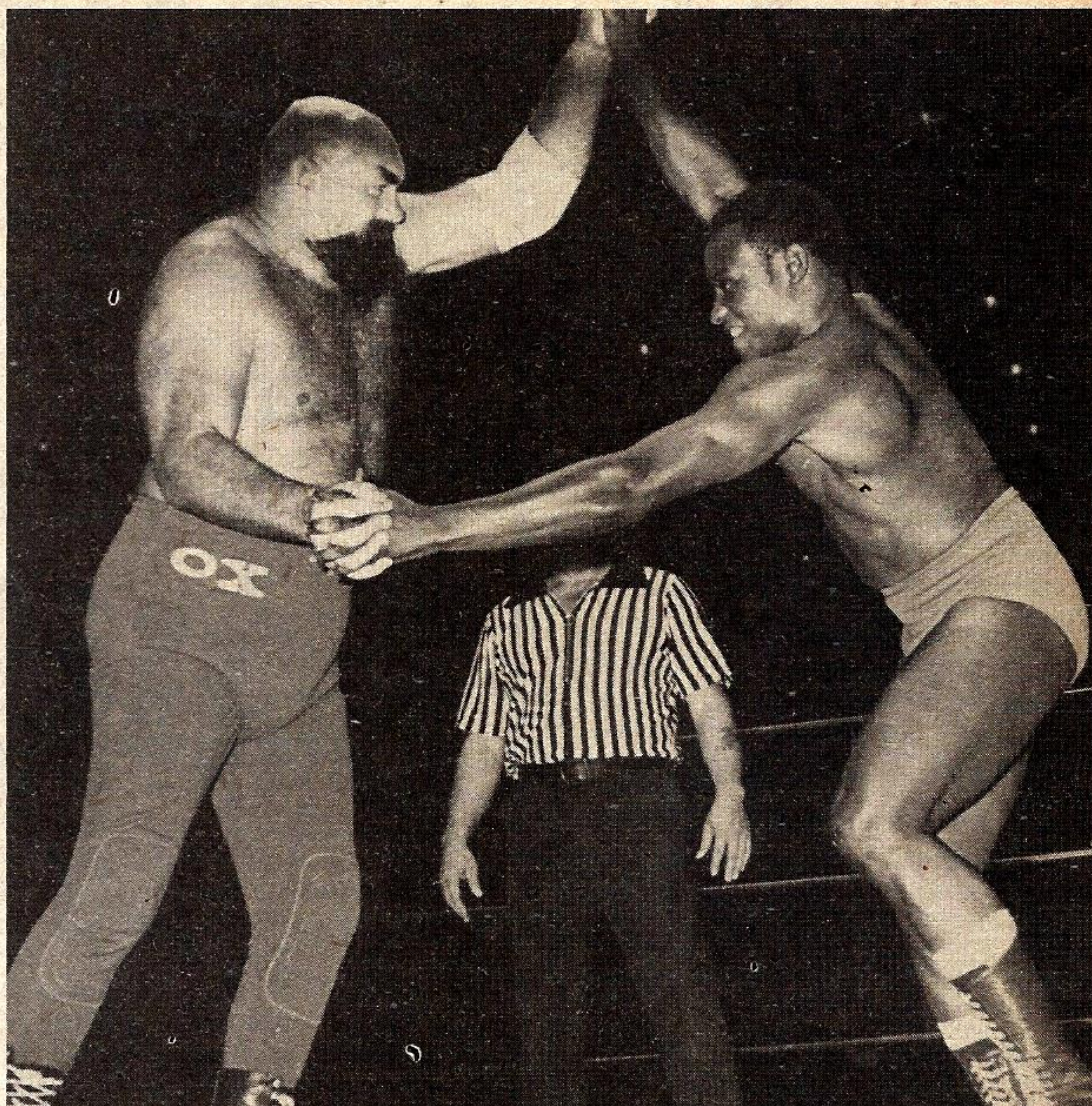
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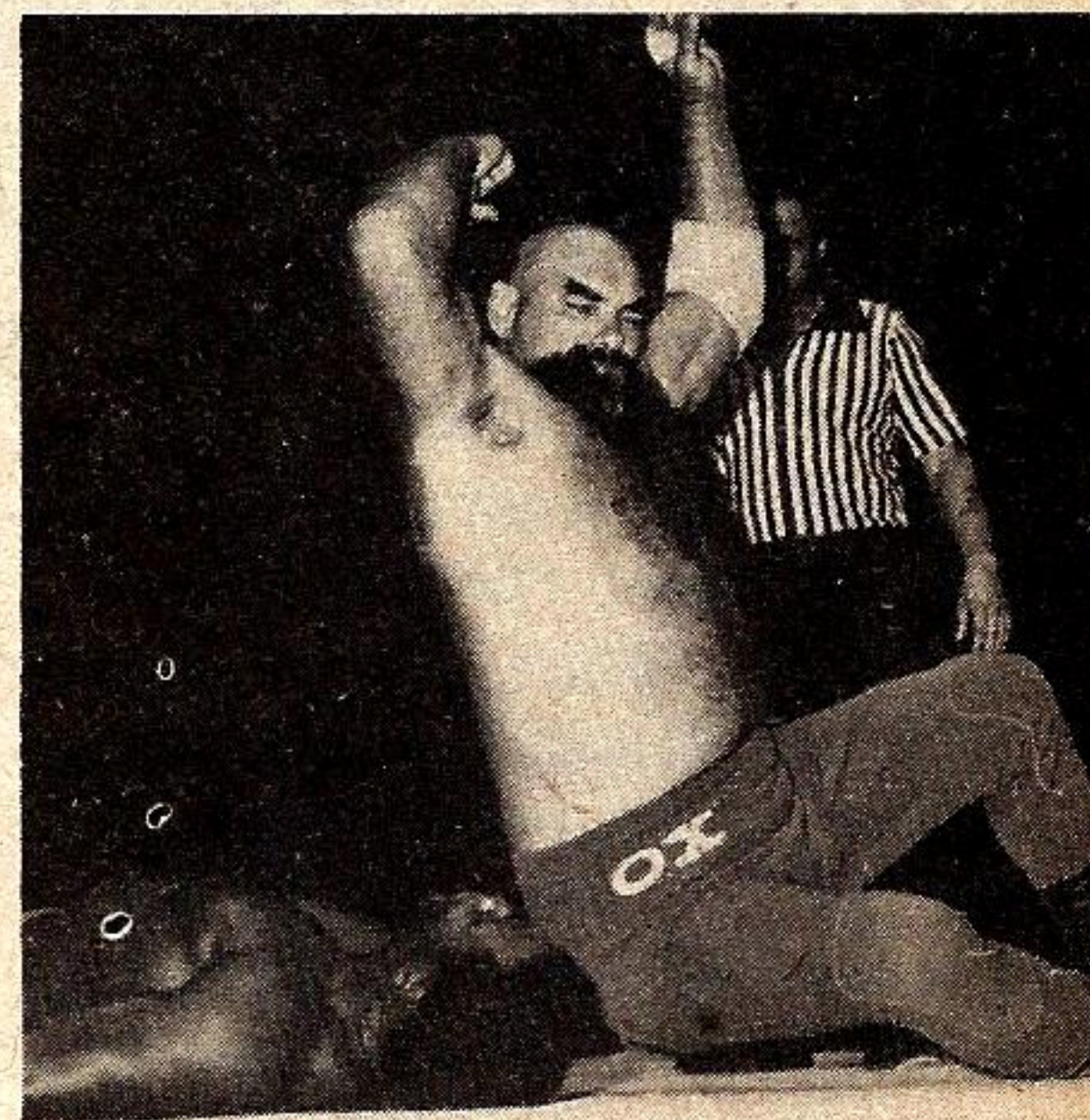
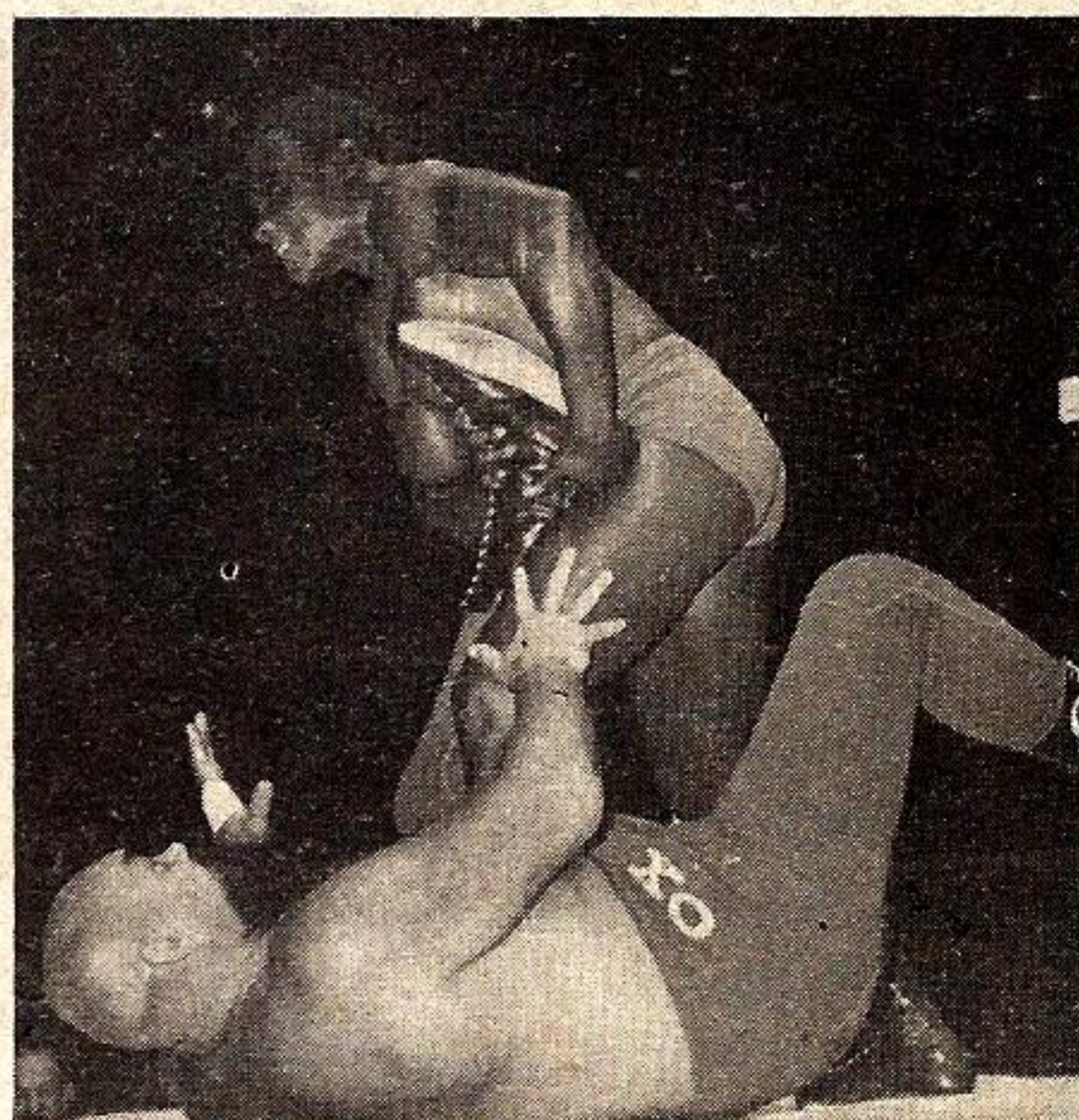
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OX BAKER

(Continued from Page 25)



Above: Young and Baker lock in a test of strength. Skip is excited, ready to brawl, and determined to win. Below left: Baker rolls on the canvas in agony, a victim of Skip's steppover toehold. Below right: Baker knocks Skip senseless, then tries an atomic elbow smash.



solid advice; men are still in the dark as to how to counter Baker's brutality.

So Skip Young, who has not been a professional wrestler for too very long a time, faced Ox Baker not quite certain of what to expect. And in doing so, he earned a lot of instant respect from many people.

Ox Baker is not one of those

veterans who looks out for rookies. Indeed, he finds it great fun to savage these young men, still green with inexperience. They serve as an appetizer for his insatiable desires to do injury. Most rookies tend to make all the wrong moves against Ox Baker, and he enjoys that fact. It makes it that much easier for him to savage these

young men: to render them broken and old before they've had a chance to be strong and healthy. Ox Baker really likes rookies, he likes them for breakfast.

Few people expected Skip Young to fare any better against Baker than had countless rookies in the past. Many people wondered why he had even let himself be signed for a match against a man like Baker. Only those who knew Skip well were not terribly worried about the match. They had a lot of confidence in the man. Their trust was not unfounded.

Baker tried to do what people expected him to do. He showed no mercy for Skip Young. He used every savage maneuver he could. But there was a major difference between this match and others: Skip Young would not fall to Baker's brutality. He suffered a great deal of pain, yet he sustained it all and even launched his own assault!

The spectators were stunned. This was not what anyone had expected to see happen. Skip was proving himself to be a sensational wrestler. And he was making Ox more and more frustrated. Need it be said that the entire crowd was on its feet cheering for Young.

Unfortunately, Skip's good fortune was not destined to last the entire night. Baker exceeded his normal quota for cruelty. This rookie had frustrated and confused him. Now he was going to seek revenge. He was too vicious, too cruel, too brutal, too wicked. Skip Young seemed fated to follow the course other rookies had taken in their battles against Baker. However, the referee stepped in just in time. Citing the excessive cruelty and brawling by Ox, he awarded the match to Skip.

Baker was furious. He had not yet finished what he had set out to do—savage Skip Young until he was seriously injured. Young had managed to avoid the fate which had befallen so many other rookies. He had too much heart for Baker. He was too good for Ox to savage. He had fought back. He had won, albeit by disqualification. Still, he had proven he could take whatever Ox Baker tried to do to him and been able to survive. That is quite an accomplishment for any wrestler, veteran or rookie! ☐

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SAMMARTINO'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 39)

We were honored to help this credit to wrestling decide his future. However, the ultimate decision will be made by you, the person now reading this article.

"I would like," Bruno explains, "everyone to write me about their feelings as to whether or not I should retire. If the fans think I must continue, that I'm their best hope for defeating Graham, I will double my efforts to take the title from him. However, if they think there are others who can save wrestling from the disgrace of Graham, I will happily retire, ready to give any aid needed to the challengers of Graham. Whatever the fans'

wavers between two directions, restlessness consumes him. The sooner Bruno gets an answer, the happier he'll be.

These same friends say Bruno would retire happily if Graham wasn't champion. Bruno feels personally responsible for Graham owning the title. Even though everyone accepts Billy won the belt illegally, that doesn't change the fact Sammartino had to surrender it to him. Bruno considers this an insult to himself and his career. If the history of Bruno's career is to be as glorious as possible, the taint of Graham's championship must be removed.



The despicable tactics of Superstar Billy Graham have kept Bruno from regaining his title. Graham's savagery dominates the WWF. Sammartino can't leave the sport if his fans feel he must battle yet again against Graham.

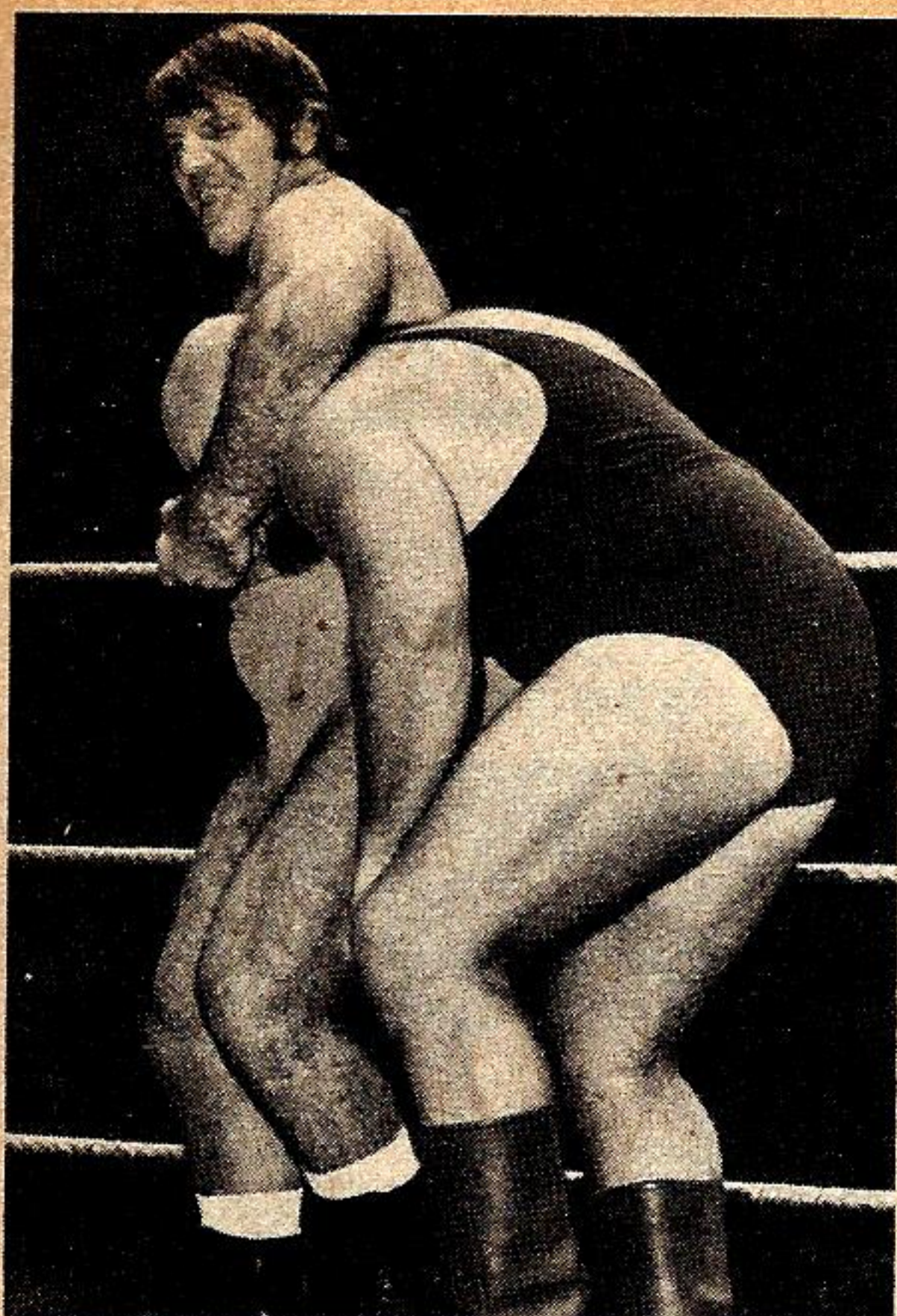
decision, I will respect it.

"The letters can be as long as the fan wants. This is the most important choice of my life. I want every argument written down. Each idea must be given full consideration. My career—the rest of my life—hangs in the balance."

It's safe to say Bruno anxiously awaits the fans' responses. Intimates say he is more nervous now than he has ever been before. The future's uncertainty is terrifying to him. They point out Bruno is a man who must remain active. As he

However, the task may be accomplished by others rather than Sammartino. If there are men today capable of ending Graham's title reign, Bruno would gladly step aside and let them have the glory. A modest man, he's willing to give other men a chance at the title he served so well. If the fans say there are others they can trust with the defeat of Graham, Bruno will happily leave the quest in their capable hands. All that's important is Graham being defeated.

Bruno Sammartino awaits the



Bruno has turned back the challenge of Ivan Koloff during his second title reign. Koloff was the man who ended Bruno's first title reign.

word of his fans. For more than 20 years, he and the crowd have enjoyed an unprecedented love affair. It is drawing to a close. Although neither will forget the other, both must now go on to different concerns.

It is only fitting that Bruno's last decision will be made by the fans. Those who write need not be instructed on the importance of their words. Perhaps the greatest wrestler in history will be guided by their wisdom. No other athlete has ever dared to throw his future into the laps of the fans. Only 20 years of love and trust would allow Bruno to do this.

The time has come for you, the reader, to put down this magazine and take pen in hand. Every moment delayed is an eternity of torture for Bruno Sammartino. Speak from the heart and the mind. Consider both the wrestler and the sport. The decision is yours and yours alone. □

If you would like to tell Bruno how you feel, send your letters or postcards to:

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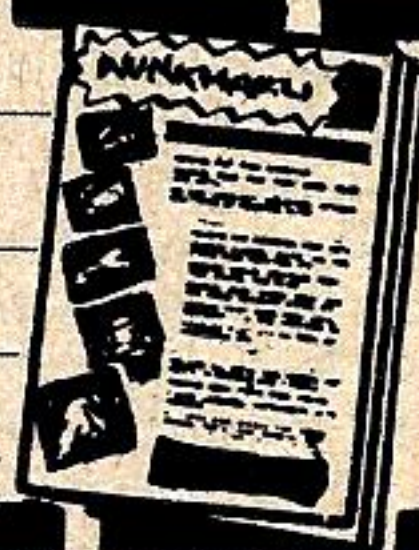
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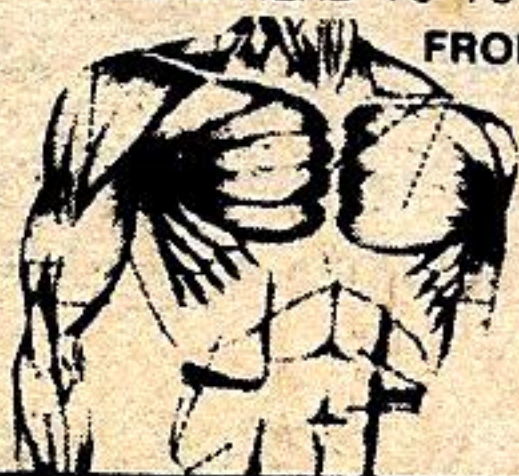
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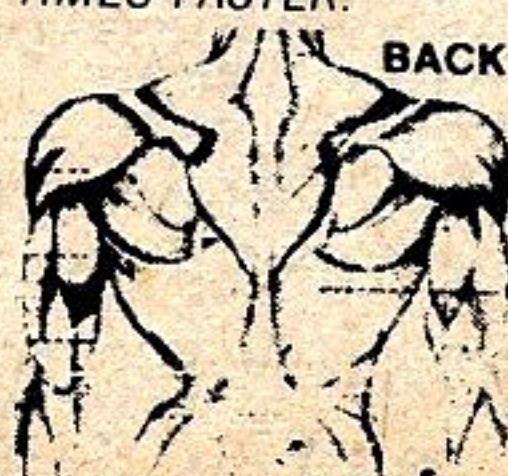
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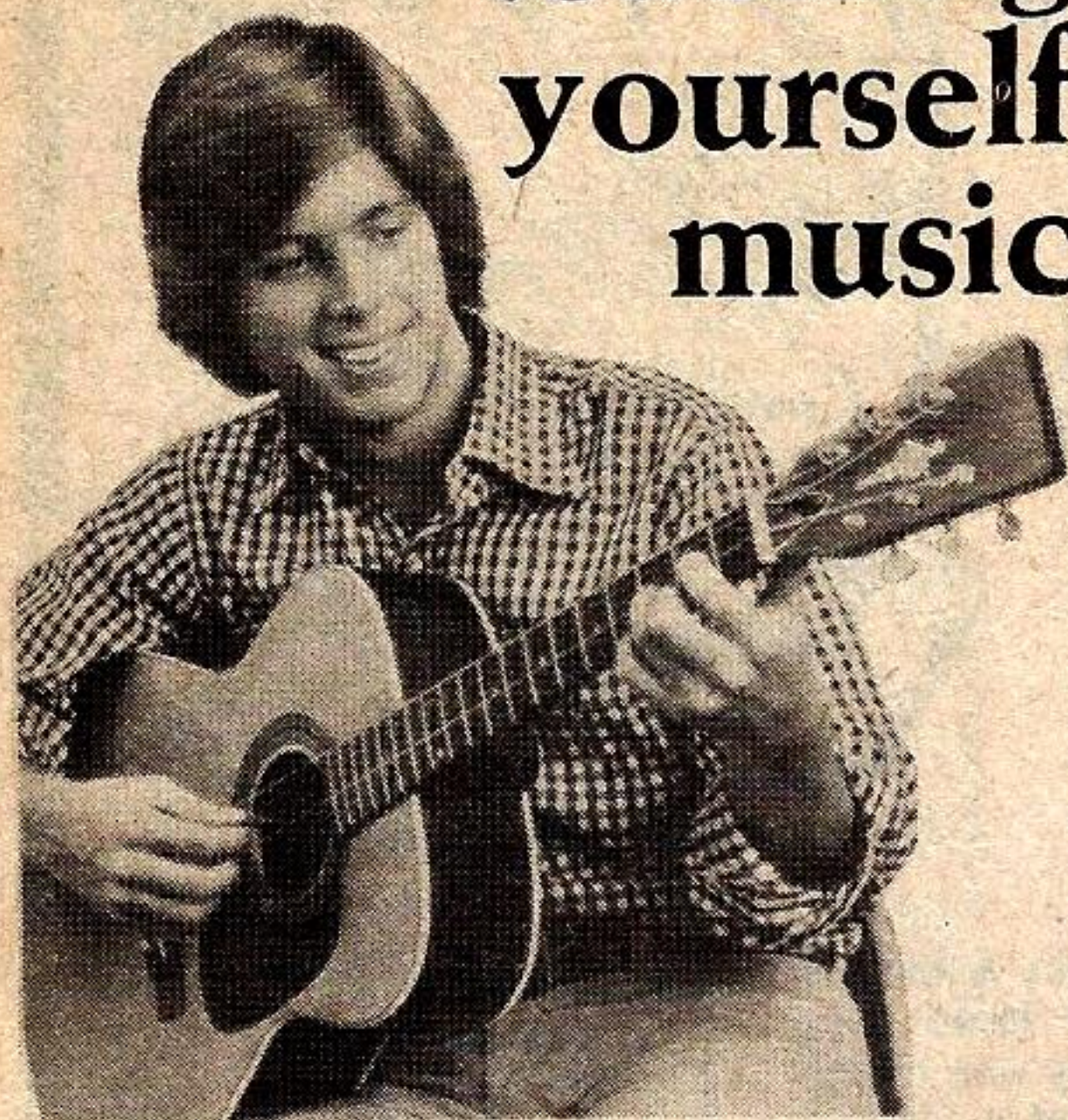
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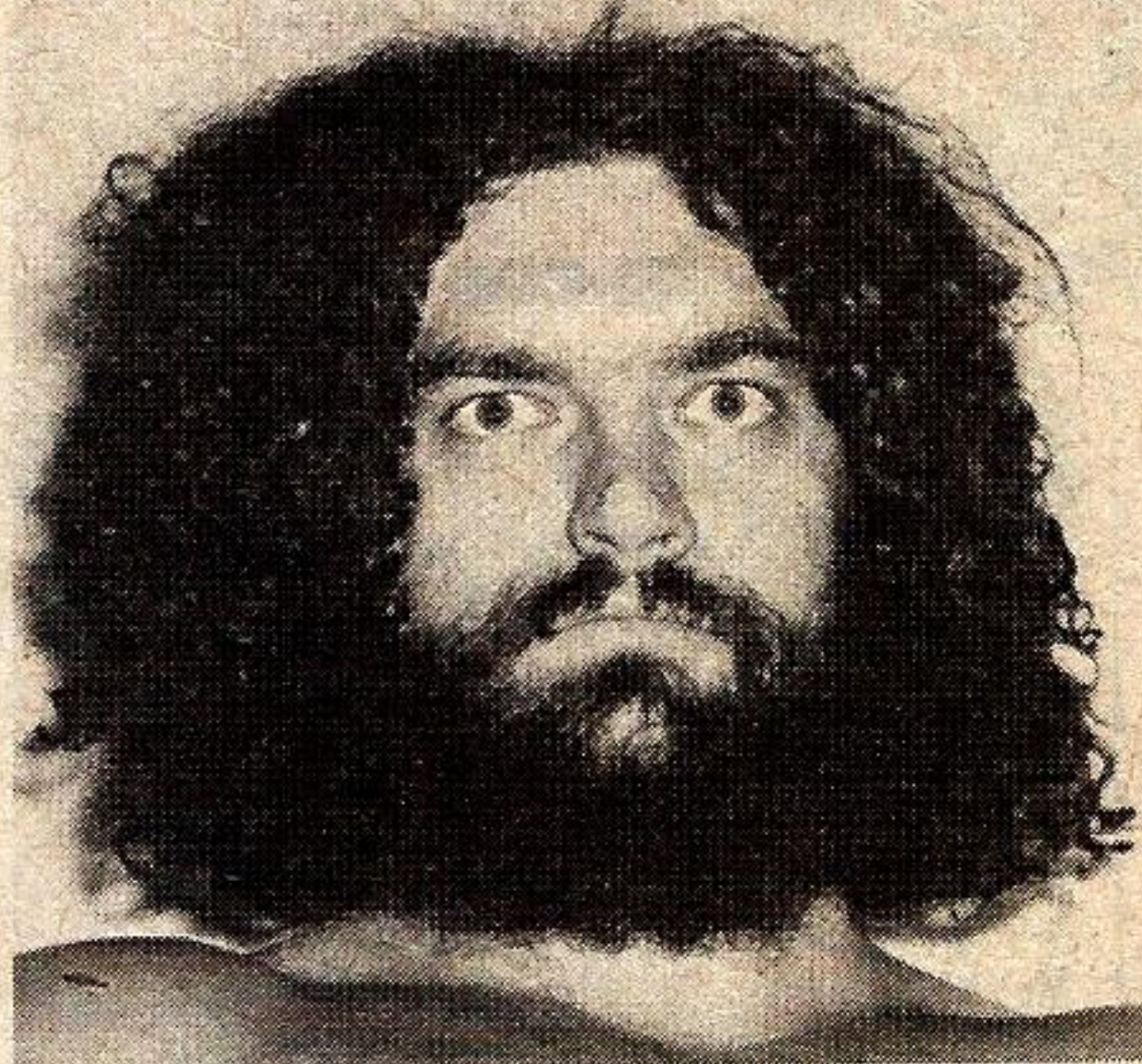
MAIL BAG

(Continued from Page 18)

KING KLUTZ

"Andre vs. King Kong!" (November 1977) proved one thing to me: Bruiser Brodie should learn who *not* to face, especially in situations like this one.

His first mistake was going around terrorizing the area like a maniac. Is it any wonder the promoters called in Andre the Giant to cut him down to size? Brodie's second mistake was letting his egomania get in the way of his common sense. If he had been thinking clearly he would never have accepted a match against Andre. There was no way Brodie



could defeat a man with Andre's power and skills. If Bruiser Brodie thought otherwise, he was sadly mistaken.

Maybe this will be a lesson to him.

SHELLY GREEN
West Palm Beach, Fla.

BULLY FOR BRUNO

At last Bruno Sammartino has made a statement I can agree with 100 percent. His comments in the November 1977 "Point-Counterpoint" were excellent and very much called for. I was beginning to wonder when someone would tackle this sensitive subject.

As a fan, I have just about had it with these silly gimmick matches. I

think they are a disgrace to the beauty of the sport. They give wrestling a bad name. They prove nothing, and they are not nice to watch. Bruno certainly hit the nail



right on the head when he totally condemned this practice.

On the other hand, Dick Slater proved how out of touch with reality he is. If he thinks fans like to see all this unnecessary violence, he is quite mistaken. He is alone in his beliefs. He should learn this.

FRANCES HILL
Gary, Ind.

TONY'S TOPS

Thank you very much for making Tony Atlas the "Wrestler of the Month" (November 1977). I cannot think of any other man who deserves the honor more.

Even though he has only been wrestling for a short time, he has already proven himself to be a worthy competitor, especially in his matches against men like Sheik and Waldo Von Erich. Any man who can survive against these two vicious villains deserves to win this award.

No one can deny that Tony Atlas has a fabulous future ahead of him!

SANDY JONES
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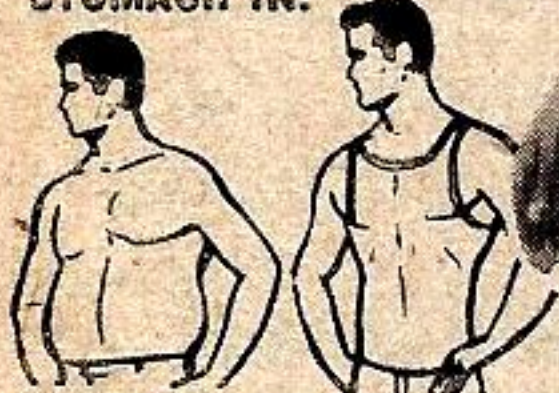
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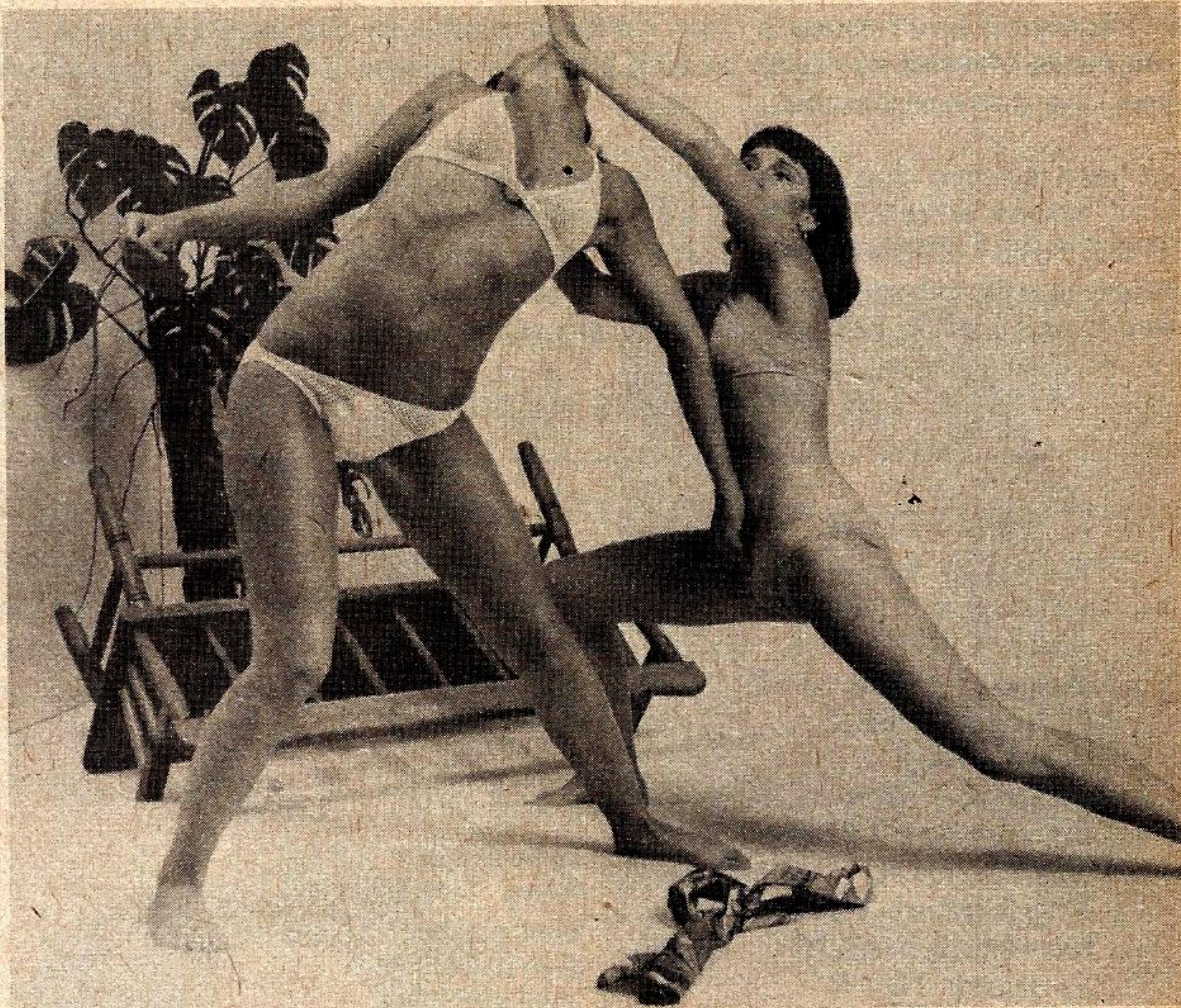
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THE DESPERATE BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 36)



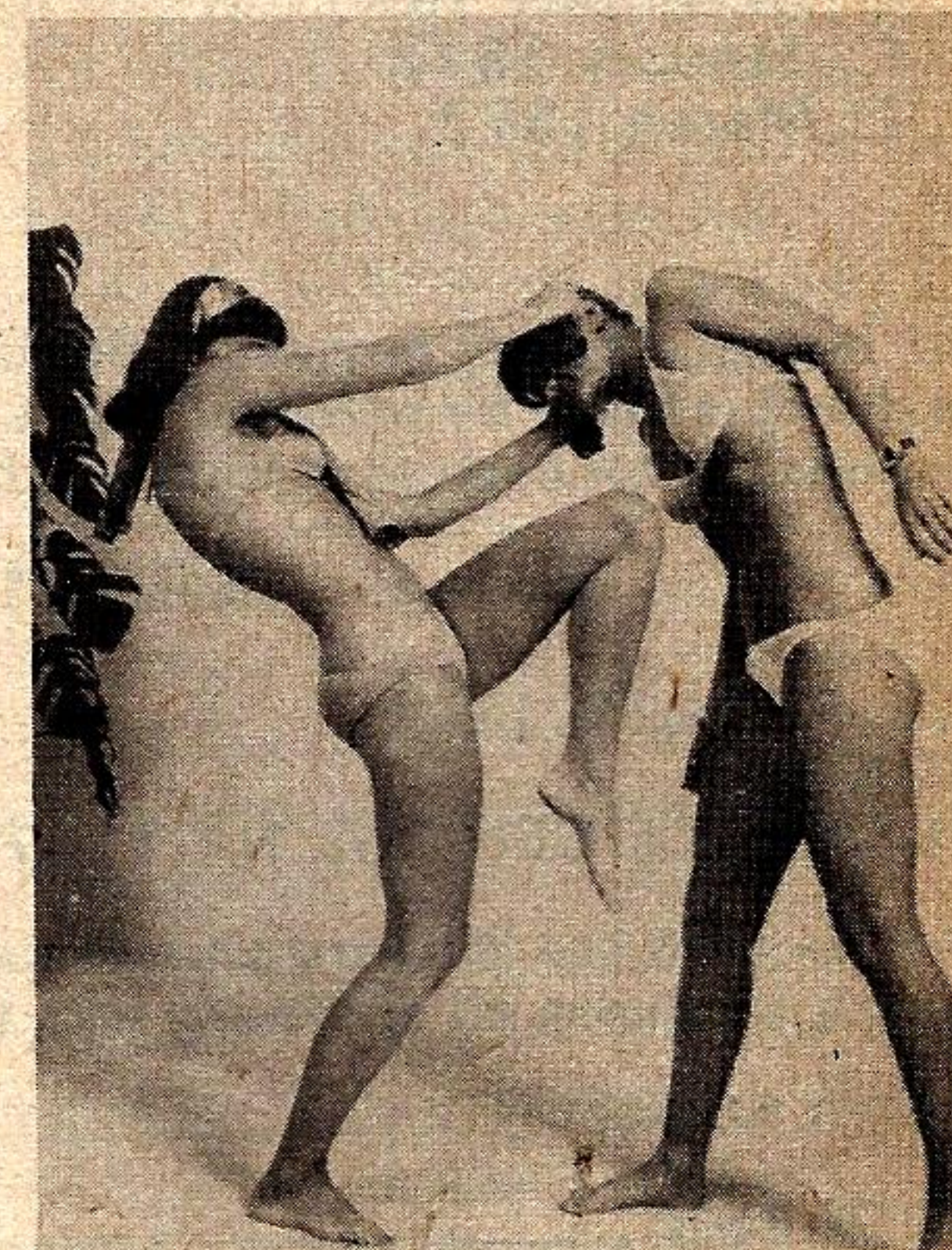
Above: Rita smashes the heel of her palm hard into Miro's chin, doubling back the beautiful victim. Below: Rita grabs Miro's pigtales and drives her knee hard into Miro's breast.

so much the better. It would make her appear even more helpless. Won't some rich man aid little me?

After 48 hours of perfecting her appearance, Miro was ready. No thought had been given to the match itself. As far as she was concerned, the match could be over in three minutes. Loser take all, or just one of the wealthy spectators.

It took Rita 15 minutes to prepare her appearance for the match. She spent six hours exercising, getting her body into fighting shape. Her long legs glistened with sweat, brunette hair matted to her face, and her large brown eyes glistened. Exercise was a holy experience to this woman, a religious celebration of physical rhythms. This was no pastime to her, but the reason for living. Her spectacularly beautiful body was a work of art, and Rita was the artist.

Less than two hours before the match, Miro called Rita and asked if her opponent would pick her up. Rita refused. Miro reminded her friend that Rita had a car and she didn't. Was it proper to arrive at the penthouse by subway?



"I don't want to see you," Rita explained, "because I'll be fighting against you soon. You won't be my friend tonight, but my foe. I'll hate you. If we drive together, hating you will be more difficult."

"Aren't you taking this a little too far?"

"I don't think so." And Rita hung

up the phone.

When Miro's taxi arrived at the apartment building (although she couldn't afford it, Miro would not travel by subway this night), she saw Rita walking toward her. One look at her friend's face warned Miro not to say anything. Rita had been transformed. This was athlete incarnate. For the first time, Miro was scared. Rita passed without saying a word. Miro and Rita ascended in different elevators.

Once inside the penthouse, however, Miro forgot fear and delighted in wealth. She searched out the most likely prospect. There were many to choose from. She remarked that half the people there could pay her rent for a year and not even notice it. Her gaze finally concentrated on a handsome young man whose clothes were expensive but subtly designed. He had been brought up with wealth. There was no wedding band on his ring finger.

Miro immediately made her way to his side. All her powers of persuasion, numerous and effective, were employed to entrance the victim. When she was dragged away to dress for the match, her fingers traveled from her lips to his. While his companions snickered, the young man blushed.

Inside the bedroom that was her dressing room, Rita prepared herself for the contest. The match could have taken place on a desert island for all she cared. The combat, the thrill of competition was her only desire. And her stomach tightened as that special feeling of pre-fight nervousness flooded her body. She paced the room, waiting for her call to come. It finally came.

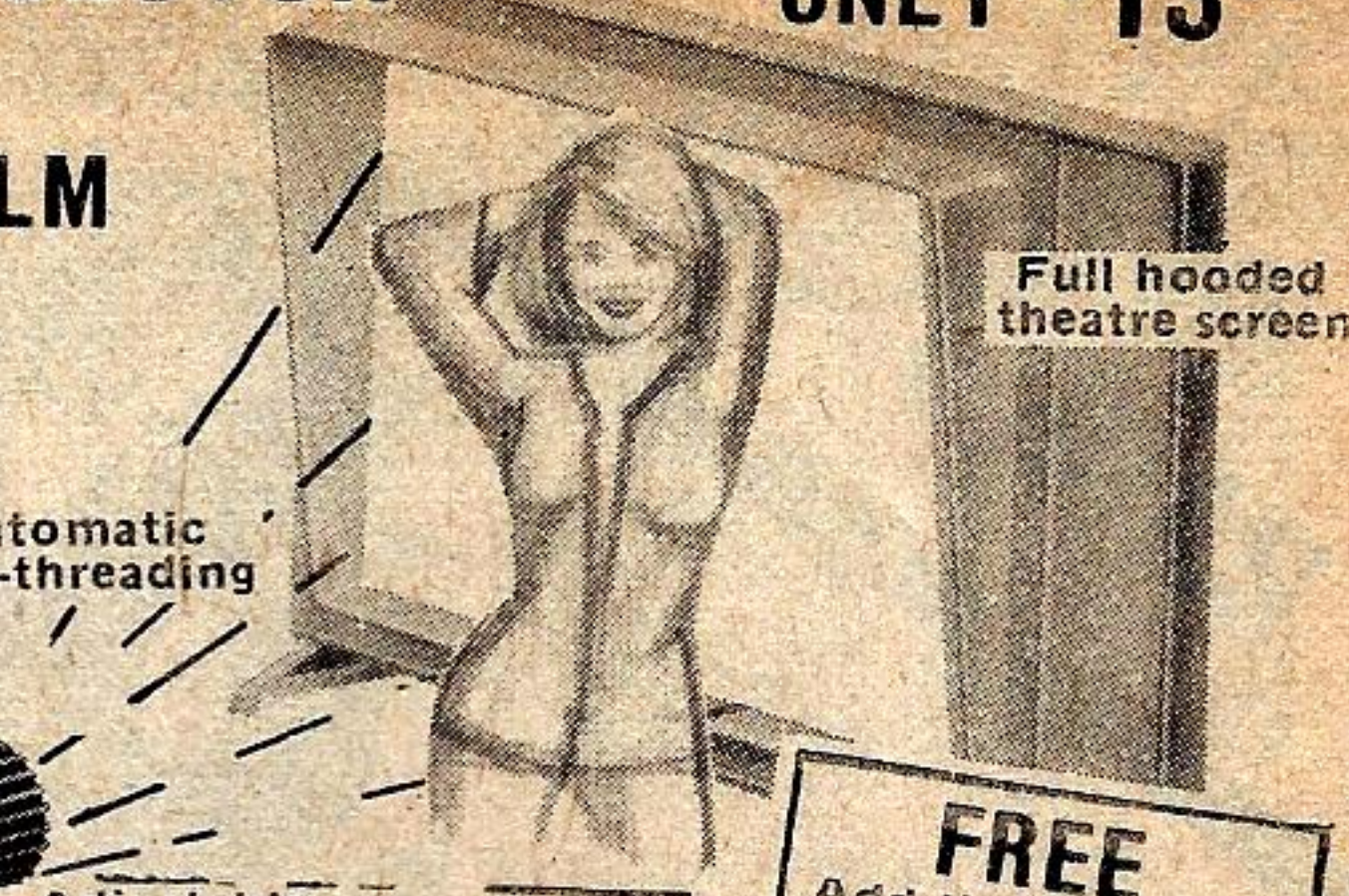
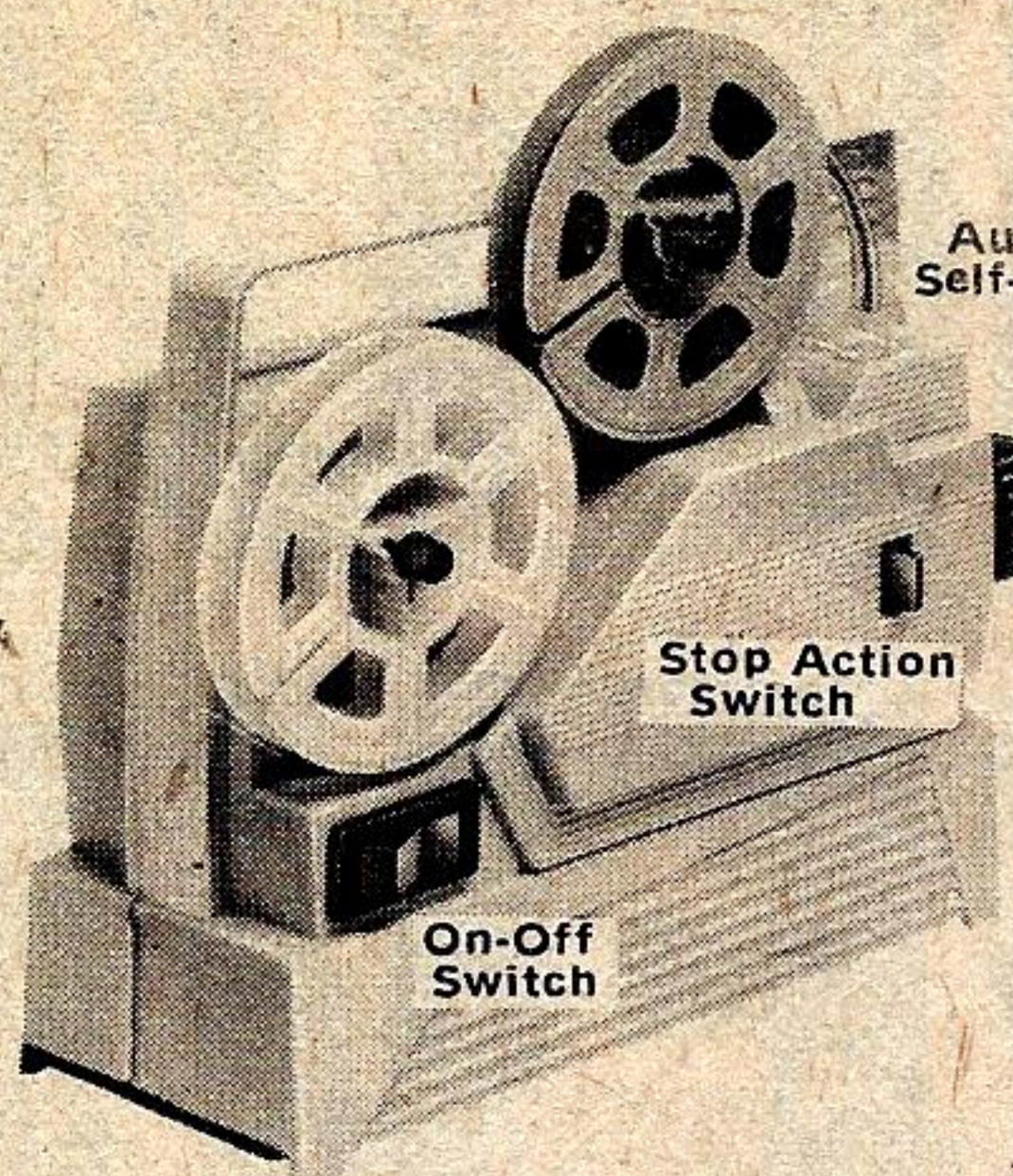
Rita almost leaped from the room only to find Miro smiling sweetly at her intended. After silently cursing her former friend, Rita planned to wipe that smile from her face. She knew Miro had used apartment wrestling to gull a rich man. It would be the most painful mistake of Miro's life.

Still, Rita is not a cruel person. She did not become an apartment wrestler to main or torture. So

(Continued on page 62)

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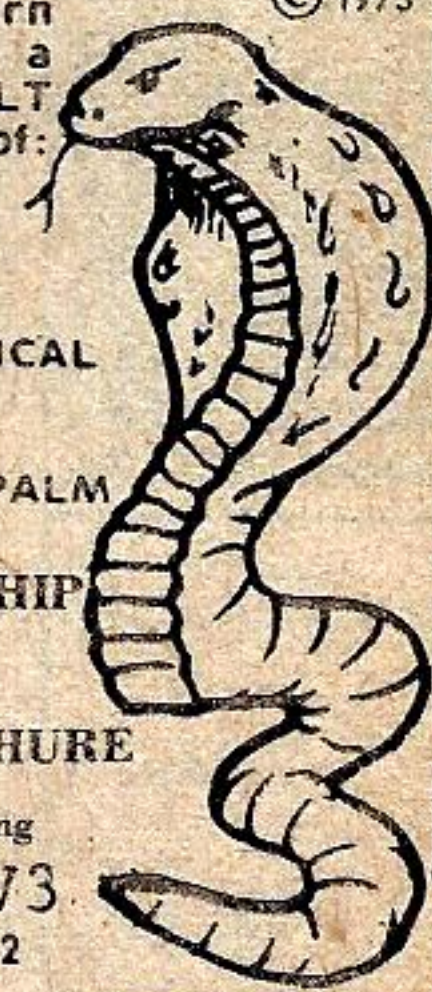
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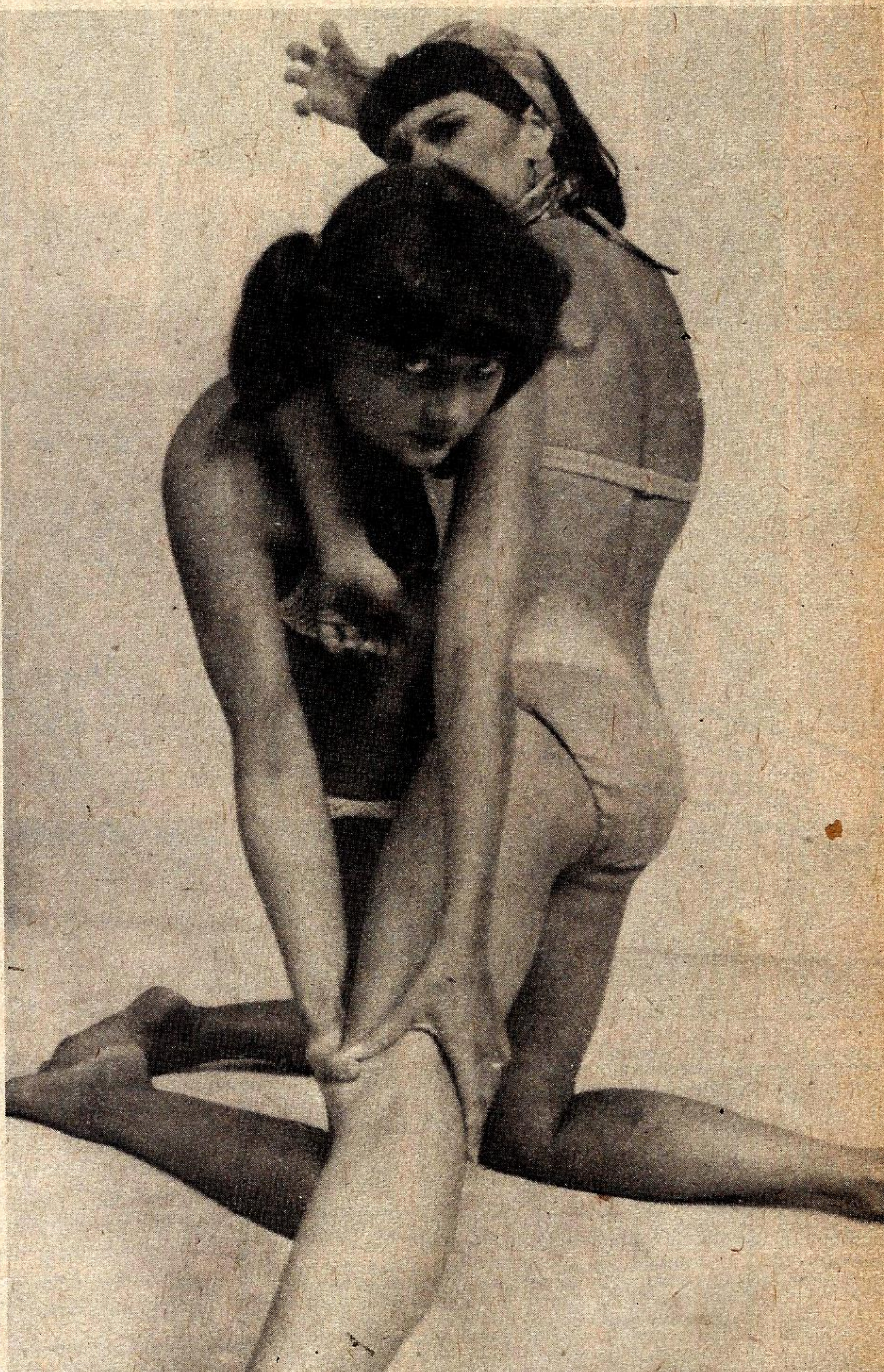
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THE DESPERATE BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 59)



Rita is enraged as Miro's attention wanders to the wealthy young man sitting nearby. The statuesque brunette is ready to begin the massacre of Miro, teaching the pert beauty not to insult apartment wrestling.

when the match began, Rita started out slowly.

However, Miro refused to take the action seriously, a sin in Rita's eyes. During the opening moments, Miro's cute smile and attention were directed at the wealthy young man. Even when

Rita threw her to the carpet, Miro continued to smile seductively

Rita tried to force the action. She grabbed Miro's shoulders and tried to shake the smile off. When that failed, she slapped her foe across the face. All it did was to make Miro look over at her intended with a

pitiful gaze.

However, there were moments when Miro showed she could actually be a grappler. Though still smiling, she did escape from Rita's clutches and managed to get to her feet. For about three minutes, she wrestled Rita to a draw. Then she grabbed her foe's ankle and flipped the beautiful brunette to the ground. As Miro dragged the voluptuous athlete across the carpet, she grinned at that certain spectator. It was as if she was saying, "This is silly, but not all that hard. See what I can do to this fool."

It was as if Rita was smacked across the face. She twisted free and went to work. Springing to her feet like a tigress, she grabbed Miro around the head and squeezed. Rita then twisted Miro's body around and sent her flying. The pert beauty smacked against the wall. Surprisingly, Miro wasn't hurt enough to forget to look into the crowd and be adorable. Still, she had other problems.

Rita attacked. Miro tried to run but there wasn't enough room. The pert novice found herself falling to the carpet. Hard.

Rita was all over her foe like a swarm of hornets. Fists and feet pounded at the victim's flesh; scarlet welts were beacons of the pain. Rita's face grew wild and reckless, her body a fluid portrait of power. But Miro kept smiling!

It was incredible. Courage takes many forms. Despite her agony, Miro tried to remain the cute little girl who would capture prince wealthy's heart. All of Rita's fury couldn't wipe the smile from Miro's face. If she had been tortured by stormtroopers, Miro wouldn't have ceased her smiling.

Miro's coquetry infuriated Rita even further. Eyes blazing, the athlete drove a punch hard into Miro's belly. There could be no smiling now. The pony-tailed beauty doubled over in pain, gasping for breath. Her eyes rolled out of control and her knees grew weak. Before she hit the carpet, Rita drove her knee hard into Miro's jaw. The victim's lovely face

(Continued on page 64)

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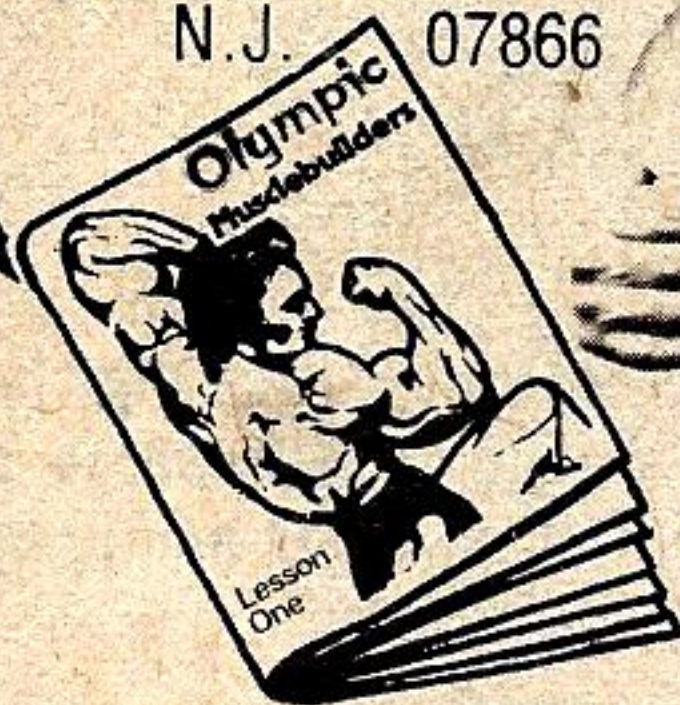
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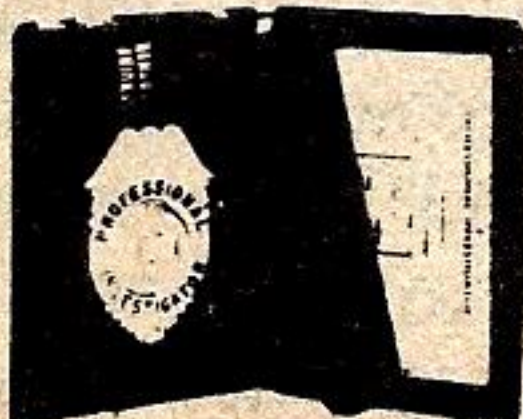
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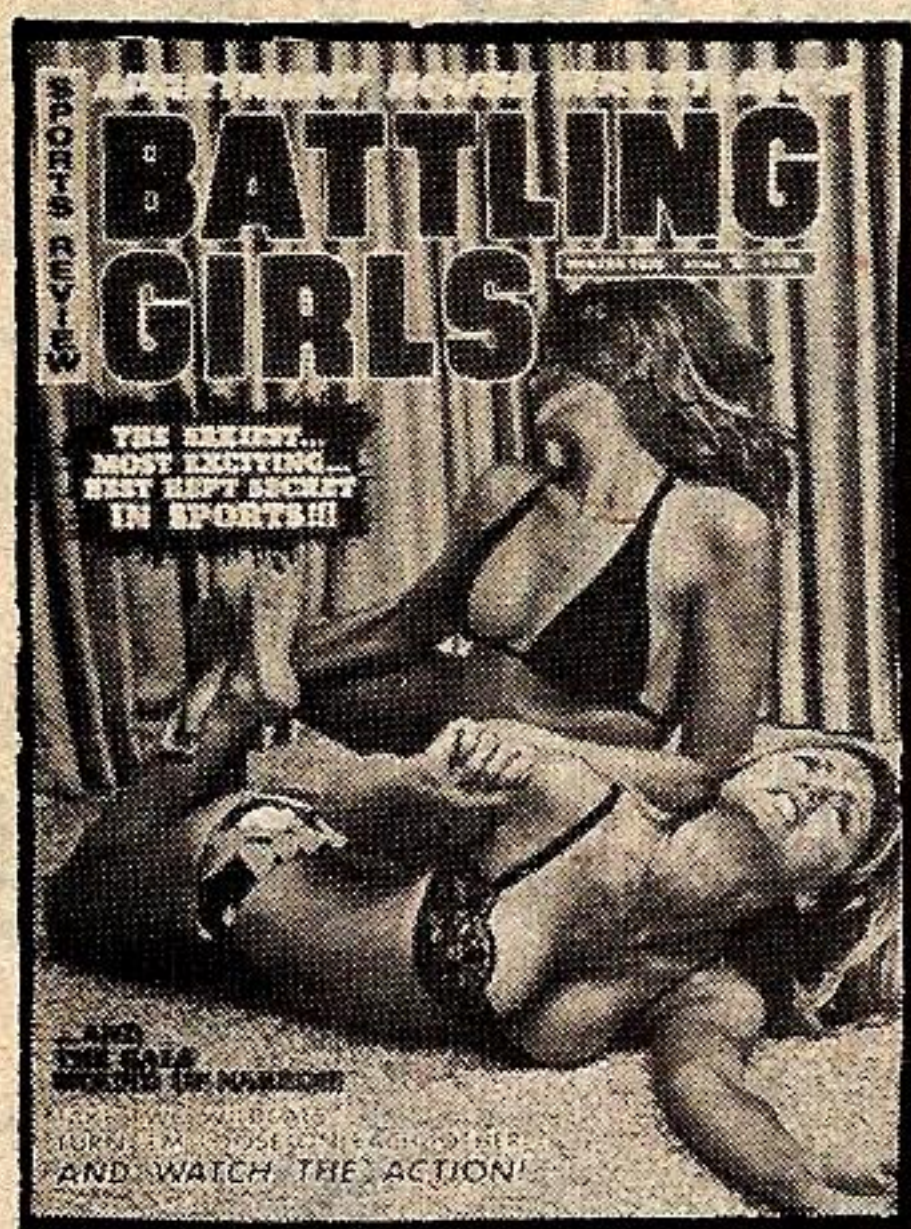
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THE DESPERATE BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 63)



Rita is the picture of rage as she digs her nails into Miro's face and prepares to scratch at her victim's breasts and belly.



Miro is close to senseless as Rita's fist comes smashing down upon the pony-tailed beauty's curvaceous body.

contorted in pain as her body snapped back to the carpet. Rita stood over her fallen foe, eyes blazing with rage and teeth clenched. Miro rolled along the carpet, trying desperately to figure out what happened. She hadn't counted on this.

Rita waited. When Miro managed to get to her knees, Rita lifted her

foot and smashed it hard down on Miro's head. As if felled by an elephant gun, Miro crumpled to the carpet. Spittle dripped from the corner of her mouth and her groans of pain grew piteous. Rita had just begun to torture.

Rita lifted the groggy woman up by the hair. She snarled, "Let him see what he'll be paying for!" Rita yanked hard on Miro's bra, revealing more of the victim's breasts than the designer had intended. Rita wasn't through yet; more humiliation was still to come.

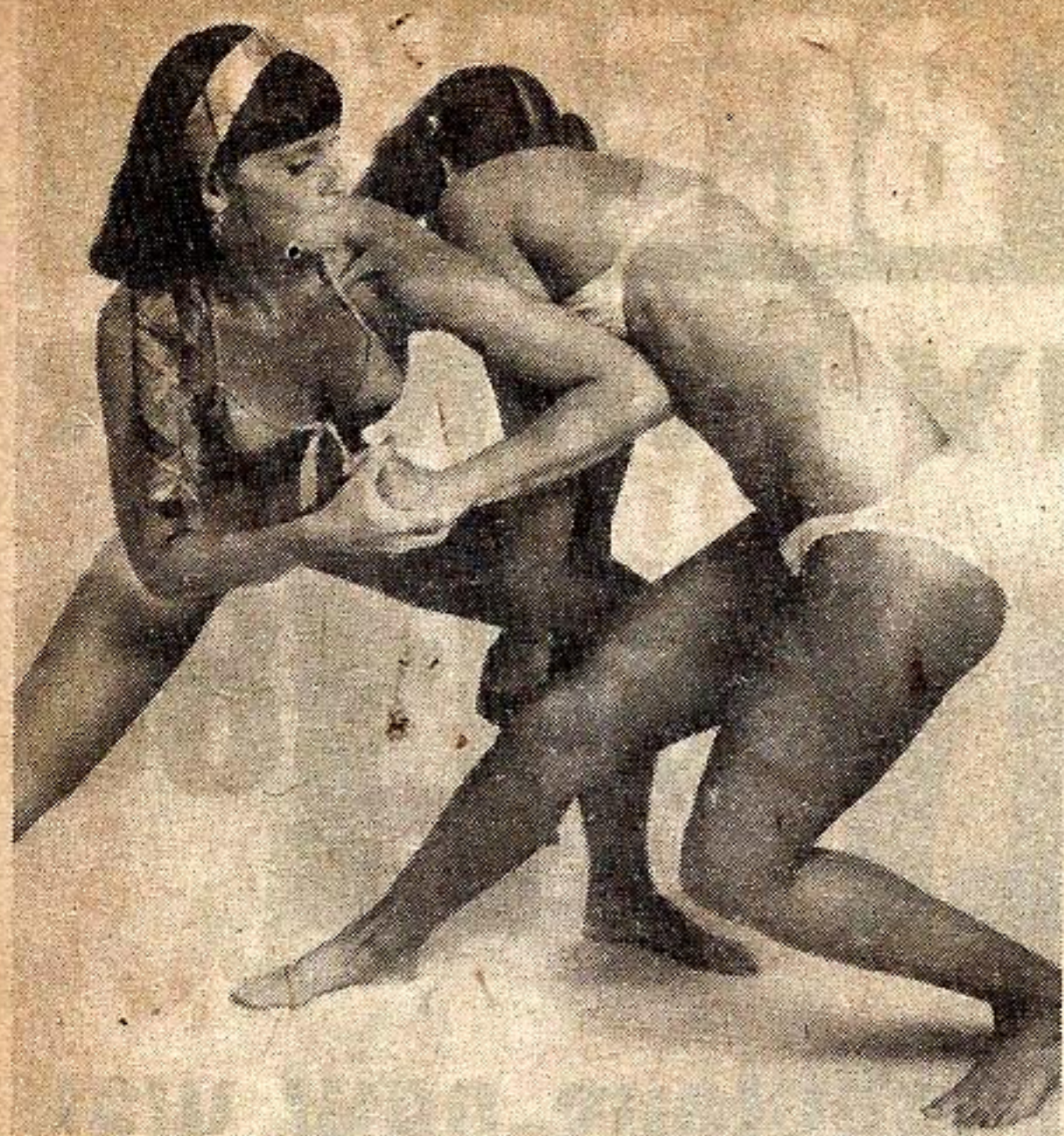
Miro's eyes pleadingly stared at her tormentor. Forgotten was the man who could support her. Survival was important only for the moment. However, Rita was in no mood for mercy. Still holding Miro by the hair, she lashed her free fist hard into the side of her victim's head. The once adorable features now grew slack and ugly.

Then something happened. Some primitive instinct in Miro told her to fight back. Gone was the veneer of a cosmopolitan woman. Here was the savage functioning on primal senses. For a brief moment, Miro was magnificent.

She leaped to her feet and drove a fist hard into Rita's breast. Agony distorted her classic features. Rita's nails flailed the air as she tried to drive away this unexpected warrior. Miro ignored the slashing talons and beat a tattoo on Rita's face and breasts. The lovely athlete recoiled across the room. Miro, wild and reckless, pursued.

When Rita could retreat no longer, she fought back. The two women grabbed at each other and toppled to the carpet. Sweaty, aching, weary, and half-mad with rage, the two beauties tore at each other's body. Tears smeared mascara and strange groans filled the air. Locked in hatred, the beauties struggled for domination and survival.

In this type of combat, Miro didn't stand a chance. Once her adrenalin rush waned, it was a question of which woman was



Rita's body is fluid with power as she drives her elbow hard into Miro's ribcage early in the bout.

more skilled and powerful. There was no contest.

Once Rita gained the advantage, Miro was doomed. A series of punches and kicks brought the pony-tailed beauty to her knees. Then Rita went to work. Her strong arms encircled Miro's head. The victim's face contorted from the pressure. Her mouth was forced open and spittle dropped down her chin and breasts. Giggling sounds could be heard. Miro's hands weakly clawed at Rita's legs, trying to injure her tormentor. She might as well have tried to catch the wind.

Harder and harder Rita squeezed. The pain was incredible. Miro's body jerked spasmodically as she tried unsuccessfully to escape. The more she struggled, the more the muscles in her body screamed in agony.

Sweat dripped down Rita's arm as she kept up the pressure. Veins stood out as cords of power. Miro's struggles grew weaker and weaker as Rita refused to lesson the agony. Finally, spent, Miro's body grew lifeless. Rita released her victim, who fell in a heap on the carpet. Her wracked breathing was the only sound to be heard.

Miro was helped to her feet and brought into the bedroom. Half an hour later, she emerged weak but searching. By then, most of the spectators—including the young young man—were gone.

Rita drove Miro home. Once the match was over, the fury was spent. All during the drive, Miro cried. □

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